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THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

One who proposes to discuss Chinese affairs may well begin by acknowledging his liability to error. The Chinaman is still an enigma to the Western observer. His motives, his purposes, his beliefs, and still more the grounds of his beliefs are difficult for us to find. On my arrival in China I conferred with a gentleman who had lived there forty years, and who was said to understand the Chinaman better than almost any foreigner did. In answer to my request that he would tell me what he had found the Chinaman to be, he replied: "I have studied him carefully for forty years. Often I have flattered myself that I had sounded the depths of his nature and had come to know him thoroughly. But just as I was rejoicing in complacency over my success, suddenly some new mystery in him revealed itself, and I discovered that my work was not done. I cannot yet with confidence tell you what the Chinaman is. He eludes inspection. He does not like to tell you his deepest beliefs. If he does, and you ask him the reasons for them, about the only thing you can be sure of is that the reasons he gives you are not the real reasons."

A good illustration of the difficulty encountered in studying his beliefs is found in the difference of opinion still existing among missionaries concerning the real nature and import of ancestral worship, which is universally practiced in China.

Among the organizations whose origin, history, and principles it is not easy to gain a thorough knowledge of are the secret societies in China. Our attention is just now directed to the society known to us by the name of the Boxers, which appears to be the chief agency in carrying on hostilities against foreigners and native converts to Christianity. The Tai Ping rebellion was set on foot by an organization in many respects similar to this. The peace of China has often been disturbed by some of these societies, which seem to have aims, sometimes religious, sometimes political, sometimes of a mixed character. Vigorous measures have often been needed to suppress them. Let me give an illustration.

In 1881 the ablest Chinese general, Tso Tsung Tang, who had fought successfully with the Russians in Kuldja, and had put down a formidable Mohammedan rebellion in the province of Kansuh, came to Peking and was appointed a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen. When he heard of the assassination of the Russian Emperor, Alexander II., he asked one of the European diplomats how the event happened. He was told that the Emperor was killed by Nihilists. "Who are the Nihilists?" he inquired. The European minister replied, "They are a secret society, who aim to kill sovereigns." "Secret society!" said Tso; "they ought to be able to dispose of them in Russia. I had some experience with secret societies once, and soon took care of them. Down in the province of Fuhkien they became widespread. Villages filled with them actually made war on one another. I was sent down to restore order. And

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in about six weeks I had perfect order and peace down there." "Indeed," said the diplomat, "how did you succeed so quickly?" "Oh," calmly replied the general, "in six weeks I cut off the heads of about fourteen hundred of them, and it was perfectly tranquil after that." He did not speak boastfully of his achievement, but with no more emotion than one might show in speaking of killing so many flies.

If the Boxers had been treated with the same vigor at the outset by the governor of Shantung, the situation in China might have been far less serious than it is. The scanty information we have received of the nature of their organization indicates that their ruling motive has from the beginning been hostility to foreigners. Like the Tai Ping rebels of 1860 they have certain ceremonies of a more or less religious nature, which they believe render them invulnerable. When in spite of these any of them are killed in battle, they attribute the fatality to some disobedience of the rules prescribed for them. It seems highly probable that the aggressive action of Germany in seizing Kiao Chao and procuring large privileges in Shantung was the initial provocation of their activity. When they began looting the houses of their victims, many lawless men, and also needy peasants who were impoverished by the droughts of the last two years, were easily persuaded to join them. When the governor of the province, who winked at their misdeeds, was, though removed at the urgent demand of foreign Powers, immediately transferred to the governorship of another province, they were naturally encouraged. They moved forward into Chihli, and were soon marshaling their forces in Peking, under the eyes of the imperial authorities. It appears that they were unchecked by the Empress Dowager. With our knowledge at the time of this writing, August 17, we are compelled to believe that she allowed them a free hand.

There can be little doubt that in the palace antipathy to the foreigners has been for some time increasing. The so-called reform movement of 1898 which the Emperor was induced to favor, and which was vigorously suppressed by the energetic Empress Dowager, awakened the fears and aroused the animosity of all the conservative officials near the throne. They caused the execution of some of the friends of the reform, and secured the deposition from power of others. The palace is always a nest of intrigues, of which the outside world can know nothing but the results. Censors and ministers are continually presenting memorials to the throne to procure the overthrow of men in power. They often succeed only to be themselves soon overthrown by the machinations of others. In the indignant reaction against the proposed reform, the posts of influence were largely filled by the extreme conservatives, most of whom would be glad if every foreigner were driven into the Yellow Sea.

Meantime, the attitude of the European Powers was well calculated to increase the alarm of the Empress Dowager and of her advisers. Those Powers had gained possession of considerable tracts of Chinese territory, and in European journals and in European legations threats were made of carving up the empire. It seems probable that, excited by these menaces to the country, the Empress Dowager was not unwilling that the Boxers, and others whose anti-foreign feeling was aroused, should be permitted to proceed to some length in their career of plundering and murdering as a protest and a challenge to foreigners. It is possible that they went farther than she wished, and got beyond control. Nothing could have been more shortsighted or unwise than to permit the attack upon the legations, which under international law was the most stupendous and audacious crime of that kind recorded in history.

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It should be remembered that the antipathy of the Chinese to foreigners from the West has several very ancient and very powerful causes, which we may enumerate rather than discuss.

Profound differences of belief and of temperament separate the Asiatics generally by a wide chasm from the Europeans. The golden age of the former, all their ideals, belong to the remote past. Those of the latter belong to the future. Their economic ideas are far apart. Inventions, machinery, division of labor belong to the Europeans, and are repelled by the Asiatics. Their religions touching the deepest springs of life are discordant. The Western man regards his civilization as so far superior to that of the Eastern man that he looks down with a certain contempt on him, a contempt which is cherished to the full by the Turks for "infidel dogs," by Brahmins for the conquerors of India, by the Chinese for "foreign devils."

But the Chinese have special grievances, the opening of ports and the imposition of obnoxious treaties on them by force, the construction of railways and telegraphs, and the working of mines in such a way as to disturb the graves of ancestors, and to interfere with the *feng shui*, and thus to bring disaster on the people, and the presence of the unwelcome foreigner not only in the ports, but throughout the interior in the person of the missionary.

Still with all these causes of friction between the Oriental and the man from the West, we were getting on fairly well with the Chinese, and were hopeful that slowly perhaps, but surely, they would adopt Western ideas to such an extent that we could live in friendly intimacy with them. But by refreshing our recollections of the great differences between their civilization and ours, we can understand that it was not difficult to arouse their latent hostility to foreigners, when they thought that their ancient customs and institutions were threatened by an attempt to introduce Western methods of governing, and when the integrity and autonomy of the empire were in their opinion seriously menaced.

But nothing could be more ill judged and atrocious than the methods adopted by the Boxers, and permitted, we are inclined with our present knowledge to believe, if not encouraged, by the Empress Dowager.

Among many questions forced upon the world by the present exigency is the question whether the form of government now existing in China is capable of maintaining itself and of discharging international obligations.

The system of government, it is obvious, has some marked weaknesses. The Emperor is indeed an absolute monarch, whose duty as the Son of Heaven is to care for his subjects. He is assisted by councils and boards, composed of able men drawn from various parts of the empire. They of course really determine the policy of the government under a weak Emperor. He has also a board of censors, whose duty it is to criticise officials of any grade. They frequently evince great frankness and courage, and by their memorials cause the removal of prominent officers from their positions. Sometimes they venture to point out errors of the Emperor himself. Their power is dangerous because great. But even they are sometimes overpowered by their opponents and degraded.

The governor of each province, appointed by the Emperor for a term of three years, has practically almost absolute power over life, liberty, and property in his province. There are grades of subordinate magistracies under him. When the imperial master, absolute monarch as he is, needs money or soldiers, he makes his requisition on his governors. And then a weakness appears similar to that witnessed in our old Confederation when the Continental Congress made requisitions on the states. Under one pretext or another, the gov-

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ernor of a province often pleads inability to comply with the demand from Peking. He prefers to keep the money and the soldiers he has gathered. The provincial capitals are so remote from Peking, and the means of communication are so inadequate, that the power of the central government is rather feebly felt in the distant parts of the empire. Its requisitions cannot be enforced. Furthermore there is much corruption among the officials from the highest to the lowest grade. Their salaries are small. The opportunities for "squeezing" are many and are not neglected. The courts are often venal. The people fear rather than respect their decisions.

A very important fact is that the great mass of the people live in villages. Their horizon of interest is bounded by that of their village. They know little of remote parts of the empire and care little for distant provinces. A call for soldiers to defend such provinces does not appeal to them. Their sentiment of patriotism, in our sense of the term, is weak. Although a considerable force of well-armed and well-drilled men have appeared in the north in the recent conflict, the number of such men available is small compared with the total population. Since the Japanese war, the navy has been only partially restored. So whether in respect to the administration of domestic affairs or to the conduct of war, the Chinese government is in many emergencies lacking in strength.

On the other hand, the monarchy is strong, just because it has continued so long. What has come down from ancient days ought, according to Chinese ideas, on that account to continue. Then the docile and obedient spirit of the Chinese subject is itself a bulwark of strength to the monarchy. The Son of Heaven is to be revered and obeyed at all hazards. The subject rarely feels the hand of the imperial government upon him as oppressive. In his village he is under the rather gentle rule of the village elders. He really has a pretty large measure of freedom according to his ideas of freedom. Curiously enough there is a certain democratic element in the Chinese system. Certain manifestations of protest and discontent, rising near to rebellion, are countenanced, or at least permitted, by the imperial government, in case a magistrate or governor unduly provokes or misgoverns his people. If his rule is often protested against by outbreaks, he is removed as one who does not understand his business, and may be officially rebuked in the Peking Gazette, and perhaps degraded and disqualified for further public service.

Under a strong Emperor the government is strong, and is not ill adapted to the needs of the people. Under a weak Emperor the palace is so constantly a centre of intrigue between contending factions, and the imperial power is so little felt in the provinces, that the government is inefficient. Owing to the filial regard which the Emperor must always cherish for his mother, the Empress Dowager, if a strong and ambitious woman, may wield great power. When I was in Peking in 1880 the Emperor was a child, and was under the control of the two Empresses Dowager. It was said that they sat invisible behind a curtain when they conferred with the ministers of state. So the saying was current that China was ruled by a baby and two old women behind a curtain. But it was really ruled by Prince Kung, a very able statesman, assisted by various boards. One of the Empresses Dowager died in 1881. The other, the present energetic woman, had not then made her power felt as it is now.

In illustration of the great respect shown by high officials to the Empresses Dowager I may mention the following incident. In 1880 a commission of which I was a member negotiated two treaties with China. After the terms of the treaties had been agreed on, a

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day was fixed for signing them. When the three American Commissioners visited the office of the Tsung-li-Yamen on the appointed day, they were surprised by the announcement from the Chinese Commissioners that much to their regret they would not be able to sign on that day. The reason assigned was that it was the birthday of one of the Empresses Dowager, and that in one of the treaties was found a word of unhappy significance. I do not remember what the word was. It might have been "war." To sign a treaty containing such a word on the birthday of an Empress might bring misfortune on her and on the land. So another day was appointed. When it arrived the treaties were duly signed.

The reference to Prince Kung suggests a possible precedent for the Western Powers, when they are settling the present trouble. As the allied British and French armies approached Peking in 1860, the Emperor and his counselors, under whose direction Harry Parkes, Mr. Loch, and others had been treacherously seized and tortured, ran away. The Emperor soon died. The allies secured the appointment of Prince Kung as premier with the distinct understanding that he should conduct the government during the minority of the infant Emperor on principles insuring the just treatment of foreigners. For forty years the relations of China and Europe have been maintained without any serious trouble in accordance with the principles then adopted. If it proves that the Empress Dowager and her counselors have instigated the inhuman treatment of the representatives of the Western Powers, these Powers may find some way to clear the palace of her and her company, and to place a second Prince Kung in power under such stipulations as are needed to secure the proper respect for diplomatic representatives and for all foreign subjects and citizens. She and her guilty advisers may flee from Peking on the near approach of our troops, as did the Emperor Hsienfeng in 1860. If a just and worthy government can be installed, it would seem to promise a far better future for China and the world than a partition of the empire between various powers. Such a partition involves the danger of serious friction, perhaps of war, between European nations, and also the danger of prolonged strife in China. The present contest shows that no act would be so likely to arouse all China to war with the Western nations as the attempt to seize upon her domain and reduce her to subjection.

For the atrocious acts committed at Peking there must be a day of reckoning, not in the spirit of vengeance, let us hope, but as a safeguard for the future. Some means must be found for the absolute security and independence of the legations at the capital. Possibly the European Powers may favor some such policy of supervision and partial control as they exercise over Turkey under the Treaty of Paris of 1856 and the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, though it must be admitted by them that the success of the so-called Concert of the Great Powers in respect to the Ottoman Empire has not been very brilliant. Our traditional policy would hold us aloof from any such undertaking.

If the young Emperor, who has shown himself friendly to liberal ideas, can be freed from the control of the Empress Dowager and can be surrounded and guided by men as able and sensible as the Viceroy at Nanking appears to be, and if the European Powers will not be too greedy in appropriating Chinese territory, possibly some solution of the present difficult problems can be found, compatible with the integrity and perpetuity of the empire and with the legitimate rights of foreigners resident on its soil. This should be, and probably is, the desire of the American people.

James B. Angell.

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JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ART CRITIC.

WHEN in the year 1843 appeared the first volume of Modern Painters, by a Graduate of Oxford, the world of English connoisseurship was ruled by conventional notions which are hardly now understood. These notions had been a gradual growth out of the teachings of the academic schools of the decadent period of Italian art, with additions from the pseudo-classicism of Winckelmann, and the pedantic antiquarianisms of the school of David. Sir Joshua Reynolds had formulated his rules of the "grand style," and Fuseli had elaborated his ideas of beauty and sublimity. Sir George Beaumont, the leading English exponent of convention in landscape subject, gave a true illustration of the state of feeling which some of these ideas had induced in the minds of amateurs when he said to Constable that the tone of a landscape painting ought to resemble that of an old Cremona fiddle.

In English landscape art, which during the eighteenth century had been rising into importance, the main sources of inspiration were the art of Claude and Poussin, and the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. It is worthy of note that these earliest forms of landscape as a separate branch of art arose at a period of general artistic weakness and conventionality. By the seventeenth century the ideals and impulses which had given life to the best art of the Renaissance had lost their power over the artistic imagination. Men of genius were rare. Rubens, Van Dyck and Rembrandt, Claude and Poussin, were exceptional men of their time. The fine qualities of the works of Claude Lorrain were involved with mannerisms derived from the landscape backgrounds of the more conventional historical figure painters, whose renderings of the forms of rocks, trees, and herbage gave no expression of those specific characteristics, and finer structural elements of form, in which resides so much of their essential beauty.

The Dutch landscape art was free from these mannerisms. It was a manifestation of a fresh and wholesome, though an unimaginative, pleasure in the landscape itself. But it had mannerisms of its own, and the Dutch landscapist had little power of beautiful and creative design. Wouverman and Cuyp, Ruysdael and Hobbema, take the most commonplace landscape as they find it, and patiently and laboriously portray its more obvious features, and its most trivial details, with singular inattention to that which is most worthy of expression, and not seldom with inexcusably bad drawing.

The art of Richard Wilson, the first notable English landscape painter, was mainly founded on that of Claude. It reproduced Claude's conventions of composition and his mannerisms of drawing, though it was not without some fine qualities which show that Wilson had native capacity for better things than the artistic conditions of his time could call out. Gainsborough, on the other hand, who soon followed Wilson, seems to have been more influenced by the Dutch school. But being endowed with a higher order of genius, and a more independent spirit, he introduced a fresher style under the direct inspiration of nature. Gainsborough's art was, in fact, tending in a new direction. It was leading away from mannerisms and conventions, and opening the way for a more natural expression of poetic feeling. But the conditions were not yet ripe for a wide departure from the conventional paths.

During the early part of the nineteenth century a remarkable development of landscape art had arisen in

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England which, though still largely based on the school traditions, was at the same time quick with a new life drawn from the feeling for the beauty of nature, which had been strong in the English race from the time of Chaucer. Men like David Cox, Copley Fielding, Peter De Wint, and Thomas Girtin were now producing works full of idyllic poetry, and were entering into the various moods of pastoral and wild nature with a sincerity of feeling that was altogether new in landscape subject. Prout and Harding had developed veins of feeling, and modes of expression, that were still further removed from the older conventions, and Constable had completely broken away from the traditions of the schools, and had taken his canvases out of doors in the effort to give the absolute truth of nature under the open sky. But these, and most other artists of the early English landscape school, though in different degrees possessing poetic sentiment, artistic aptitudes, and passion for nature, were men of limited powers. Not one of them was endowed with the highest order of genius. Their range was narrow, much of their drawing was feeble and often false, their handling, except in the case of Constable, was mannered, and their coloring was conventional.

But one man had arisen among them of a vastly larger calibre. Turner had, before the close of the first decade of the nineteenth century, begun to show a range of powers and an order of genius which distinguished him among his contemporaries, and led him to heights of achievement which place him in the category of the greatest masters of design. The creative imagination was in him as a fountain of perpetual inspiration. After his earliest period of apprenticeship, every work that he produced was stamped with the creative spirit which, governed by an insight that goes to the heart of things, bodies forth, with trenchant precision, and in the fewest expressive characters, an ideal conception. Turner's art, though based on the underlying principles of all great art, was unconventional. It dealt with new motives and new materials. The inspiration of nature was its strongest element; but the aspects of nature which engaged the master's attention were not those of common observation; they were those in which the essential power and beauty of natural things are most manifest. The greater harmonies of light and color, and the more subtle and significant characteristics of organic form, were used by Turner as elements of design in such a way that each work of his hand was both a poem and a commentary on the visual aspects of nature from the point of view of beauty.

To the artistic dilettanti of the day such art was incomprehensible. It seemed to subvert all of the established canons. The puerile mannerisms of Claude were looked upon as the authoritative generalizations of the grand style in landscape, and at the same time it was affirmed by the critics of the press that Turner was untrue to nature.

Such, in brief outline, was the state of things in the English world of art when Ruskin came forward with his first volume in defense of the new landscape art in general, and of the art of Turner in particular. The work was, in fact, almost exclusively an enthusiastic attempt to vindicate Turner. For the author felt, and proclaimed from the first, that while there was much to be admired and commended in the works of other masters of the early English school, the art of Turner was incomparably superior from every point of view. Ruskin was only twenty-three years of age at this time; but he was already singularly well prepared for his work, both by native aptitude and by cultivation. Indeed, few other critics of art have entered upon their tasks with so good an equipment, and in so admirable a spirit. He was himself endowed with artistic genius, though it was a genius for observation,

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analysis, and description, more than for original creation.

Like most men of genius he had faults and limitations. His natural temper gave him a strong confidence in his own judgments, and he early acquired a habit of emphatic affirmation, while his ardent enthusiasm often led him into extravagant praise of what he admired, and his easily excited indignation not seldom found equally unmeasured expression in sharpest invective against what he deemed erroneous. The strong terms in which some of his criticism is couched, as where in the preface to the second edition he speaks of the leaders of attack as "content if, like the foulness of the earth, they may attract to themselves notice by their noisomeness, or like its insects exalt themselves by virulence into visibility;" or again, where he describes a critic of Blackwood's Magazine as a person of "honest, hopeless, helpless imbecility," were not so uncommon at the time they were written as they are now. This style of speech was a survival of that of the Grub Street pamphleteers of the eighteenth century, or of the early quarterlies. But it is fair to say that Ruskin employed it sparingly in the body of his work, and only on occasions when strong terms might be excusable. His early training as the only child of wealthy, admiring, and over-attentive, though sternly exacting, parents, seems to have favored, rather than to have checked in him, the natural disposition of youth to overrate the importance of its own wisdom. His self-confidence and his lack of respect for the judgments of other men, when they came in conflict with his own, were sometimes unpleasantly apparent. But notwithstanding such defects and limitations as this implies, Ruskin's early writings on art and nature have a character which is not now always fairly estimated. And their power is not likely to fail while English-speaking people remain open to impressions of beauty.

In his childhood he showed a passionate fondness for nature. Ranges of blue hills gave him the keenest pleasure, and he early formed a habit of descriptive writing while on journeys through the country, both in England and on the Continent, with his parents. Pictures of scenery gave him great delight. He was especially drawn to the landscapes of Turner by his own love for mountains, and he soon began to copy the engravings after Turner's designs, which were then appearing as illustrations in such works as Rogers' Italy and Poems. At the same time he conceived a strong admiration for the drawings of Samuel Prout, — whose remarkable lithographs of the picturesque architecture of Flanders and Germany appeared in the year 1833. On a Continental journey at the age of fifteen, he passed through Flanders and Germany, and over the Alps into Italy, verifying Prout and Turner by the way, studying the subjects of each, and comparing their art with the nature which had furnished its materials. He thus got an insight into the selective processes of each master, which could not be reached in any other way. He made drawings at every point in imitation of them, until by degrees he naturally developed a style of his own. The sight of the Alps awakened in him an interest in geology, from the painter's point of view, and a study of their structural forms gave him an understanding of Turner's marvelous mountain drawing. He had, for a time, instruction in drawing from a master of the old-fashioned type; but he learned more by his own independent practice from Prout and Turner, and from nature under the guidance of the works of these masters. In 1835 he had instruction from Copley Fielding, President of the Old Water Color Society, and at a later time he had lessons from Harding. From the pen and wash drawings of David Roberts, also, he learned a good deal, and he subsequently made much use of this econom-

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ical method of work in his drawing from nature and architecture. But while appreciating the qualities of the works, and feeling the value of the precepts, of these men, he recognized their mannerisms and their narrowness of range.

In London and Paris he had studied the works of the old masters of landscape, Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, as well as the Dutch masters. It was his habit to draw faithfully the characteristic passages of such works of art, and to make extended written notes on them. The active attention which this effort to delineate compelled opened his eyes to many things, and impressed them on his mind.

In the Academy exhibition of 1836 Turner gave the first evidence of his more mature style, and by his pictures of this year Ruskin was deeply impressed. He saw now that what Turner sought was the ideal truth of nature, that he portrayed Nature in her "supreme moments," in her finest forms, and in her vital energy, — Nature as she was revealed to a discriminating eye, and to the poetic imagination. The recognition of this led him to reflect on the relations of art with nature, and to more extended investigation of both nature and art in the manifold aspects of each. Every step of his progress impressed him with the truth, as well as the pictorial power, of Turner's art, and developed in his mind a burning indignation at what he thought the shortsighted and misleading criticism of the great master's work.

Thus equipped, and feeling thus, he began the essay which grew into Modern Painters. This was, he tells us, at first intended to be a short pamphlet entitled Turner and the Ancients, but it grew under his hand into five stately volumes. That his philosophy of art, when he was at the age of twenty-three, should not have been in all respects complete and satisfactory was natural enough. But on fair examination it will, I think, be found in the main entirely sound, though over-statements, and even errors, are not wanting. It has not always been correctly represented. It has, in fact, not seldom been inexcusably misrepresented. The affirmation, for instance, has frequently been made that according to Ruskin all perfection of art consists in the exact imitation of nature. Nothing could be farther from the truth. This is shown plainly enough in the opening of the work where he defines great art as that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and says: "If I were to say, on the contrary, that the best picture was that which most closely imitated nature, I should assume that art could only please by imitating nature" (vol. i. p. 11). And in what follows he clearly recognizes, what he consistently maintains throughout his writings, that there is a distinction to be drawn between representative art and art as such, in itself.

In representative art there must be truth to nature, not to make it art, but to make it representative. No argument should be needed to establish the truth of this proposition, which has been recognized at all times in respect to art which represents the human figure, and never more fully than in recent times, when the almost exclusive training offered in professional schools of art has consisted in the rigorous delineation of the human body, including elaborate studies in anatomy as a means of insuring truth to nature. The truth that is necessary in human figure subject is equally so in that of landscape. Mr. Whistler's affirmation that nature is to the painter what the keyboard is to the musical composer is quite correct; but it does not prove that the painter need not be true to nature. It only shows that the artist must use what he draws from nature in an artistic way, in a way analogous to that in which the musician uses the musical scale. But the analogy be-

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tween nature and the keyboard is not a close one, for there are harmonies ready made in nature that do not exist in the musical scale. The objects of the natural world are not abstract elements like the notes of the keyboard. There is a closer analogy between abstract lines, colors, and tones, and the musical scale. The artist may use these abstract elements and produce works of art which, like architecture and pure ornamentation, are quite independent of any truth to nature in the sense that representative art is dependent on such truth.

But Ruskin in Modern Painters[1] deals primarily with landscape painting, and landscape painting is a representative art, and thus needs to be truthful. Recognizing this, and wishing to vindicate Turner on the score of truth, though he nowhere maintains that this truth constitutes the essential character of Turner's art, or any other art, he starts out in this first volume with an extended analysis of truth, meaning thereby, as he explains (page 20), the faithful statement of natural fact. In developing this part of his subject he may often seem to be advocating literal transcript of nature, which indeed he does as a temporary discipline, but never as a final end of art. The counsel given at the close of the first volume (page 417) to the young artist to "go to nature in all singleness of heart . . . rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, scorning nothing . . . and rejoicing always in the truth," has often been quoted as if it contained a summary of the author's whole art teaching. But an attentive reading of even this first volume will show that this is not the case. Thus on page 75 he praises the modern landscape painters for rejecting *bona fide* imitation, and seeking to convey the impression of nature. And he affirms that there is, in consequence, a greater sum of essential and impressive truth in their works. While among many other passages to the same effect throughout the work, we find in the third volume (pages 40, 41) the following statements: "The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, be produced by the imagination. . . . The highest art is purely imaginative, all its materials being wrought into their form by invention." And again (vol. iv. p. 16), "Great landscape art cannot be a mere copy of any given scene." Passages like the one first referred to, and the statement (page 416) that "from young artists nothing ought to be tolerated but simple bona fide imitation of nature," are in no conflict with this. The one relates to the early training of the artist, the other to his function after he has learned the rudiments, and is prepared to exercise the freedom of art. And they are in complete accord with the teaching of all other competent authorities. Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance, enforces the same principle where he complains[2] that "the students never draw exactly from the living models which they have before them." And again (vol. ii. p. 66) where he says, "Our elements are laid in gross common nature, an exact imitation of what is before us." There is thus nothing that is fundamentally peculiar in Ruskin's teaching as to the importance of truth to nature as a foundation for all representative art. He merely applies to the newer art of landscape painting the principles that have been universally enforced in the painting of the human figure.

But the question as to the truth of Turner's art is another thing. Can it be possible, it has often been asked, that those strange canvases in the National Gallery are defensible on the score of truth to nature? Ruskin's answer is emphatically affirmative. But there are, he maintains, different orders of truths with which the artist may be concerned. There are the more obvious, unessential,

[1] New York: John Wiley & Son. 1873.

[2] Literary Works, vol. i. p. 312.

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and trivial truths of nature, and those which are more recondite, fundamental, and characteristic. It is the latter, and not the former, to which, as he teaches, Turner's art gives expression. These higher orders of visual truths are, however, not those which are generally perceived. People commonly, he tells us (page 54), recognize objects by their least important attributes. To lay hold of the more fundamental and expressive truths, in the manner of Turner, requires a high order of artistic gift, and to appreciate them requires ocular training, as well as natural aptitude. In the delineation of all objects in the landscape he finds Turner invariably true on what may be called the higher plane of truth, and if, in his later work, certain qualities of color and tone cannot always be defended on the score of likeness to nature, it is owing, he maintains, to insuperable difficulties in what he attempted.

In the chapters on the relative importance of truths, and on truth in respect to the various visual elements of nature, as of tone, of color, of chiaroscuro; and of space, of the open sky, of the conformation of the earth, etc., the works of various artists, both ancient and modern, are examined as to their truthfulness, or lack of truth. The criticism of these works is generally just in respect to the points considered, and it may be noticed that in pursuing his investigations of the truths of nature Ruskin does not lose sight of the fact that it is with visual impressions, and not with physical facts as such, that the artist is concerned. Thus (pages 380, 381) where he shows that the branches of trees do not taper he takes care to observe that to the eye they often appear to taper, and must, within certain limits which are indicated, be represented as doing so. In the analysis of mountain forms in the fourth volume, and in that of leaf and branch structure in the fifth volume, it has been said that he goes too far in the direction of geological and botanical investigation. It should be observed, however, that here, as elsewhere, the structural forms are followed only so far as they bear upon the visual aspects of the objects examined. It is not with the internal anatomy of nature, but with the beauty of its visible anatomy, that he is concerned.

Among the most remarkable and the most valuable portions of Modern Painters are the analysis of abstract lines and the discussion of the principles of composition. These are contributions to the literature of the fine arts which are, I believe, without any parallel. The classification of curves into curves of life, and curves of inertness, the discussion of the principles on which living curves are formed, the endless varieties of such curves, and the illustrations of living curves in natural organic forms, and in various types of ornamental art, contain matter of the highest value to the student of beauty.

The first chapter on composition is entitled The Law of Help; and after saying that a well-composed picture is not done according to rule, because creative art is not a process that can be regulated by rule, though there are certain elementary laws of arrangement that may be traced a little way, he defines composition as "the help of everything in the picture by everything else." A truer definition could hardly be framed. The law of help is the fundamental law of composition, because it is the law of organic relationship throughout the universe. Creative design, he teaches, is the production of harmonic unity by such an adjustment of parts, from least to greatest, as will make each contribute its utmost to the total harmony. In a chapter entitled The Task of the Least he shows how this is in respect to least things, and in another, entitled The Rule of the Greatest, he considers in what the expression of magnitude consists, and how the sense of it depends on our esti-

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mate of the many small things of which the greater are composed. And he shows here, also, that the qualities of largeness and breadth in a work of art result from the habit with great composers of regarding the relations of things, rather than their separate nature. Breadth, or largeness of treatment, in composition is thus seen to be independent of scale. The artist does not need a great canvas in order to work in the grand style.

In the Elements of Drawing we have a further analysis of composition. The sense of pleasure in rhythm and metre is here said to be happily a common possession of all orders of minds, while power of composition is rare and unteachable. Yet some simple laws of arrangement, deduced from the works of great composers, are set forth with unexampled acuteness of insight and lucidity of illustration. Among these are: The Law of Principality, which involves subordination; The Law of Repetition, by which some kind of sympathy between objects is marked, and under this law symmetry is treated; The Law of Continuity, the establishment of some orderly succession in the arrangement of objects more or less similar; The Law of Curvature, which includes the modulations of curves. Under each head the principles are discussed in a clearly intelligible manner, and in such a way as to stimulate enjoyment of some of those qualities which, more than all others, make a work of art to be a work of art. This is very rare. Most writers on composition give us little more than arbitrary rules and vague generalities. The subject is a difficult one, even in respect to the more obvious principles involved, while the more subtle laws of design are too fine to be grasped by the intellect alone, and are apprehended only by the artistic imagination. The more competent writers on the fine arts feel the difficulty, and say little about composition. Thus Sir Joshua Reynolds, through all his writings, has almost nothing specific to tell us about it; his most explicit direction to the student on this head being, "to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece." [1]

Ruskin's artistic apprehensions were of wide range. He understood the essential oneness of the arts; and thus he was led to consider the principles of architecture, sculpture, and the so-called minor arts, as well as of painting. His interest in architecture was awakened early. An admiration for the picturesque drawings of Samuel Prout had led him, as we have seen, to verify Prout in the cities of Flanders and Germany, as he had verified Turner in the Alps; and his architectural interest appears always to have been governed primarily by the painters' point of view. It was thus natural that the architecture of Italy should appeal to him with a special attraction; for in Italian building of all epochs, the painters' habits of conception and treatment are strongly emphasized. The structural logic of the best northern building is not found in Italy; and in Ruskin's time the true Gothic of the north was not yet understood. The light, the warmth, and the color of the broadly walled Italian art gave him the keenest delight, and called out his most ardent efforts in analysis, description, and graphic illustration.

His monumental architectural work, The Stones of Venice, has probably done more than any other book to awaken admiration for the beauty of the enchanting city of the sea. In an earlier essay, The Seven Lamps of Architecture, he had already formulated what he regarded as the fundamental principles of architectural design. Under the first of these, The Lamp of Sacrifice, he affirms that all noble architecture is produced in a spirit of ardor which prompts the builders to do their utmost, to spend rather than to save, both in labor and materials, that the monument may be-

[1] Discourses, vol. ii. p. 403.

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come a worthy embodiment of noble aspirations. In the chapter entitled The Lamp of Truth he discusses the question of architectural deceits, supporting his conclusions by cogent reasonings; and throughout the book he spares no pains to fortify his positions by carefully reasoned arguments. The charge of dogmatic arrogance, which is sometimes brought against him, is therefore hardly warranted. Yet mistaken affirmations are frequent, and are sometimes made with vexatious assurance, as, for instance, where (page 55) he states that the decline of Gothic art is marked by the "substitution of the line for the mass." But Gothic architecture is essentially an architecture of line, rather than of mass. He makes this statement in connection with a discussion of the development of window tracery, and this whole discussion is erroneous because he mistakes the late survivals of plate-tracery in Norman Gothic for examples of early Gothic work.

No right theory of Gothic development, or any branch of it, can be drawn from the pointed architecture of Normandy in any period, and least of all from the later Gothic of that province. Ruskin was, however, true here according to his lights. The early Gothic of France was practically unknown when he was writing. And there is, indeed, a sense in which his statement is true. In the Gothic skeleton of the best period, the lines were not attenuated, or accented with painful sharpness, or excessively multiplied. The piers and shafts had a full-rounded breadth and even massiveness, as compared with those of the decadent Gothic; and lines were not used ornamentally in needless tracery and panelings, as they were in the flamboyant Gothic style. True Gothic art, like all other good art, had a monumental simplicity and severity which, as contrasted with the flamboyant linear complexity, may rightly enough be characterized as massive. But this is not the sense in which Ruskin here supposes Gothic to be massive, as an examination of the passage will show. A truer statement of the cause of Gothic decline is given on page 61 where he says, "It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws." The law laid down in the chapter on Beauty that everything is ornamental that is imitative of nature, and the converse, that what is not thus imitative is unfit for ornament, can hardly be accepted, though the qualifying considerations added greatly modify the bald statement. The emphatic condemnation (page 97) of the Greek fret, and other kindred forms of ornamentation, must be regarded as short-sighted and indefensible, while on page 129 the doubtful conclusion is reached that "all arrangements of color, for its own sake, in graceful forms, are barbarous; and that, to paint a color pattern with the lovely lines of a Greek leaf moulding, is an utterly savage procedure." Yet we now know that the Greeks themselves painted the leaf moulding, and Ruskin has himself [1] illustrated the subtle beauty of the lines of French missal illuminations, in which the exquisiteness of abstract color arrangements constitute an equal charm.

The Stones of Venice abounds in misconceptions and mistaken affirmations; but these are largely due to the state of ideas and understanding in respect to mediæval architecture half a century ago. I have said that Ruskin's interest in architecture was primarily pictorial. I do not, however, mean that he was wholly wanting in apprehension of its structural basis. To a limited extent he felt this strongly. He has, in many parts of the work, shown a just, and even an acute, sense of the elementary structural principles of ordinary wall, column, and arch construction. But beyond this he has hardly understood the more important types of mediæval building on their structural side. What he recognized was

[1] Modern Painters, vol. iv. pp. 281, 282.

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enough for his purpose in respect to those forms of architecture in which the basilican elements predominate; but it was not enough to enable him to appreciate the very different structural character of the Byzantine architecture of St. Mark's, much less was it adequate to an understanding of the organic Romanesque and Gothic art. The structural character of a given monument was not what primarily impressed him, and in consequence he is often led into error. Thus when, after his eloquent general description of the church of St. Mark (vol. ii. p. 70) — which has the beauty of a poem — he comes to what he calls a sketch of the principles exemplified in the building, the pictorial feeling promptly asserts itself, and he declares (page 74) that "the first broad characteristic of the building, and the root nearly of every other important peculiarity in it, is its confessed *incrustation*." The great Byzantine structural system of the dome on pendentives, so magnificently carried out here, which is the essential governing characteristic of the edifice, is wholly overlooked. The incrustation is but a superficial adornment, which this building shares with many others of various types, as notably the basilican churches of southern Italy and Sicily.

It is a splendid and appropriate mode of adornment for such a building; but it is not an integral characteristic of the architecture itself. Further misapprehension, and even confusion of thought, are shown on page 80, where it is laid down as a "law" that "science of inner structure is to be abandoned" in architecture like this, for since "the body of the structure is confessedly of inferior, and comparatively incoherent materials, it would be absurd to attempt in it any expression of the higher refinements of construction." But what higher refinements of construction could be attempted in any case? The inner structure proper to a system of domes on pendentives being fully, and grandly, carried out, anything more would be superfluous. The broad expanses of wall and pier were not sought by the designer as a field for the mosaic incrustation. He did not have to abandon anything in order to obtain them. These expanses are natural to the structural system employed, and must have been the same (as they are in the similar church of St. Front of Périgueux) had the body of the edifice been of solid stone, instead of brick. And again, on page 98, it is affirmed of the church architecture of the Middle Ages, that what we now regard in it with wonder and delight was then the natural continuation, in the principal edifice of the city, of a style which was already familiar in domestic building. "Let the reader," he says, "fix this great fact well in his mind." And, he continues, "I would desire here clearly and forcibly to assert, that wherever Christian church architecture has been good and lovely, it has been merely the perfect development of the common dwelling-house architecture of the period." And still further: "No style of noble architecture can be exclusively ecclesiastical. It must be practiced in the dwelling before it is perfected in the church."

This is not the place for discussion of this point; but it would be more true to say that all great architectural styles have been primarily ecclesiastical, extending the term ecclesiastical to include every form of religious monument from the Egyptian temple down. But we need not pursue these things further. We are not reviewing Ruskin's works, we are merely gathering from them some illustrations of his general teaching on the fine arts. His equipment as a critic was, in respect to architecture, inadequate. His strongest work is Modern Painters. The Seven Lamps and The Stones of Venice contain much that is fine and enduring. They are, in fact, in many ways monumental works; but his theory of architecture is not so sound as his theory of painting. Yet his inter-

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est in architecture was strong, and his imagination and eloquence enable him to impart to the reader of his architectural works something of his own noble enthusiasm. The value of these works consists chiefly in this, and in this they are unlike most other books.

His main interest was in painting. He had himself a painter's genius of no common order, and a brief consideration of the character of his artistic work will help us to understand better his qualifications as a critic of painting. Through all his life the practice of drawing with the lead pencil, the pen, and in water colors, formed usually a large part, and often the best part, of each day's occupation. He was in no sense a mere amateur, except that he did not make his art a means of livelihood. Few men who have practiced the art of painting as a profession have had so fine and so thorough a technical training. His skill of hand was remarkable, and nearly all of the vast numbers of his drawings exhibit rare subtleties of expressive execution. His sense of form was keen, and his feeling for color was exquisite. His work was not only refined in respect to both of these qualities, it was also strong. He worked with a clearly understood aim, and he knew well how to suit his method, in any given case, to the most direct and economical accomplishment of this aim. When his subject was an extended scene, fine in composition, and subtle in proportions, he would generally, in his mature period, limit himself to lead-pencil outline. The line, in such cases, was a soft and broken one, wonderfully suggestive of the mystery and fullness of nature, as well as true in its course; and the outline was more or less supplemented with expressive, though hasty, markings, suggestive of details as well as of solid masses.

I have before me such a drawing made in 1876. It is a view near Brieg looking toward the Simplon. A winding reach of the Simplon road, with a high retaining wall above, and another wall with an undulating parapet below, is seen in perspective on the left. To the right the mountains fall away into a vast hollow. In the middle ground is a grandly composed group of buildings with towers, whose masses mate finely with the natural features of the scene; and beyond the great hills close in on either side, leaving a vista through which the eye catches a more distant range. It contains but an hour's work, yet the sublimity and the poetry of the Alps are in it. In other instances, where the subject called for it, he would add a rapid suggestion of chiaroscuro, laying broad shades with the side of the lead, sometimes, in haste, rubbing in finer tones with his finger, and deftly painting, as it were, with the pencil point. In still other cases, a broad color scheme is washed in with water colors; and often an interesting passage is more fully worked out in detail.

His eye was quick to discover a good subject, and in all such work he had a quite Turnerian power of seizing the expressive lines. To understand the source of this power we must look back to his earlier work, of which, also, a good example is before me. It represents a shoot of hawthorn, outlined with lead pencil, and faintly tinted with water-color wash. This drawing must have been executed about the year 1850. The delicate precision of this outline and the frank skill with which the color wash is struck are consummate. The whole character of the beautiful thing is set forth with marvelous expression of its vigorous energy and tender elasticity of growth. The aim is limited to the rendering of these essential qualities, and the means are at once simple and adequate. This drawing is engraved in plate 52 of the fifth volume of Modern Painters. Ruskin made vast numbers of such drawings, and it is, I think, safe to say that no other man has delineated plant forms with such tender feeling,

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and such masterly power. The line, in these earlier drawings, is firm and even, like the line of Raphael and da Vinci. The sureness of his hand is wonderful.

In the later work he slowly developed a style in which the firm even line gave place to a freer and more broken treatment expressive of mass and mystery, rather than of keenly marked contours. An example of this later manner of rendering leafage represents a group of dried autumnal oak leaves. Here the qualities to be set forth were the beauty of organic structure, and of surface flexures, ruling the torn raggedness of the shriveled, wind-blown spray. It is wrought broadly with the water-color pencil, in purple and brown, with loaded body-color in the lights. No lead-pencil outline is visible, and no minute elaboration of contours occurs; but the forms are rapidly swept in with marvelous skill and with subtle sense of action. I know nothing comparable to it but the more sketchy work of Tintoretto and the larger handling of Turner.

Of architectural drawing he also did much, at first in the manner of Prout, but with a superior refinement and beauty. In preparation for The Seven Lamps, and The Stones of Venice, he made many drawings, and in these he developed a manner which was his own. The economical methods of lead pencil and wash, or pen and wash, were generally employed; but occasionally he went further, and made large and elaborate water-color drawings of architecture. Among the most beautiful of these is one of the south porch of St. Mark's, made in 1876, and now in the possession of Professor Norton. In its massive structure and opalescent color this drawing is most noteworthy. In all renderings of architecture he gives the entire visual aspect of a building as it stands to-day, with the marks of time and the softening touches of nature.

He sets forth the total pictorial charm, rather than the purely architectural character, of a given monument, or detail. In addition to such drawings from nature and from architecture Ruskin made large numbers of drawings and color notes from the works of great masters of painting. He did this as a means of study, and as for this end complete copying is generally not so useful as the making of abstracts in line and color, he rarely made complete copies; but from nearly all of the great Italian masters, from Giotto to Titian, he made studies in outline, or simple renderings of color schemes. Less frequently he made more finished studies of parts of works that particularly interested him, and among such studies is the remarkable one of the head of Carpaccio's sleeping St. Ursula, now in the Sheffield Museum. While in these copies he strove hard in each case to be faithful to his original, and rarely failed to secure a trustworthy record of it, he was yet unable to efface himself. He could not make a mechanical copy. He naturally emphasized the qualities which chiefly appealed to him, and his own genius is delightfully recognizable in every such study.

An essential feature of Ruskin's philosophy of art is the affirmation of the influence upon art of moral conditions, and the reaction of art itself upon moral character. It is this which constitutes the chief peculiarity of his teaching; and it is on this point that this teaching has of late, in some quarters, been most energetically opposed. Of the proposition that moral conditions influence the arts, and determine their quality, there can, however, be no serious question. The works of man inevitably reflect his character, moral or immoral, as the case may be. And the fine arts are always man's fullest expression of himself. It does not, however, follow that a great artist is always a man of the highest moral principle. It is undeniable that many great artists have had grave moral weaknesses. Individuals are not wholly responsible for their moral tendencies (though they

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are for their moral conduct). But a man's work is not a reflection of himself as an individual alone. Where great art exists there must have been fine moral fibre somewhere back of it, if not in the individual producer, at least in his predecessors. The artistic power of a person, or of a people, is largely a matter of inheritance. If an artistic race, actuated by high ideals, develops like the Greeks a noble art, the artistic power will not instantly fail when the ideals are forsaken; but it will not long survive in its integrity. The relaxed moral restraints and the coarser sentiments of the later Greek civilization are mirrored in the later art of Greece.

As to the influence of art upon moral character, it has been thought that Ruskin has formulated some questionable conclusions on this head, as where in the opening of the Oxford lecture on The Relation of Art to Morals, he states that one of the functions of the fine arts is that of "perfecting the morality or ethical state of men." It has been denied that art has any power to exert a moral influence. History, it has been said, shows that familiarity with the greatest works of art has not availed to strengthen morals in times of moral weakness. But the same may be said of all moral forces. They are always powerless against determined resistance. It is only where some favorable disposition exists that any moral influence avails; and where this does exist it is impossible to believe that all forms of expression of the beautiful have not their influence in quickening the moral sense.

From the time when he began to write on social matters his art teaching has been involved with theories which have met with not wholly unmerited opposition. His ideas on social and political order, while springing from a noble heart, and containing a vast amount of wholesome truth set forth with matchless eloquence and prophetic fervor, are weakened by fundamental misconceptions, and even by temperamental perverseness. His doctrine of authority, as laid down in Time and Tide (pages 72–79), has in it too much of the arbitrary element; and the impossibility of enforcing it under existing conditions does not seem to occur to him. He presupposes an entirely wise and incorruptible central authority, with a system of oversight, guidance, and discipline, from which no individual in the state could escape.

For a social reformer he was not well equipped, either by nature or by education. He did not see that men must be led in freedom. He did not respect freedom. He did not see that character can be formed only by voluntary conformity with the divine laws of life. Repression and compulsion, while necessary, under existing conditions, for the maintenance of outward order, have no potency to reform human nature. He desired to enforce principles of right living, and the slowness of men to conform to such principles made him impatient. But a reformer needs vast patience. Impatience, anxiety, irritability, and excitability are weaknesses which unfit a man to help his fellows; and with all his genius and all his nobility of soul, Ruskin had these weaknesses in large measure. He also had a large share of the common weakness of egotism. Into his teaching on social order he put himself too much. In his later years his self-confidence became almost a mania, which greatly impaired his power for good. He suffered acutely during these years. What seemed to him the reckless pursuit of commonplace material ends in the world around him kept his mind in a state of hot indignation. He could see nothing hopeful in the signs of the times, and he became incapable of faith in ultimate good. The disfigurement of the landscape by the inroads of mechanical works, and the wanton destruction of great monuments of the past, pained him

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to the quick. He felt that everything was going hopelessly to the bad. Thus his later writings are often weakened by querulousness, and vitiated by fallacies. Yet even in these the generosity of his nature, the tenderness of his sympathies, and the noble elevation of his aims are always manifest. But his work as a teacher and critic of art was substantially done before he began to preach on social reform, and before his infirmities had broken him down. This work is, in the main, sound and illuminating. It is on the highest plane of thought and feeling; and no criticism can rob it of its enduring value. It is full of inspiration which lifts the mind continually into the realm of the ideal.

Charles H. Moore.

THE QUEST AFTER MUSIC.

A VOICE, a voice is calling through the night.
Sleepers, awaken! Get each one his light,
His woodman's axe to cleave the undergrowth
Of claspèd boughs to human entry loath,
His keen-wrought sword to fight with savage foe,
His fair-rigged skiff to cross where rivers flow.

'T were like the rush of feet from diverse ways
Where men have seen a distant city blaze.

A voice, a voice is calling through the night.
Some being calls! Our fathers judged aright
Who peopled sound of wave and song of wind
With multitudinous things of spirit kind.
Some being calls! Some being hides within
The magic tuning of the violin,
The glad rejoicing of the golden horn,
The hautboys mournful as a ghost forlorn,
The cymbal's sweep that mocks a wild typhoon,
The gentle flute, the harp, the deep bassoon.

Some being calls! and they, the called, are blest
Who yield their lives unto a fruitless quest,
Who still pursuing have not cried "Too late!"
Till Music finds them dead beside her gate.

Mary Boole Hinton.

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THE CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

FROM 1830 to 1850 both Great Britain and the United States, by joint convention, kept on the coast of Africa at least eighty guns afloat for the suppression of the slave trade. Most of the vessels so employed were small corvettes, brigs, or schooners; steam at that time was just being introduced into the navies of the world.

Nearly fifty years ago I was midshipman on the United States brig Porpoise, of ten guns. Some of my readers may remember these little ten-gun coffins, as many of them proved to be to their crews. The Porpoise was a fair sample of the type; a full-rigged brig of one hundred and thirty tons, heavily sparred, deep waisted, and carrying a battery of eight twenty-four-pound carronades and two long chasers; so wet that even in a moderate breeze or sea it was necessary to batten down; and so tender that she required careful watching; only five feet between decks, her quarters were necessarily cramped and uncomfortable, and, as far as possible, we lived on deck. With a crew of eighty all told, Lieutenant Thompson was in command, Lieutenant Bukett executive officer, and two midshipmen were the line officers. She was so slow that we could hardly hope for a prize except by a fluke. Repeatedly we had chased suspicious craft, only to be outsailed.

At this time the traffic in slaves was very brisk; the demand in the Brazils, in Cuba, and in other Spanish West Indies was urgent, and the profit of the business so great that two or three successful ventures would enrich any one. The slavers were generally small, handy craft; fast, of course; usually schooner-rigged, and carrying flying topsails and forecourse. Many were built in England or elsewhere purposely for the business, without, of course, the knowledge of the builders, ostensibly as yachts or traders. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the principal offenders, with occasionally an English-speaking renegade.

The slave depots, or barracoons, were generally located some miles up a river. Here the slaver was secure from capture and could embark his live cargo at his leisure. Keeping a sharp lookout on the coast, the dealers were able to follow the movements of the cruisers, and by means of smoke, or in other ways, signal when the coast was clear for the coming down the river and sailing of the loaded craft. Before taking in the cargoes they were always fortified with all the necessary papers and documents to show they were engaged in legitimate commerce, so it was only when caught in *flagrante delicto* that we could hold them.

We had been cruising off the coast of Liberia doing nothing, when we were ordered to the Gulf of Guinea to watch the Bonny and Cameroons mouths of the great Niger River. Our consort was H. M. schooner Bright, a beautiful craft about our tonnage, but with half our crew, and able to sail three miles to our two. She was an old slaver, captured and adapted as a cruiser. She had been very successful, making several important captures of full cargoes, and twice or thrice her commanding officer and others had been promoted. Working our way slowly down the coast in company with the Bright, we would occasionally send a boat on shore to reconnoitre or gather any information we could from the natives through our Krooman interpreter. A few glasses of rum or a string of beads would loosen the tongue of almost any one. At Little Bonny we heard that two vessels were some miles up the river, ready to sail,

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and were only waiting until the coast was clear. Captain James, of the Bright, thought that one, if not both, would sail from another outlet of the river, about thirty miles to the southward, and determined to watch it.

We both stood to that direction. Of course we were watched from the shore, and the slavers were kept posted as to our movements. They supposed we had both gone to the Cameroons, leaving Little Bonny open; but after dark, with a light land breeze, we wore round and stood to the northward, keeping offshore some distance, so that captains leaving the river might have sufficient offing to prevent their reaching port again or beaching their craft. At daybreak, as far as we could judge, we were about twenty miles offshore to the northward and westward of Little Bonny, in the track of any vessel bound for the West Indies. The night was dark with occasional rain squalls, when the heavens would open and the water come down in a flood. Anxiously we all watched for daylight, which comes under the equator with a suddenness very different from the prolonged twilight of higher latitudes. At the first glimmer in the east every eye was strained on the horizon, all eager, all anxious to be the first to sight anything within our vision. The darkness soon gave way to gray morn. Day was dawning, when suddenly a Krooman by my side seized my hand and, without saying a word, pointed inshore. I looked, but could see nothing. All eyes were focused in that direction, and in a few minutes the faint outline of a vessel appeared against the sky. She was some miles inshore of us, and as the day brightened we made her out to be a brigantine (an uncommon rig in those days), standing across our bows, with all studding sails set on the starboard side, indeed everything that could pull, including water sails and save-all. We were on the same tack heading to the northward. We set everything that would draw, and kept off two points, bringing the wind abeam so as to head her off.

The breeze was light and off the land. We had not yet been seen against the darker western horizon, but we knew it could only be a few minutes longer before their sharp eyes would make us out. Soon we saw the studding sails and all kites come down by the run and her yards braced up sharp on the same tack as ours. We also hauled by the wind. At sunrise she was four points on our weather bow, distant about four miles. We soon perceived that she could outsail our brig and if the wind held would escape. Gradually she drew away from us until she was hull down. Our only hope now was that the land breeze would cease and the sea breeze come in. As the sun rose we gladly noticed the wind lessening, until at eleven o'clock it was calm. Not a breath ruffled the surface of the sea; the sun's rays in the zenith were reflected as from a mirror; the waters seemed like molten lead.

I know of nothing more depressing than a calm in the tropics, — a raging sun overhead, around an endless expanse of dead sea, and a feeling of utter helplessness that is overpowering. What if this should last? what a fate! The Rime of the Ancient Mariner comes to our mind. Come storm and tempest, come hurricanes and blizzards, anything but an endless stagnation. For some hours we watched earnestly the horizon to the westward, looking for the first dark break on the smooth sea. Not a cloud was in the heavens. The brig appeared to be leaving us either by towing or by sweeps; only her topgallant sail was above the horizon. It looked as if the sea breeze would desert us. It usually came in about one o'clock, but that hour and another had passed and yet we watched for the first change. Without a breeze our chances of overhauling the stranger were gone. Only a white speck like the wing of a gull

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now marked her whereabouts on the edge of the horizon, and in another hour she would be invisible even from the masthead.

When we were about to despair, our head Krooman drew the captain's attention to the westward and said the breeze was coming. We saw no signs of it, but his quick eye had noticed light feathery clouds rising to the westward, a sure indication of the coming breeze. Soon we could see the glassy surface ruffled at different points as the breeze danced over it, coming on like an advancing line of skirmishers; and as we felt its first gentle movement on our parched faces, it was welcome indeed, putting new life into all of us. The crew needed no encouragement to spring to their work. As the little brig felt the breeze and gathered steerageway, she was headed for the chase, bringing the wind on her starboard quarter. In less than five minutes all the studding sails that would draw were set, as well as everything that would pull. The best quartermaster was sent to the wheel, with orders to keep the chase directly over the weather end of the spritsail yard. The captain ordered the sails wet, an expedient I never had much faith in, unless the sails are very old. But as if to recompense us for the delay, the breeze came in strong and steady. Our one hope now was to follow it up close and to carry it within gunshot of the brig, for if she caught it before we were within range she would certainly escape. All hands were piped to quarters, and the long eighteen-pounder on the forecastle was loaded with a full service charge; on this piece we relied to cripple the chase. We were now rapidly raising her, and I was sent aloft on the fore topsail yard, with a good glass to watch her movements. Her hull was in sight and she was still becalmed, though her head was pointed in the right direction, and everything was set to catch the coming breeze. She carried a boat on each side at the davits like a man-of-war, and I reported that I could make out men securing them. They had been towing her, and only stopped when they saw us drawing near.

Anxiously we watched the breeze on the water as it narrowed the sheen between us, and we were yet two miles or more distant when she first felt the breeze. As she did so we hoisted the English blue ensign, — for the fleet at this time was under a Rear Admiral of the Blue, — and fired a weather gun, but no response was made. Fortunately the wind continued to freshen and the Porpoise was doing wonderfully well. We were rapidly closing the distance between us. We fired another gun, but no attention was paid to it. I noticed from the movements of the crew of the brig that they were getting ready for some manœuvre, and reported to the captain. He divined at once what the manœuvre would be, and ordered that the braces be led along, hands by the studding-sail halyards and tacks, and everything ready to haul by the wind. We felt certain now of the character of our friend, and the men were already calculating the amount of their prize money. We were now within range, and must clip her wings if possible.

The first lieutenant was ordered to open fire with the eighteen-pounder. Carefully the gun was laid, and as the order "fire" was given, down came our English flag, and the stop of the Stars and Stripes was broken at the gaff. The first shot touched the water abeam of the chase and ricochetted ahead of her. She showed the Spanish flag. The captain of the gun was ordered to elevate a little more and try again. The second shot let daylight through her fore topsail, but the third was wide again.

Then the sharp, quick order of the captain, "Fore topsail yard there, come down on deck, sir!" brought me down on the run. "Have both cutters cleared away and ready for lowering," were my

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orders as I reached the quarter-deck. Practice from the bow chasers continued, but the smoke that drifted ahead of us interfered with the accuracy of the firing, and no vital part was touched, though a number of shots went through her sails. The captain in the main rigging never took his eye from the Spaniard, evidently expecting that as a fox when hard pressed doubles on the hounds, the chase would attempt the same thing. And he was not disappointed, for when we had come within easy range of her, the smoke hid her from view for a few minutes, and as it dispersed the first glimpse showed the captain that her studding sails had all gone, and that she had hauled by the wind, standing across our weather bow. Her captain had lost no time in taking in his studding sails; halyards, tacks, and sheets had all been cut together and dropped overboard.

It was a bold and well-executed manœuvre, and we could not help admiring the skill with which she was handled. However, we had been prepared for this move. "Ease down your helm." "Lower away. Haul down the studding sails." "Ease away the weather braces. Brace up." "Trim down the head sheets," were the orders which followed in rapid succession, and were as quickly executed. The Spaniard was now broad on our lee bow, distant not more than half a mile, but as she felt the wind which we brought down she fairly spun through the water, exposing her bright copper. She was both head-reaching and outsailing us; in half an hour she would have been right ahead of us, and in an hour the sun would be down. It was now or never. We could bring nothing to bear except the gun on the forecastle. Fortunately it continued smooth, and we were no longer troubled with smoke. Shot after shot went hissing through the air after her; a number tore through the sails or rigging, but not a spar was touched nor an important rope cut. We could see some of her crew aloft reeving and stopping braces and ready to repair any damage done, working as coolly under fire as old man-of-war's men. But while we were looking, down came the gaff of her mainsail, and the gaff-topsail fell all adrift; a lucky shot had cut her peak halyards. Our crew cheered with a will. "Well done, Hobson, try it again!" called the captain to the boatswain's mate, who was captain of the gun.

After the next shot, the topgallant yard swayed for a few minutes and fell forward. The order was given to cease firing; she was at our mercy. We were rapidly nearing the chase, when she backed her topsail. We kept off, and when within easy range of the carronades "hove to" to windward. Lieutenant Bukett was ordered to board her in the first cutter and take charge. I followed in the second cutter, with orders to bring the captain on board with his papers. A few strokes sent us alongside of a brig about our tonnage, but with a low rail and a flush deck. The crew, some eighteen or twenty fine-looking seamen, were forward eagerly discussing the situation of affairs. The captain was aft with his two officers, talking to Lieutenant Bukett. He was fair, with light hair curling all over his head, beard cut short, about forty years of age, well set up, with a frame like a Roman wrestler, evidently a tough customer in a rough-and-ready scrimmage.

He spoke fairly good English, and was violently denouncing the outrage done to his flag; his government would demand instant satisfaction for firing upon a legitimate trader on the high seas. I gave the lieutenant Captain Thompson's orders, to bring the captain and his papers on board at once. His harangue was cut short by orders to get on board my boat. He swore with a terrible oath that he would never leave his vessel. "Come on board, men," said I, and twenty of our crew were on deck in a jiffy. I stationed my coxswain, Parker,

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at the cabin companion way with orders to allow no one to pass. "Now," said Lieutenant Bukett to the Spaniard, "I will take you on board in irons unless you go quietly." He hesitated a moment, then said he would come as soon as he had gone below to bring up his papers. "No, never mind your papers; I will find them," said the lieutenant, for he saw the devil in the Spaniard's eyes, and knew he meant mischief. Our captive made one bound for the companion way, however, and seizing Parker by the throat hurled him into the water ways as if he had been a rag baby. But fortunately he slipped on a small grating and fell on his knees, and before he could recover himself two of our men threw themselves upon him.

I closed the companion way. The struggle was desperate for a few minutes, for the Spaniard seemed possessed of the furies, and his efforts were almost superhuman. Twice he threw the men from him across the deck, but they were reinforced by Parker, who, smarting under his discomfiture, rushed in, determined to down him. I was anxious to end it with my pistol, but Lieutenant Bukett would not consent. The Spaniard's officers and men made some demonstration to assist, but they were quickly disposed of: his two mates were put in irons and the crew driven forward. Struggling, fighting, every limb and every muscle at work, the captain was overpowered; a piece of the signal halyards brought his hands together, and handcuffs were slipped on his wrists. Only then he succumbed, and begged Lieutenant Bukett to blow out his brains, for he had been treated like a pirate.

Without doubt if he had reached the cabin he would have blown up the vessel, for in a locker over the transom were two open kegs of powder. I led him to my boat, assisted him in, and returned to the Porpoise. As soon as the Spaniard reached the deck the captain ordered his irons removed, and expressed his regret that it had been necessary to use force. The prisoner only bowed and said nothing. The captain asked him what his cargo consisted of. He replied, "About four hundred blacks bound to the Brazils."

I was then ordered to return to the brig, bring on board her crew, leaving only the cook and steward, and to take charge of the prize as Lieutenant Bukett, our first lieutenant, was not yet wholly recovered from an attack of African fever. The crew of twenty men, when brought on board, consisted of Spaniards, Greeks, Malays, Arabs, white and black, but had not one Anglo-Saxon. They were ironed in pairs and put under guard.

From the time we first got on board we had heard moans, cries, and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed, the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were three or four hundred human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying; their bodies, limbs, faces, all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life, some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions. As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whiskey. It returned bringing Captain Thompson, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them; some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but seventeen were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

Night closed in with our decks covered so thickly with the ebony bodies that with difficulty we could move about;

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fortunately they were as quiet as so many snakes. In the meantime the first officer, Mr. Block, was sending up a new topgallant yard, reeving new rigging, repairing the sails, and getting everything ataunto aloft. The Kroomen were busy washing out and fumigating the hold, getting ready for our cargo again. It would have been a very anxious night, except that I felt relieved by the presence of the brig which kept within hail. Soon after daybreak Captain Thompson came on board again, and we made a count of the captives as they were sent below; 188 men and boys, and 166 women and girls. Seeing everything snug and in order the captain returned to the brig, giving me final orders to proceed with all possible dispatch to Monrovia, Liberia, land the negroes, then sail for Porto Praya, Cape de Verde Islands, and report to the commodore. As the brig hauled to the wind and stood to the southward and eastward I dipped my colors, when her crew jumped into the rigging and gave us three cheers, which we returned.

As she drew away from us I began to realize my position and responsibility: a young midshipman, yet in my teens, commanding a prize, with three hundred and fifty prisoners on board, two or three weeks' sail from port, with only a small crew. From the first I kept all hands aft except two men on the lookout, and the weather was so warm that we could all sleep on deck. I also ordered the men never to lay aside their pistols or cutlasses, except when working aloft, but my chief reliance was in my knowledge of the negro, — of his patient, docile disposition. Born and bred a slave he never thought of any other condition, and he accepted the situation without a murmur. I had never heard of blacks rising or attempting to gain their freedom on board a slaver.

My charges were all of a deep black; from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, and, with a few exceptions, nude, unless copper or brass rings on their ankles or necklaces of cowries can be described as articles of dress. All were slashed, or had the scars of branding on their foreheads and cheeks; these marks were the distinguishing features of different tribes or families. The men's hair had been cut short, and their heads looked in some cases as if they had been shaven. The women, on the contrary, wore their hair "à la pompadour;" the coarse kinky locks were sometimes a foot or more above their heads, and trained square or round like a boxwood bush. Their features were of the pronounced African type, but, notwithstanding this disfigurement, were not unpleasing in appearance. The figures of all were good, straight, well developed, some of the young men having bodies that would have graced a Mercury or an Apollo. Their hands were small, showing no evidences of work, only the cruel marks of shackles. These in some cases had worn deep furrows on their wrists or ankles.

They were obedient to all orders as far as they understood them, and would, I believe, have jumped overboard if told to do so. I forbade the men to treat them harshly or cruelly. I had the sick separated from the others, and allowed them to remain on deck all the time, and in this way I partly gained their confidence. I was anxious to learn their story. Fortunately one of the Kroomen found among the prisoners a native of a tribe living near the coast, and with him as interpreter was able to make himself understood. After a good deal of questioning I learned that most of them were from a long distance in the interior, some having been one and some two moons on the way, traveling partly by land and partly by river until they reached the coast. They had been sold by their kings or by their parents to the Arab trader for firearms or for rum. Once at the depots near the coast, they were sold by the Arabs or other traders to the slave captains for from twenty-

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five to fifty dollars a head. In the Brazils or West Indies they were worth from two to five hundred dollars. This wide margin, of course, attracted unscrupulous and greedy adventurers, who if they succeeded in running a few cargoes would enrich themselves.

Our daily routine was simple. At six in the morning the rope netting over the main hatch which admitted light and air was taken off, and twenty-five of each sex were brought up, and seated in two circles, one on each side of the deck. A large pan of boiled paddy was then placed in the centre by the cook and all went to work with their hands. A few minutes sufficed to dispose of every grain; then one of the Kroomen gave each of them a cup of water from a bucket. For half an hour after the meal they had the liberty of the deck, except the poop, for exercise, to wash and to sun themselves; for sunshine to a negro is meat and drink. At the end of this time they were sent below and another fifty brought up, and so on until all had been fed and watered. Paddy or rice was the staple article of food. At dinner boiled yams were given with the rice. Our passengers were quartered on a flying deck extending from the foremast to a point twenty feet abaft the main hatch from which came light and air. The height was about five feet; the men had one side and the women the other. Of course there was no furnishing of any kind, but all lay prone upon the bare deck in rows.

Every morning after breakfast the Kroomen would rig the force pump, screw on the hose and drench them all, washing out thoroughly between decks. They appeared to enjoy this, and it was cooling, for be it remembered we were close under the equator, the thermometer dancing about 90°. As the water was sluiced over them they would rub and scrub each other. Only the girls would try not to get their hair wet, for they were at all times particular about their headdress. It may be that this was the only part of their toilet that gave them any concern.

The winds were baffling and light, so we made but slow progress. Fortunately frequent rains, with sometimes a genuine tropical downpour or cloud-burst, gave us an opportunity of replenishing our water casks, and by spreading the awnings we were able to get a good supply. I found on inspection that there were at least thirty days' provisions on board, so on this score and that of water I felt easy. I lived on deck, seldom using the cabin, which was a veritable arsenal, with racks of muskets and cutlasses on two sides, many more than the captain needed to arm his crew, evidently intended for barter. Two or three prints of his favorite saints, ornamented with sharks' teeth, hung on one bulkhead. A well-thrummed mandolin and a number of French novels proved him to be a musical and literary fellow, who could probably play a bolero while making a troublesome slave walk a plank. I found also some choice vintages from the Douro and Bordeaux snugly stowed in his spirit locker, which proved good medicines for some of our captives, who required stimulants. Several of the girls were much reduced, refused nearly all food, and were only kept alive by a little wine and water. Two finally died of mere inanition. Their death did not in the least affect their fellows, who appeared perfectly indifferent and callous to all their surroundings, showing not the least sympathy or desire to help or wait on one another.

The fifth day after parting from the brig we encountered a tropical storm. The sun rose red and angry, and owing to the great refraction appeared three times its natural size. It climbed lazily to the zenith, and at noon we were shadowless. The sky was as calm as a vault, and the surface of the water was like burnished steel. The heat became so stifling that even the Africans were

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gasping for breath, and we envied them their freedom from all impedimenta. The least exertion was irksome, and attended with extreme lassitude. During the afternoon thin cirri clouds, flying very high, spread out over the western heavens like a fan. As the day lengthened they thickened to resemble the scales of a fish, bringing to mind the old saying, "A mackerel sky and a mare's tail," etc. The signs were all unmistakable, and even the gulls recognized a change, and, screaming, sought shelter on our spars. Mr. Block was ordered to send down all the light yards and sails; to take in and furl everything, using storm gaskets, except on the fore and main storm staysails; to lash everything on deck; to batten down the hatches, except one square of the main; see all the shifting boards in place, so that our living cargo would not be thrown to leeward higgledy-piggledy, and to take four or five of the worst cases of the sick into the cabin and lay them on the floor.

The sun disappeared behind a mountainous mass of leaden-colored clouds which rose rapidly in the southern and western quarters. To the eastward, also, the signs were threatening. Night came on suddenly as it does in the tropics. Soon the darkness enveloped us, a palpable veil. A noise like the march of a mighty host was heard, which proved to be the approach of a tropical flood, heralded by drops as large as marbles. It churned the still waters into a phosphorescent foam which rendered the darkness only more oppressive. The rain came down as it can come only in the Bight of Benin. The avalanche cooled us, reducing the temperature ten or fifteen degrees, giving us new life, and relieving our fevered blood. I told Mr. Block to throw back the tarpaulin over the main hatch and let our dusky friends get some benefit of it. In half an hour the rain ceased, but it was as calm and ominous as ever.

I knew this was but the forerunner of something worse to follow, and we had not long to wait, for suddenly a blinding flash of lightning darted through the gloom from east to west, followed by one in the opposite direction. Without intermission, one blaze after another and thunder crashing until our eyes were blinded and our ears deafened, a thousand times ten thousand pieces of artillery thundered away. We seemed utterly helpless and insignificant. "How wonderful are Thy works," came to my mind. Still no wind; the brig lay helpless.

Suddenly, as a slap in the face, the wind struck us, — on the starboard quarter, fortunately. "Hard-a-starboard." "Haul aft port fore staysail sheet," I called. But before she could gather way she was thrown down by the wind like a reed. She was "coming to" instead of "going off," and I tried to get the main storm staysail down but could not make myself heard. She was lying on her broadside. Luckily the water was smooth as yet. The main staysail shot out of the boltropes with a report like a twelve-pounder, and this eased her so that if the fore staysail would only hold she would go off. For a few minutes all we could do was to hold on, our lee rail in the water; but the plucky little brig rallied a little, her head went off inch by inch, and as she gathered way she righted, and catching the wind on our quarter we were off like a shot out of a gun. I knew we were too near the vortex of the disturbance for the wind to hang long in one quarter, so watched anxiously for a change. The sea rose rapidly while we were running to the northward on her course, and after a lull of a few minutes the wind opened from the eastward, butt end foremost, a change of eight points. Nothing was to be done but heave to, and this in a cross sea where pitch, weather roll, lee lurch, followed one another in such earnest that it was a wonder her masts were not switched out of her.

I passed an anxious night, most con-

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cerned about the poor creatures under hatches, whose sufferings must have been terrible. To prevent their suffocating I kept two men at the main hatch with orders to lift one corner of the tarpaulin whenever possible, even if some water did go below. Toward morning the wind and the sea went down rapidly, and as the sun rose it chased the clouds off, giving us the promise of a fine day. When the cook brought me a cup of coffee, I do not know that I ever enjoyed anything more. Hatches off, I jumped down into the hold to look after my prisoners. Battered and bruised they lay around in heaps. Only the shifting boards had kept them from being beaten into an indistinguishable mass. As fast as possible they were sent on deck, and the sun's rays, with a few buckets of water that were thrown over them, accomplished wonders in bringing them to life and starting them to care for their sore limbs and bruises.

One boy, when I motioned for him to go on deck, pointed quietly to his leg, and upon examination I found a fracture just above the knee. Swelling had already commenced. I had seen limbs set, and had some rough idea how it should be done. So while getting some splints of keg staves and bandages ready, I kept a stream of water pouring on the fracture, and then ordered two men to pull the limb in place, and it took all their strength. That done I put on the splints and wrapped the bandages tightly. Three weeks later I landed him in a fair way of recovery.

Gradually I allowed a larger number of the blacks to remain on deck, a privilege which they greatly enjoyed. To lie basking in the sun like saurians, half sleeping, half waking, appeared to satisfy all their wishes. They were perfectly docile and obedient, and not by word, gesture, or look did they express any dissatisfaction with orders given them. But again for any little acts of kindness they expressed no kind of appreciation or gratitude. Physically they were men and women, but otherwise as far removed from the Anglo-Saxon as the oyster from the baboon, or the mole from the horse.

On the fourteenth day from parting with the brig we made the palms on Cape Mesurado, the entrance to Monrovia Harbor. A light sea breath wafted us to the anchorage, a mile from the town, and when the anchor dropped from the bows and the chain ran through the hawse pipe, it was sweet music to my ears; for the strain had been great, and I felt years older than when I parted from my messmates. A great responsibility seemed lifted from my shoulders, and I enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep for the first time in a fortnight. At nine the next morning I went on shore and reported to the authorities, the officials of Liberia, of which Monrovia is the capital.

This part of the African coast had been selected by the United States government as the home of emancipated slaves; for prior to the abolition excitement which culminated in the war, numbers of slaves in the South had been manumitted by their masters with the understanding that they should be deported to Liberia, and the Colonization Society, an influential body, comprising some of the leading men, like Madison, Webster, and Clay, had assisted in the same work. The passages of the negroes were paid; each family was given a tract of land and sufficient means to build a house. Several thousand had been sent out, most of whom had settled at Monrovia, and a few at other places on the coast. They had made no impression on the natives. On the contrary, many of them had intermarried with the natives, and the offspring of these unions had lost the use of the English tongue, and had even gone back to the life and customs of their ancestors, sans clothing, sans habitations, and worship of a fetich.

Of course there were some notable exceptions, especially President Roberts, who proved himself a safe and prudent ruler, taking into consideration his sur-

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roundings and the material with which he had to work. The form of government was modeled after that of the United States, but it was top-heavy. Honorables, colonels, and judges were thicker than in Georgia. Only privates were scarce; for nothing delights a negro more than a little show or a gaudy uniform. On landing I was met by a dark mulatto, dressed in a straw hat, blue tail coat, silver epaulettes, linen trousers, with bare feet, and a heavy cavalry sabre hanging by his side. With him were three or four others in the same rig, except the epaulettes. He introduced himself as Colonel Harrison, chief of police. I asked to be directed to the custom house.

The collector proved to be an old negro from Raleigh, N. C., gray as a badger, spectacled, with manners of Lord Grandison and language of Mrs. Malaprop. I reported my arrival, and asked permission to land my cargo as soon as possible. He replied that in a matter of so much importance, devolving questions of momentous interest, it would be obligatory on him to consult the Secretary of the Treasury. I said I trusted he would so facilitate affairs that I might at an early hour disembarrass myself of my involuntary prisoners. I returned on board, and the day passed without any answer. The next morning I determined to go at once to headquarters and find out the cause of the delay by calling on the President.

He received me without any formality. I made my case as strong as possible, and pressed for an immediate answer. In reply he assured me he would consult with other members of his cabinet, and give me a final answer the next morning. That evening I dined with him *en famille*, and recognized some old Virginia dishes on the table. The next morning I waited impatiently for his decision, having made up my mind however, if it was unfavorable, to land my poor captives, be the consequences what they might.

About eleven o'clock a boat came off with an officer in full uniform, who introduced himself as Colonel Royal, bearer of dispatches from his Excellency the President. He handed me a letter, couched in diplomatic language, as long as some of his brother presidents' messages on this side of the Atlantic. I had hardly patience to read it. The gist of it was, I might not land the captives at Monrovia, but might land them at Grand Bassa, about a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward; that Colonel Royal would accompany me with orders to the governor there to receive them. This was something I had not anticipated, and outside of my instructions. However, I thought it best to comply with the wishes of the government of our only colony.

Getting under way we stood to the southward and eastward, taking advantage of the light land and sea breeze, keeping the coast close aboard. The colonel had come on board without any impedimenta, and I wondered if he intended to make the voyage in his cocked hat, epaulettes, sword, etc. But soon after we had started he disappeared and emerged from the cabin bareheaded, barefooted, and without clothing except a blue dungaree shirt and trousers. Like a provident negro, having stowed away all his trappings, he appeared as a roustabout on a Western steamer. But he had not laid aside with his toggery any of his important and consequential airs. He ran foul of Mr. Block, who called him Mr. Cuffy, and ordered him to give him a pull with the main sheet. The colonel complained to me that he was not addressed by his name or title, and that he was not treated as a representative of his government should be. I reprimanded Mr. Block, and told him to give the visitor all his title. "All right, sir, but the colonel must keep off the weather side of the deck," growled the officer. The cook, the crew, and even the Kroomen, all took their cue from the first officer, and the colonel's lot was made most unhappy.

On the third day we reached Grand

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Bassa, and anchored off the beach about two miles, along which the surf was breaking so high that any attempt to land would be hazardous. Toward evening it moderated, and a canoe with three naked natives came off. One I found could speak a little English. I told him to say to the governor that I would come on shore in the morning and see him, and land my cargo at the same time.

The next morning at sunrise we were boarded by a party of natives headed by one wearing a black hat half covered with a tarnished silver band, an old navy frock coat, much too small, between the buttons of which his well-oiled skin showed clearly. A pair of blue flannel trousers completed his outfit. An interpreter introduced him as King George of Grand Bassa. With him were about a dozen followers, each one wearing a different sort of garment — and seldom more than a single one — representing old uniforms of many countries. Two coats I noticed were buttoned up the back.

The king began by saying that he was and always had been a friend of the Americans; that he was a big man, had plenty of men and five wives, etc. While he was speaking, a white-bearded old colored gentleman came over the gangway, dressed in a linen roundabout and trousers, with a wide-brimmed straw hat. At the same time Colonel Royal came up from the cabin in *grande tenue* and introduced us to the Hon. Mr. Marshall, governor of Bassa, formerly of Kentucky.

In a few minutes he explained the situation. With a few settlers he was located at this place, on the frontier of the colony, and they were there on sufferance only from the natives. I told him Colonel Royal would explain my mission to him and the king. The colonel, bowing low to the king, the governor, and myself, and bringing his sword down with a thud on the deck, drew from between the bursting buttons of his coat the formidable document I had seen at Monrovia, and with most impressive voice and gesture commenced to read it. The king listened for a few minutes, and then interrupted him. I asked the interpreter what he said. He replied, "King say he fool nigger; if he come on shore he give him to Voodoo women." Then turning his back he walked forward. The colonel dropped his paper, and drawing his sword, in the most dramatic manner claimed protection in the name of the government, declaring that he had been insulted. I told him to keep cool, since he was certainly safe as long as he was on board my ship. He grumbled and muttered terrible things, but subsided gradually like the departing thunder of a summer storm.

I arranged the landing of the passengers with Governor Marshall, whom I found a sensible, clear-headed old man, ready to coöperate in every way. But he suggested that I had better consult the king before doing anything. I did so, and he at once said they could not land. I told the interpreter to say they would be landed at once and put under the protection of the governor; that if the king or his people hurt them or ran them off I would report it to our commodore, who would certainly punish him severely. Finding me determined, he began to temporize, and asked that the landing be put off until the next day, that he might consult with his head people, for if I sent them on shore before he had done so they would kill them. "If that is the case," I replied, "I will hold you on board as a hostage for their good behavior." This threat surprised him, and he changed his tactics. After a little powwow with some of his followers, he said that if I would give him fifty muskets, twenty pounds of powder, the colonel's sword, and some red cloth for his wives, I might land them. I replied that I had not a musket to spare nor an ounce of powder, that the colonel was a high officer of his government, and that he of course would not give up his uniform. Fortunately the colonel had retired to

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the cabin and did not hear this modest demand, or he would have been as much outraged as if his sable Majesty had asked for him to be served "roti à l'Ashantee." However, I told the king I would send his wives some cloth and buttons. He grunted his approval but returned again to the charge, and asked that he might choose a few of the captives for his own use, before landing. "Certainly not," I answered, "neither on board nor on shore," and added that he would be held accountable for their good treatment as free men and women. He left thoroughly disappointed and bent on mischief.

In the meantime Mr. Block had made all preparations for landing, and had the boats lowered and ranged alongside, with sufficient rice to last the blacks a week or ten days. The men and boys were sent first. When they were called up from the hold and ordered into the boats not one of them moved. They evidently divined what had been going on and dreaded leaving the vessel, though our Kroomen tried to explain that they would be safe and free on shore. The explanation was without effect, however, and they refused to move. They could only understand that they were changing masters, and they preferred the present ones. Sending three or four men down, I told them to pass up the negroes one at a time. Only a passive resistance was offered, such as one often sees exhibited by cattle being loaded on the cars or on a steamer, and were silent, not uttering a word of complaint. By noon the men were all on shore, and then we began with the girls. They were more demonstrative than the men, and by their looks and gestures begged not to be taken out of the vessel. I was much moved, for it was a painful duty, and I had become interested in these beings, so utterly helpless, so childlike in their dependence on those around them. And I could not help thinking what their fate would be, thrown upon the shore hundreds of miles from their homes, and among a people strange to them in language.

Even Mr. Block was deeply stirred. "He had not shipped," he said, "for such work." I went to my cabin and left him in charge. In the course of an hour he reported, "All ashore, sir." I told him to have the gig manned and I would go on shore with Colonel Royal, and get a receipt from Governor Marshall for my late cargo. The colonel declined to accompany me, alleging sickness and requesting me to get the necessary papers signed. No doubt he felt safer on board than within reach of King George.

We landed through the surf on a sandy beach, on which the waves of the Atlantic were fretting. Near by was a thick grove of cocoanut trees, under which in groups of four and five were those who had just been landed. They were seated on the ground, their heads resting on their knees, in a position of utter abnegation, surrounded by three or four hundred chattering savages of all ages, headed by the king. With the exception of him and a few of his head men, the clothing of the company would not have covered a rag baby. They were no doubt discussing the appearance of the strangers and making their selections.

I found the governor's house and the houses of the few settlers some distance back on a slight elevation. The governor was comfortably, though plainly situated, with a large family around him. He gave me a receipt for the number of blacks landed, but said it would be impossible for him to prevent the natives from taking and enslaving them. I agreed with him, and said he must repeat to the king what I had told him. Then bidding him good-by I returned on board, sad and weary, as one often feels after being relieved of a great burden. At the same time I wondered whether the fate of these people would have been any worse if the captain of the slaver had succeeded in landing them in the Brazils or the West Indies. Sierra Leone

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being a crown colony, the English could land all their captives there and provide for them until they were able to work for themselves. In this respect they had a great advantage over us.

Getting under way, I proceeded to Monrovia to land Colonel Royal, and then to Porto Praya, our squadron's headquarters. There I found Commodore Gregory in the flagship corvette Portsmouth, and reported to him. Soon after the Porpoise came in, and I joined my old craft, giving up my command of the captured slaver rather reluctantly.

J. Taylor Wood.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED DOUBTS ABOUT NEW-FASHIONED EDUCATION.

"Doubts" is my title, not "Views;" and, as this title indicates, my paper is the expression of a mood rather than of a conviction. A mere observer of educational methods is often bothered by doubts as to the relative value of the old educational product and of the new. The new product, the educated man of to-day, is in some measure the necessity of the time. The demands of a special calling require preparation so early and so long that the all-round man — that invaluable species which has leavened and civilized all society — bids fair to be soon as extinct as the dodo. No one denies that the rare being who, in spite of the elective principle, persists in getting a general education first and a special one later, is a man of more power than if he had been driven through a general education by some other will than his own; yet with the kindergarten at one end of our education and with the elective system at the other, we see, or seem to see, a falling off in the vigor with which men attack distasteful but useful things, — a shrinking from the old, resolute education.

The new education has made three discoveries: —

1. Education should always recognize the fitness of different minds for different work.

2. The process of education need not be, and should not be, forbidding.

3. In earlier systems of education, natural science had not a fair place.

No wonder that the new education seems to some men a proclamation of freedom. The elective system, with its branches and connections, is the natural reaction from the unintelligently rigid ignoring of mental difference in individuals. Its fundamental idea is practical, and at times inspiring. When there are so many more things worth knowing than anybody can master, to force everybody through a limited number of definite tasks before calling him educated, to make him give years to studies in which he may be a dunce, without a glimpse (except stolen glimpses) of other studies for which he may have peculiar aptitude, seems flying in the face of Providence. A classmate of mine earned (so he says) three hundred dollars in teaching a boy, who is now a distinguished physician, to spell "biscuit;" and another classmate taught a boy Greek for three months, at the end of which time the boy's knowledge of that language was summed up in the words "iota scrubscript." In the first of these cases, not much may be said for forcing spelling on the pupil; in the second, not much for forcing Greek. Again, people are more interesting for being different, — for not being put through the same mill. Uneducated country people, for example, are far

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more interesting, far more individual, than meagrely educated city people (such as most of the salesmen in a large shop), or than semi-educated school-teachers who are graduates of some one inferior normal school. We do not want men to be alike. We cannot make them alike; why do we try? If we wish to raise cranberries and beans, and own a peat swamp and a sand hill, we give up the swamp to the berries and the hill to the beans, and make no effort to raise both things in both kinds of soil. Why not let each man do what nature says he was made for? Why beat his head on a stone wall, — a process that cannot be good for his mind? The old plan of learning the whole Latin grammar by heart was to some minds torture. Why should the early exercise of our powers and the training of those powers to higher service be repellent or even austere? Life is hard enough without our wantonly making it harder; let us suffer our boys and girls to *enjoy* education. Again, here is the earth we live on; here are the birds and the flowers: why shut out the study of these for Greek, Latin, and mathematics? Are the humanities human? Is mathematics either so agreeable or so useful as botany or zoölogy?

Every one of these questions is emancipatory; but the emancipation may be carried too far. Look, for example, at the elective system. No persons lay themselves open more recklessly to *reductio ad absurdum* than advocates of the elective system. Everybody believes in the elective system at some stage of education; the question is where to begin: yet extension after extension is advocated on general grounds of liberty (such liberty, by the way, as nobody has in active life); and propositions are brought forward which, if we accept them, give the elective system no logical end. Down it goes, through college, high school, and grammar school, till not even the alphabet can stop it.

Doubt I. Are we sure that we do not begin the elective system too early, or that we shall not soon begin it too early?

The attempt to make education less forbidding has called forth various devices, among them the method of teaching children to read without teaching them to spell; and the kindergarten is responsible for various attempts to make children believe they are playing games when they are, or should be, studying. Here, for example, is an extract from a book designed to teach children harmony, but entitled The Story of Major C and his Relatives: —

"We will stop a moment and play a game or two of scale with these flat Majors, and then go on to the other families waiting for us. Major F and his children play in just the same way as his next-door neighbor, Major G, and he also has one sign or mark; but instead of its being a sharp, it is a flat, and he too has one dark-haired child, which he calls B Flat. You see how easy it really is to play a scale, if you only remember this rule about No. Four and No. Eight, which is always the same in all the Major families.

"All the other Majors excepting Major C Flat live on the second floor, and all call themselves flats; so you may begin anywhere on any of these black keys and play a scale. Before you leave these Majors, you must notice that Major C Flat and Major B have to enter by the same door, but when they are once inside, each has a home and a family of his own.

"There is a reason for this, and some day, when you are a little older, I hope that I may explain it to you.

"If you will go to the piano, and play a game of scale with Major F and his children, you will probably find them jumping and frisking about like little kittens, but at a word from the Major they take their places in the same way as the other children, — all Major sec-

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onds apart, except this cuddling little No. Four and No. Eight, who are always minors, whether in a Sharp or a Flat family."

A modern text-book on the study of language remarks that in walking out we see various kinds of birds, — sparrows, robins, hens, and what not; and that just as there are various kinds of birds, so there are various kinds of words, — nouns, verbs, adjectives. I see signs of a reaction from these debilitated methods, — in particular from the method which teaches children reading without spelling; but the effect of these methods is with us still.

Doubt II. Are we sure that the enjoyment which we wish to put into education is sufficiently robust?

I may teach a boy to saw wood by suggesting that we play "Education in Cuba." We may imagine ourselves a committee for supplying the island with as many teachers as possible, both men and women. Oak sticks will furnish men, and pine sticks women (the softer sex); every sawing will make one more teacher, and every sawing through a knot a superintendent. This clever scheme has at least the merit of an undisguised attempt to make a hard job less disagreeable, and does not interfere with the clear understanding on the boy's part that he is sawing wood to help the family; just as Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, when they called the four hems Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and talked about each continent as they went along, knew perfectly well that they were working. No imaginative device, however feeble, will take away the manliness of a boy who knows that work is work, and makes play of it when he honestly can; but nothing debilitates a boy more effectively than the notion that teachers exist for his amusement, and that if education does not allure him so much the worse for education.

As to natural science, I admit that it had not in the old-fashioned programmes a dignified place — such a place as would be given to it by the Committee of Ten; yet natural science may not even now have proved its equality with classics and mathematics as a disciplinary subject for boys and girls. The Committee of Ten maintained the proposition that all studies are born free and equal, — possibly with an inkling that the new studies are, so to speak, freer and more equal than the old. Any one who clings to the old studies as a better foundation for training is told that his doctrine contradicts the principles of the Committee of Ten: but even this does not satisfy him; for he may not be sure of the basis for the committee's conclusions. If the earth rests on an elephant, and the elephant rests on a tortoise, the tortoise is a good tortoise, but still we need to know what the tortoise rests on.

Again, we are told — and if I am not mistaken, we are told by enthusiastic advocates of new methods — that the object of education is not knowledge so much as power; in Greek, for example, we no longer ask a boy to know three books of the Iliad, "omitting the Catalogue of the Ships," — we ask him to translate Homer at sight: yet modern doctrine fails to see, except in glimpses, that no better way of gaining power has yet been discovered than the overcoming of difficulties. The fear old-fashioned people have about new-fashioned education is that too much depends on whim, and that whim may be born of indolence.

Take the old system in its most monstrous form, — take learning Latin grammar by heart before translating any Latin author; nobody now defends a practice so stupid: yet that wonderful feat of memory strengthened many a memory for other wonderful feats. The boy who mastered Andrews and Stoddard knew the power of patient effort, the strength of drudgery well done. Through a natural reaction, memory is underrated now. Education at the time

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when memory is trained easiest and best must be saved from the barrenness of memory work and must be "enriched." Even the multiplication table is threatened with banishment. We leave the strait and narrow way, and wobble all over the flowery meadows. We are held down to accuracy so little that it is next to impossible to find a youth who can copy a list of printed names without misspelling. We have boys who cannot spell, men who cannot spell, teachers who cannot spell, teachers of English who cannot spell, college professors who cannot spell and who have a mean opinion of spelling.

If there is one set of phrases more threadbare than another, it is "along the lines," "broader lines," "developing along these lines," and the like; and in education I seem to hear, with wearisome iteration, "along the lines of least resistance." The theory is taking at first sight, and looks eminently practical. In dealing with lifeless things, such as machinery, it is the only sensible theory, — more work done by the machine, more obstacles overcome by the contriver; but it is an extraordinarily inadequate theory for the education of man. We see parents — possibly we are parents — who bring up children "along the lines of least resistance;" and we know what the children are. Is it illogical to infer that children taught at school "along the lines of least resistance" are intellectually spoiled children, flabby of mind and will? For any responsible work we want men of character — not men who from childhood up have been personally conducted and have had their education warped to the indolence of their minds. It is necessary to treat people as individuals; but it does them a world of good sometimes to treat a great many of them together, and to let them get used to it as best they may. The first lesson of life, as Lowell reminds us, is to burn our own smoke; that is, not to inflict on outsiders our personal sorrows and petty morbidnesses, not to keep thinking of ourselves as "exceptional cases." The sons of our wealthiest citizens may be educated in either of two ways: they may be sent to school, or they may be turned over to governesses and private tutors. Any one who has observed them in college knows how much better educated those are who have gone to school, — how the very wealth which enables a parent to treat his son as in all ways exceptional and to give him the most costly and carefully adjusted education which he can devise defeats its own end. With due allowance for the occasional boy who is so backward and so eccentric that he can do nothing in a class, I believe that nine out of ten of these pampered youths would do better at a good school than under a private tutor. The reason why they would do better, the reason why their playmates who have gone to school do better, lies largely in the ignoring of individual peculiarities, — in the very thing to prevent which they are kept out of school. If it is true that God made no two men alike, it is equally true that He sends His rain on the just and on the unjust, and rules His universe with inexorable laws. The world cannot be our intimate friend, patient with our eccentricities, smoothing our paths. We must learn this just as we learn not to pick up a live wire and not to fool with the buzz saw. The world is full of buzz saws; and whether we like them or not, they keep right on. Here I may cite Mr. W. S. Gilbert: —

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What, though I 'm in a sorry case?
What, though I cannot meet my bills?
What, though I suffer toothache's ills?
What, though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

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Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It 's true I 've got no shirts to wear;
It 's true my butcher's bill is due;
It 's true my prospects all look blue —
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!
[It rolls on.

In practical life the job has to be done, and the man must adapt himself to it or lose it; and in practical life everybody but the trained man, the man who has gained power through training, is going to have a hard time. Education should first and foremost train; and training has for its very substance the overcoming of obstacles: furthermore, every specialty is better mastered, better understood in its relation to human life and achievement, by the man who has worked hard in other subjects. I believe that the ἔργον, or job, is the better for the πάρεργον, or side-job. Even now, one difference between a college and a polytechnic school is that the college provides a basis of general culture for the specialist to build on, whereas the polytechnic school aims rather to put a man into a self-supporting specialty with no "frills." There is something the same difference between a man of science and a mechanic.

"In his own early youth," says Dr. Martineau, as cited by the Boston Herald, "education was thought of use more to correct the weak side of one's nature than to develop its strong side, and so he gave double time to the studies he disliked. This he admits to have been too ascetic a rule, and yet preferable, on the whole, to the emasculate extreme of doing nothing but what one likes to do, so prevalent to-day. Power to drudge at distasteful tasks he considers the test of faculty, the price of knowledge, and the matter of duty, and that without this the stuff is in no man that will make him either the true scholar or the true Christian. At present the tendency is largely the other way. To choose none but studies agreeable and attractive from the start is what young people are more and more disposed to insist on. Virtually, the student comes to the professor with a bill of rights in his hands, and says, 'Mind, you must not be dull, or I will go to sleep; you must attract me, or I shall not get on an inch; you must rivet my attention, or my thoughts will wander.' Very well, then, if such be your mood, go to sleep, do not get on an inch, and let your attention wander, is Dr. Martineau's justly contemptuous feeling at such sort of inanity. 'I warn you,' he says, 'that this enervated mood is the canker of manly thought and action.' Now there is something tonic and bracing in this attitude of rebuff to the half-weakly, half-insolent tone of so many of the young people of to-day. If you want us to be virtuous, heroic, learned, and accomplished, they practically say to the church, the school, the college, to their parents, you will have to exert yourselves. We want to gratify you, but will tolerate nothing dry, nothing hard, nothing ascetic. The duty of the preacher or of the professor is to waft us to Heaven or Parnassus on gentle zephyrs; otherwise each must endure the pain of seeing us conclude to go somewhere else."

So far what I have said is chiefly theory; but the *a priori* reasoning is supported by painful signs, — by crude specialists that one shudders to think of as educated men (learned men doubtless, but not educated men); by hundreds of students who lack the very underpinning of education, who are so far from knowing the first lesson of training — namely, that to be happy and successful they must get interested in what they have to do, and that doing it regularly and earnestly means getting interested — so far from knowing this, that they sit in front of a book helpless to effect any useful transfer of the author's mind to theirs. Brought up to feel that the

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teacher must interest them, they have become so reduced that they would like, as it were, to lie in bed and have their studies sent up to them. Unwittingly the new-fashioned education encourages their indolence. I remember talking some years ago with a student who was fond of chemistry, but whose habits of work, as I saw them in another subject, were shiftless and slack. I tried to show him the necessity, even for his chemistry, of habitual accuracy in thought and expression; and at last I told him that, though the position he took might do for a genius, it would not do for ordinary men like himself and me. He replied that he had rather be anything than an ordinary man. What he is now, I do not know. Another student refused to take pains with his English because, as he said, he had been brought up among people who spoke English well "by intuition." This intuitive English is often picturesque and winning; but it is seldom capable of difficult work.

How many boys know what will best develop their minds? How many parents, even if themselves educated, can resist the combined pressure of boys and plausible new-fashioned educators? Even the youth who wants the old prescribed curriculum cannot get it; he may choose the old studies, but not the old instruction. Instruction under an elective system is aimed at the specialist. In elective mathematics, for example, the non-mathematical student who takes the study for self-discipline finds the instruction too high for him; indeed, he finds no encouragement for electing mathematics at all. The new system holds that the study should follow the bent of the mind rather than that the mind should bend itself to follow the study. As a result, prescribed work, so far as it exists under an elective system, is regarded by many students as folly, and if difficult, as persecution. When the writing of forensics — argumentative work which involved hard thinking — was prescribed in Harvard College, no work in the College was done less honestly. Students would often defend themselves for cheating in this study because it was "really too hard for a prescribed subject." I know I am using a two-edged argument: does it show how the new system weakens mental fibre, or how the old system encourages dishonesty? Different men will give different answers. As to forensics, we may contrast with the spirit of the students the spirit of the man who did most for the study. A trained instructor, whose peculiar interest lay elsewhere, was asked to undertake the difficult and repellent task of teaching prescribed argumentative composition. What resulted is what always results when a trained man makes up his mind to do a piece of work as well as he can, — genuine enthusiasm for the subject; and the instructor who expected to feel only a forced interest in argumentative composition has become an authority in it.

I know that often the idler bestirs himself, fired by enthusiasm in his chosen subject; and that then he sees the meaning, and even the beauty, of drudgery: but the drudgery is less easy, because he has never before learned to drudge with enthusiasm, or even with the fidelity which may in time beget enthusiasm; because he never trained his memory in childhood, when memory is trained best; because he has always, from kindergarten to college, been treated deferentially; because he has transferred the elective system from studies to life. "I see in the new system," said a father the other day, "nothing to establish the habit of application — the most valuable habit of all." "There is nothing," said the teacher with whom he was talking, "unless the student gets interested in some study." "Yes," said the father, "he may strike something that interests him; but it seems dreadfully unscientific to leave it all to chance."

Doubt III, related to Doubt I. Do

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we not see in the men educated according to modern methods, such a weakness in attacking difficulties as may indicate that we should be slow to let the secondary school march in the path of the college and the grammar school follow close behind?

Another doubt about new-fashioned education I have been glad to see expressed in recent numbers of The Nation. It concerns what is expected of teachers; it concerns the abnormal value set on text-books, and, I may add, the abnormal value set by some institutions on the higher degrees. We frequently hear it said of a teacher that he has taught for many years but has "produced" nothing; and this often means that he has never written a text-book. I would not undervalue text-books as a practical result of experience in teaching: but the teacher's first business is to teach, — writing is a secondary affair; and, as a rule, the best part of a teacher's production is what he produces in the minds and in the characters of his pupils. Few of the great teachers, whether of schools or of colleges, are remembered through their text-books. Dr. Arnold of Rugby wrote text-books (some of them bad ones); but it was not text-books that gave Dr. Arnold his hold on English boys. The late Dr. Henry Coit had, we hear, marvelous insight into a boy's character, and marvelous power over every boy who was near him; but we never hear of his text-books, — if, indeed, he wrote any. Nor is it through text-books that we know Dr. Bancroft of Andover, Mr. Amen of Exeter, and Mr. Peabody of Groton. The new education lays so much stress on writing and on investigation, and on theses as the result of investigation, and on originality in these theses, that it seems sometimes to encourage a young man in maintaining a proposition of which the sole value lies in its novelty (no one having been unwise enough to maintain it before), and in defending that proposition by a Germanized thesis, —

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

Such theses, I suspect, have more than once been accepted for higher degrees; yet higher degrees won through them leave the winner farther from the best qualities of a teacher, remote from men and still more remote from boys. It was a relief the other day to hear a headmaster say, "I am looking for an under teacher. I want first a *man*, and next a man to teach." It is a relief, also, to see the marked success of several schoolmasters whose preparation for teaching consists first in manliness, and secondly in only a moderate amount of learning. That a teacher should know his subject is obvious; nothing, not even new-fashioned instruction in methods of teaching, will make up for ignorance of the subject itself: but the man of intelligence and self-sacrifice who bends his energy to teaching boys will soon get enough scholarship for the purpose; whereas no amount of scholarship can make up for the want of intelligence and self-sacrifice.

Doubt IV. While fitting the study to the boy, have we been unfitting the teacher for him?

Obviously the new education throws a tremendous responsibility on teachers. We see why it should; and all of us who are familiar with the inner working of a modern school or a modern college know that it does. How is it training the new generation for this responsibility? In some ways admirably. It tries to show that teaching is not a haphazard affair, but a subject for investigation and study; it tries to show how libraries should be used, and how original investigation should be conducted: but old-fashioned people doubt whether it gives due weight to the maxim that Professor Bowen used to repeat so often, "The foundation must be stronger than the superstructure." They doubt

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whether teachers, themselves educated "along the lines of least resistance," can stand the strain of modern teaching. As a relief from wooden teaching and wooden learning, the new education deserves all gratitude. No one is so conservative as to prefer a dull teacher to an interesting one because the dull teacher offers more obstacles to learning. In this matter, as in all other matters of education, the question is not whether we should be altogether old-fashioned or altogether new-fashioned (we may be "alike fantastic if too new or old"): the question is where the old should stop and the new begin.

Doubt V. In emancipation from the evils of the old, may we not be rushing into another servitude almost or quite as dangerous as the first?

I have often used the word "training." Now what is training, and what is the peculiar characteristic of the trained mind? Training is the discipline that teaches a man to set labor above whim; to develop the less promising parts of his mind as well as the more promising; to make five talents ten and two five; to see that in his specialty he shall work better and enjoy more for knowing something outside of his specialty; to recognize the connection between present toil and future attainment, so that the hope of future attainment creates pleasure in present toil; to understand that nothing can be mastered without drudgery, and that drudgery in preparation for service is not only respectable but beautiful; to be interested in every study, no matter how forbidding; to work steadily and resolutely until, through long practice, — and, it may be, after many failures, — he is trusted to do the right thing, or something near it, mechanically, just as the trained pianist instinctively touches the right note. Training is all this and more. Why should we be content to let so many of our boys get their best discipline not from study but from athletics?

"But the new education," you say, "is in some ways more general than the old. From the start it opens to eager eyes all the beautiful world of science; little children get glimpses into subjects of which old-fashioned little children never heard." This is too true. Old-fashioned people have old-fashioned doubts about what seems to them a showy, all-round substitute for education, — a sort of bluff at general culture, such as we see when children, at great expense to their schools (the new education is almost ruinously expensive), dissipate their minds by studying a little of everything. I was delighted to hear Professor Grandgent say not long ago, "The curse of modern education is multiplication of subjects and painless methods." I suspect that in another generation we may even overdo the "enriching" of the grammar school. I do not undervalue the pleasure and the profit of what is called "a bowing acquaintance" with a variety of subjects: the mistake is to accept such an acquaintance as education.

The early specialization as to which I have expressed doubt is made almost necessary by the advance of learning, the shortness of life, and the leanness of pocketbooks. The false general education is never necessary. People call it broad; but there is a big fallacy in the word "broad." A horizontal line is no broader than a perpendicular one. Just so the line of study may stretch across many subjects, and be quite as narrow as if it really penetrated one. I still doubt whether we can do better for our children than, first, to drill them in a few subjects, mostly old ones: then to give them a modest general education in college, or in all but the last year or two of college; then to let them specialize as energetically as they can (but not exclusively), — and throughout to keep in their minds not pleasure only, but the stern Lawgiver who wears the Godhead's most benignant grace.

L. B. R. Briggs.

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TO HOMER.

BLIND singer of the world's desire,
Thy world is ours. Thy song Troy town
Built, burned; and then thy lyre
Burst in a blaze of fire
Seas shall not drown.

First kindled in a woman's eyes,
Fire burned high Troy; and beckoned men
From home; and from the skies
The gods; those flames yet rise,
Yea, now as then.

Yea, now as then, the world's desire,
Though hidden from us, still doth dwell
In Helen's heart of fire,
And breathes upon thy lyre
Her mighty spell.

Against new gods we wage our wars,
New cities build or burn with fire;
And still, beneath the stars,
We beat against the bars
Of blind desire.

Our world is thine. New wars we wage,
Under old skies. Our richest wine
Hath savor of thine age:
We write on life's last page
The book is thine.

Of life's brave book the leaves are turned,
And as we read we wonder how
Thy blinded eyes discerned
Life's hidden fires, — that burned
Even then as now.

Oh thou who first, when earth was young,
Sang fate defied and mortals slain,
Upon that honeyed tongue,
How sweet thy songs, though sung
Of mortal pain.

What songs have we thou dost not sing,
What fates thy heart hath not foretold!
Breathe thou the songs we bring;
Bees on thy mouth still cling,
Now, as of old.

Alexander Blair Thaw.

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"HEARTSEASE."

I.

An old-fashioned, low-bodied carriage wound slowly uphill between the spreading cotton fields of Heartsease plantation. On the backward-facing seat were Judge Courteney and his daughter Joyce; opposite to them sat his wife and his sister-in-law, Miss Mathilde Dabney. The older ladies were dressed in dimly flowered lawns, according with the Indian summer of their years, and with the warm, hazy, autumn sunshine. Joyce — Joy, they called her — was in white, a thin white through which her rounded arms showed as through a mist, and above which her face rose clear, dark, impatient, touched with suffering, and out of all keeping with her name.

Mrs. Courteney smoothed her soft mauve and smoke-colored draperies, and let her hand stray across and rest for a moment on her daughter's knee, just as a plump, timid brown bird settles tentatively upon a twig in full view of the world, and then flutters away again.

"Joy, daughter," she ventured, "you must try to be cheerful. It must be very hard for Robert to give this dinner. Don't you reckon you might possibly act just — just as usual?"

The girl withdrew her troubled gaze from the cotton fields, and looked at her mother with a curious blending of petulance and curiosity, as if she realized that this good woman's mental processes would be interesting if they had presented themselves more opportunely.

Mrs. Courteney flushed and took away her hand. "I know," she apologized, "it's just as hard for you as it is for Robert, but — but you must try."

"Why does Robert give this dinner if it is so hard for him?" the girl asked. "Is n't it bad enough for him to lose Heartsease without giving a dinner?"

"Now — er — Joyce," the judge said, fanning his broad red face with his Panama, "it strikes me that Robert intends the dinner as — er — a palliation."

One of the girl's slippered feet kept tapping on the carriage floor. "Palliation!" she echoed. "Why could n't he have come to us simply and said, 'Heartsease is gone,' — without dragging us all to a dinner on the ashes?"

"Why, Joy!" Mrs. Courteney's dismay was almost querulous. "I — I hope you 'll not speak like this to Robert or — or to any one. If a stranger were to hear you he would never surmise that you and Robert had been engaged six years."

"And do I care what a stranger would surmise?" the girl asked sharply. She turned and met her aunt's gaze fixed upon her. "Well?" she challenged, as if inviting Miss Mathilde to take a turn at harrying her.

Miss Mathilde was slender and sallow, and haunted by the shadow of lost beauty. Her dark hair, just turning to gray, was drawn back severely, scorning any effort to hide the ravages of time about her sunken temples, and her eyes had a look of unerring insight as if something in their physical clearness helped her intuitions. She smiled and shook her head, but did not withdraw her gaze.

Joyce flushed slowly. "Well?" she demanded a second time.

"I was wondering," Miss Mathilde said, "if I shall ever forgive this Eliot Rand for taking Heartsease away from Robert."

More quickly than the color had risen in the girl's cheeks it paled, leaving only her eyes wonderfully afire. She caught her breath. "And I," she said, "am wondering if I can ever forgive Robert for *losing* Heartsease to Mr. Rand."

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She turned toward the broad white cotton fields, while silence took possession of the carriage, and her father and mother questioned each other uneasily, without words. Mrs. Courteney opened her lips, and closed them again in alarm, but silence and the judge were sworn enemies.

He looked all around him for a subject, and finally out of the carriage window past his daughter. "Robert has — er — an unusually fine yield of cotton this fall," he commented.

Miss Mathilde leaned back against the cushions and closed her eyes. "You forget," she said wearily; "this is not Robert's yield of cotton now; this is Mr. Rand's."

"Why — er — yes, I did forget," the judge acknowledged. He gave a side glance at Joyce, shifted his position, and yielded to the wisdom of saying nothing for the remainder of the drive.

Sunlight and the shadow of vine leaves played over the red brick walls of the house at the summit of the hill, and over the white columns of its gallery. "Heartsease," — the name had come down with the plantation from owner to owner, and, according to the man and to his mood, it had expressed or mocked at his feeling toward the broad fields. The first Robert Linson, embittered, and seeking for comfort in the wilderness, but failing to find it, had christened his disappointment ironically, pleased to think that the word "Heartsease" would at some time turn and taunt each one of his successors. And now, through various Robert Linsons, the place had reached one who had backed a speculation with it and lost, and, if he found its losing as bitter as his ancestor had found its acquisition, he had too much of the old ironist's spirit to complain.

As he stood on the gallery steps, waiting for the carriage, he showed to its occupants as a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with restless, laughing eyes, set in a memorable face. Every feature was rugged with daring. To know the world, to play high with it and brazen out his disappointments, to love passionately, yet to stand ready for risking his love or his life as lightly as he had risked the home which had been Heartsease to him in more than name, — such were his longings and his possibilities. A man to win a girl's soul, he had been called, and to hold it through the strangest vicissitudes, and yet, as he helped his guests from their carriage, it was the eyes of the older women which met his with unquestioning fondness, while Joyce, with her face softened from its impatience, greeted him with such gently reserved solicitude that he laughed outright to cover his discomfort.

Judge Courteney did not notice that the laugh was harsh with escaping bitterness. His large troubled face relaxed. "Robert sets us a good example in gayety," he said, looking pointedly at Joyce. "Such an example is — er — most well timed."

The dinner was a bad hour. Linson had insisted on giving many dinners to the Courteneys during the six years of his engagement to Joyce, and he would not even acknowledge, on her challenge, that they bored him; they were part of the bravado with which he courted the full consequence of everything he undertook. Joyce might rebel and ridicule him, threatening to refuse his invitations, but he held to the custom doggedly; the old judge and Mrs. Courteney and Miss Mathilde loved him for it, although in the third year Miss Mathilde told him, with lurking humor in her dark eyes, that he had already earned his way into the kingdom of heaven and could afford to give one dinner a year instead of one a month for the rest of his life. Miss Mathilde enjoyed the dinners, as she did everything else that was human, in the capacity of acute spectator, — a capacity which does not prevent the heart from being warmed by the very attention to which the mind

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is giving impartial analysis; but Judge and Mrs. Courteney took their pleasure without ulterior thoughts. The judge was the chief figure of the occasions, overbearing any general conversation with endless political and agricultural discussions. He monopolized Linson shamelessly, leaving the ladies of the party only such crumbs of attention as their host could fling them over his shoulder while firmly held by the actual buttonhole if necessary. Mrs. Courteney accepted the situation as natural, and talked to her sister in soft, unobtrusive tones about domestic matters; she wished no greater excitement than a furtive discussion of the methods of aunt Tempy, Linson's cook, as compared with those of aunt Candicia, her own. Miss Mathilde lent herself with apparent enthusiasm to these interests, but Joyce remained silent and remote, eating her dinner as if it were sawdust, and escaping out of doors from the parlor or the gallery where the others settled themselves for further discussion at its close.

Being able to formulate her convictions as to soups and pastry, and yet have mind for other things, Miss Mathilde often glanced across at Linson and saw his eyes following Joy's white figure down the garden path, with the look in them which marks the great love in a man's life; but the judge never heeded that look and never relaxed his tenure. And Miss Mathilde's heart misgave her. Quixotic generosity is not the surest means of keeping a girl's fancy, and she questioned if all Linson's daring and headlong charm, if his unfailing devotion during twenty-nine days of every month, could atone for this recurrent sacrifice of the monthly dinner. If there had been other people to vary its monotony there would have been less danger in it, but Heartsease and Oak Hall, the Courteney place, were the only congenially occupied plantations within convenient reach of each other, so there was seldom a new face at the table. This had been going on for six years. Linson and Joyce had been engaged since Joyce was fourteen, and Judge Courteney had decreed that they should not marry until she was twenty-one.

"A woman rarely knows her own mind before that age," he announced steadfastly, and so the uneventful time passed, marked by its dinners, and all the seven years of probation had gone by but one, when Linson, speculating wildly out of restlessness and to afford new luxuries for Joyce after their marriage, lost Heartsease. He talked lightly of regaining it within the year, but nobody expected him to do so, and, as he was too proud to marry until he had regained it or its equivalent, the time of waiting appeared to stretch indefinitely forward.

On this last day, before Linson gave up the plantation and went North to try his fortune, every one, even Mrs. Courteney, thought that the judge would relinquish him to the company at dinner and to Joyce afterwards. Probably the judge himself looked forward to some such course, but a question of finance happened to come up, and if there was one thing on which Linson needed to have sound ideas to take away with him, it was finance. The judge's views proved not only sound but broad, at least in the amount of time which they covered. The party entered the dining room and came out on to the gallery again before he had half expressed himself, and the golden peace of approaching sunset found him barely beginning to recapitulate.

Joyce had wandered into the garden long before; her face was still inscrutable in the gentleness which had come to it when she met Linson, and her head drooped a little, as if she were a flower on which the sun had shone too long. For a while she walked between the flower beds, where nearly everything looked a trifle weary of the sunshine,

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but finally she passed round the house and out of view.

Some time afterward, Miss Mathilde caught the gleam of a white dress entering a bit of distant woodland which stood untouched between the cultivated fields. For a half hour she waited to catch sight of it again; then she crossed the gallery and interrupted the judge's discourse.

"Robert," she said, "it will soon be time for us to start home, and Joy has roamed clear off into your woods. Unless you bring her back, she 'll delay us."

Linson jumped to his feet. "If you 'll excuse me," he began, and was off down the gallery steps before the older man could put out a ponderous hand to detain him.

"Why — er — really!" the judge exclaimed. He looked at his sister-in-law with slowly gathering offense and surprise. "Er — really, Mathilde, you seem to forget that this is Robert's last day with us. You might have sent a servant for Joy."

II.

In spite of omens and premonitions, a man's real disaster usually falls out of a clear sky. It comes swiftly, wasting no time in explanations, sent thus, perhaps, to give the rest of his life the comfortless, unfailing interest of thinking out its cause. If he tells you of it while his hurt is sharpest he will use few words.

Linson's disaster was not the loss of Heartsease. It was something that happened in the bit of woods where he went for Joyce, and to the end of his life he knew no more of its causes than he would have known if it had been a dream. For months, unknown to him, events had been preparing for it. He was ignorant of them; it happened, and in the wreck of his love he asked no questions. Night found him, as he had planned, on his way to try new fortunes in the North.

Pine needles are soft under the feet, but it was more a foolish, lover-like impulse to come upon Joyce unaware that made his steps so light as he hurried between the trees. He might have called to her; instead, he peered to right and left for the glint of her white dress. The level sunlight passed between the tree trunks with him, searching for her; it touched her first and gleamed back, giving him a strange thrill and elation. He almost called out, but checked himself and drew back.

She was not alone. Eliot Rand, the new owner of Heartsease, stood beside her, looking down into her face.

Linson found himself trembling so that the stiff leaves of the gaulberry bushes around him rattled, but neither of them heard him.

Joyce was almost as white as her dress. "Don't!" she said. "If it were not for Heartsease — if you had not taken his place away. Ah, can't you see that you are cruel to me as well as to him?"

"The place has nothing to do with us," Rand declared. "It did not come to me from him, but from others to whom he had lost it. I had nothing to do with his losses — you understand that?"

"I understand nothing except my promise to him!" she cried hopelessly. "God knows what I should do if he were not in trouble, but now when he has lost everything — to do him such a wrong" — She raised her hand slowly to her heart and pressed it there, taking a deep breath. "He has loved me for six years — since we were children," she went on. "I must keep my promise. I — I must forget."

As if to beg his help or to bid him farewell, she put out her hand to him, but he disregarded it. "*Can* you forget?" he asked. "Or is the wrong already done?"

For a moment her eyes met his in a desperate endeavor as if she were trying to blind them to his face. He drew her close to him and kissed her.

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It was then that Linson came forward. He had squared his shoulders, his eyes were sparkling, and there was a futile effect of gayety in his voice. "It is scarcely necessary to wish you joy," he said, "but I can bid you good-by."

III.

Rand was the opposite of Linson in almost every way, and, at first glance, that was the only explanation of Joyce's preference for him, — or at least so her people thought, — realizing that even change for the worse may fascinate. Yet Rand was not inferior to Linson, and was far from the typical usurper. Gentle, reserved, and in the main almost over-scrupulous, he lacked vivacity and outward fire, but gradually gave an impression of a strong nature well controlled. Indeed, he seemed so considerate, and at the same time so cool, that it was hard to give credit to the underlying forces of his nature, or to understand that in his quieter way he was as bent as Linson upon following events to their full consequence. More slender in figure, fairer and less noticeable in face than his predecessor, he had deep-set blue eyes which showed a steadiness and a gleam of assertion, proclaiming him very much a man. Where Linson threw back his head and laughed in the world's face, Rand seemed unaware that a world was in sight. Those who once took account of him grew more and more certain that he would never be a pawn in any game where he figured, but any one with a good eye for the future might have seen that he was entering a game in which he could scarcely be looked on as the player.

Joyce was married to him on her twenty-first birthday. She would have delayed her wedding or hastened it, to avoid a date which had been tacitly set seven years before, but her father had had it fixed in his mind too long to think of changing it without graver cause. Here was Joyce, and here was a man eager to marry her, and here was the appointed hour; he held, too, that it was just as unwise for a girl to enter matrimony after twenty-one as before, and perhaps he was influenced by the fact that the year of the new engagement had been a dull one. Joyce had been moody, Rand was always quiet, and the Courteneys had not been invited to Heartsease. Considering how frankly Joyce had condemned the family dinners, there would have been small cause for wonder if she had never given one, yet she insisted on reinstating the old custom after her marriage.

"Child," Miss Mathilde said when the first invitation was given, "you don't want us."

"Yes," Joyce declared, "I do want you."

And Mrs. Courteney added with a touch of her husband's manner, "It would be very unnatural, sister, if she did not wish to entertain her own family."

Miss Mathilde gave one of those cruelly clear looks of which she had been prodigal since the broken engagement. "Have you ordered your sackcloth gown?" she asked.

Joyce was learning to meet her aunt's eyes without a change of color. "It is not necessary," she said. "Papa will be there."

"Papa will be there!" Mrs. Courteney echoed. "Why, daughter, papa would be the last to decline."

It was true that the judge had made no secret of a desire for all the old manifestations of good feeling. After expressing much surprise and displeasure, he had accepted Rand as an alternate for Linson, and was beginning to grow fond of him, discovering that Rand, too, had a listening ear.

"Let there be no — er — stiffness," he admonished his wife and his sister-in-law as they drove up the hill to the first dinner of the new series. "Robert — I

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mean — er — Eliot is going to find this a very trying day."

"I 'm afraid he will," Miss Mathilde assented. She had not forgiven Rand.

When they reached the top of the hill, although Joyce was on the gallery waiting for them, as she had not been of old, it seemed oddly natural to be alighting there from the carriage, and to catch a whiff of aunt Tempy's soup, borne by a stray breeze through the long hall.

The judge went beaming up the steps to kiss his daughter. "This seems like the good old times," he declared genially, and, in unconscious proof of it, he called his son-in-law "Robert" almost continuously during the meal. It was useless for Miss Mathilde to dart him warning glances, or for his wife to touch him timidly under the table. If he became aware of a mistake, his effort at amends only served to lift and flaunt it. Out of sheer helplessness the older women fell back into their old way of absenting themselves by discussing household matters in an undertone. Rand captured the judge's attention and kept him from making the conversation general as he was attempting for the first time in his life, and Joyce sat out the meal isolated, her thin dark face showing none of the old-time impatience, but held in lines as unyielding as those of a mask.

When it was over, and the Courteneys had gone, Rand came to her as she stood at the edge of the gallery looking across the great broken valley in which the wealth of Heartsease lay outspread. Declining sunlight filled it to the brim with gold, through which shimmered field after field of cotton. It was autumn; all the memorable days of Heartsease fell at that time of the year.

"Joy," he said, "we must not try this again."

"Why?" she demanded, flashing the question into his eyes with a sudden light through the unrelaxed lines of her face.

"It 's too hard for you and no pleasure to them."

"They 'll soon be used to it. Papa enjoyed himself to-day, mamma will enjoy it next time, and aunt Mathilde, — I think aunt Mathilde likes to see me in pain."

"But why bear a needless pain? They may grow used to it, but will you? I 'm afraid you are too sensitive; I 'm afraid you will always need shielding" —

"Shielding!" she broke in; she looked at him with her old supercilious curiosity as she might have looked at her mother. "I wonder," she questioned, "if you think it makes a great difference to have papa here saying things when all the time we are living in Robert's house, looking at Robert's land?" She paused and controlled the impatience of her voice. "You were a stranger before the property came to you," she went on. "You can scarcely realize how everything I see speaks to me."

"Shall I sell the place?" he asked. "Shall we go away?"

She shook her head. "Not until you can sell my memory. After all, perhaps it 's not the place. Aunt Mathilde asked me if I had bought my sackcloth gown. I told her there was no need. She knows I 'm wearing it."

Rand was silent awhile.

"You regret our marriage?" he asked finally.

"Yes," she cried out sharply, "yes, I do!"

After all Rand did not know her very well. He did not understand that she was still a spoiled child storming at the punishment which life held over her, as she had once stormed at her mother's threats, and with a vague feeling that life, like her mother, would remit the chastisement. Linson might have understood, perhaps; at least he would have hidden his pain. Rand was too much appalled.

"Is it," he asked with difficulty, — "have you found that you care more for Linson?"

She gave him another glance of cold,

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far-removed interest, and said nothing. He made an abrupt motion as if excusing her from answer, and turned away.

Through the silence, from some distant plantation, came the peaceful ringing of a bell. The bell of Heartsease clanged out near at hand, full-toned and sweet, but too insistent. The negroes came trooping from the fields, happy at leaving their work and unconcerned by yesterday or to-morrow. For them, each day had its account apart, or its lack of account; each night gave them absolution.

Joyce started to follow her husband. "Eliot," she began, "if I could only feel forgiven, — if I could only stop remembering" —

Rand did not turn back. Her outspoken regret had raised a barrier between them which it would be hard to cross. Joyce followed him as far as the gallery steps, then suddenly she sat down and buried her face in her hands. It had occurred to her that she had no right to cross it, no right to a stolen happiness. The idea of penance was new, and she caught it to her heart in a passion. The old, old road of forfeiture opened before her as a new way by which she could escape from pain.

IV.

For the fourteenth time since Robert Linson bade them good-by the fields of Heartsease glimmered white. It was exactly thirteen years since Rand had married Joyce, and, as usual on all epoch-marking days at the plantation, the Courteneys were coming to dinner.

Joyce stood on the gallery waiting for them. The sunlight shone full into her face, showing deep lines of brooding and morbid resolution. It had been said of her that she looked as if she saw sorrow over her shoulder all the while. Rand stood by, realizing the change in her the more clearly because of the day. He had changed also. Though his expression had still greater reserve and strength, his features fell easily into lines of harshness; but as he looked at his wife they were full of yearning. The years of their marriage passed before him, years of widening estrangement in which Linson had seemed to walk between them, holding their happiness and giving them, in exchange for it, only memories. For his part Rand could not tell whether his wife loved Linson or loved him or had lost her love of both in morbidness. At times he was full of pity for her, at times bitter, at times jealous, and now that so many years had passed without changing her, he reproached himself for not having sold Heartsease in the beginning and taken her away.

"Joyce," he said at last.

"I caught a glimpse of the carriage," she answered, without looking at him.

He went nearer to her and put his hand on hers. "Joyce," he said again.

Her glance ranged across the white fields which billowed in every direction from the house. The plantation was all in cultivation now; there was not a foot of woodland left on it. "I have heard that the first owner of this place named it in bitterness," she murmured. The words seemed irrelevant, but she gave him a glance as if warning him, and a smile such as the first Robert Linson must have foreseen stirred her lips.

Rand's thought was too single for irony. "Are we to go on so till we die?" he asked.

She only answered by a slight motion such as one uses in staying an impatient child. "Yes, there is the carriage," she announced. "Papa will have ransacked the garden to bring me roses, — a great bunch of red roses with his regrets that they 're not white."

"Wait," he begged almost under his breath. "You were standing down yonder, and I rode up beside you and jumped down from my horse" —

"Let us forget it," she broke in.

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"Wait," he repeated. His hand clasped hers in petition. She could not refuse to turn toward him.

Tears rose in her eyes and she tried to withdraw. For a long moment they gazed at each other, then he released her hand and turned away.

"Can't you feel that it is wrong?" she said at last. "We have no right to love each other."

"We are man and wife."

"We have no right to be."

"If we have no right," he began slowly, "there is but one reason" — He paused, choking back what he had meant to say. "Is the past never to end?" he asked in another tone. "Is n't there such a thing as forgiveness, as beginning over, as making the best of a mistake?"

"I — I have been trying to do that," she said.

He sighed, looking out over the shimmering fields. She had been engaged to Linson for six years, but now for thirteen years she had been Rand's wife. He wondered if his own sense of proportion was as strange as hers. Had she felt but one duty in the world? To him the past seemed something upon which to build the present, a foundation defective and unchangeable, yet never too poor to support a better structure than remorse. Was it remorse, or was it love for Linson that estranged them? The carriage came in sight again, winding between the snowy knolls, and he wondered what new tale of his predecessor it was bringing up the hill. Usually the tale was a recollection; once in a long while it was a rumor. Linson had prospered, rumor declared once, and Rand had been obliged to listen while the judge reiterated, "Robert — er — deserves it. I have always looked upon Robert as — as a son." Linson had married, — such tidings should have given peace to Joyce if her trouble were remorse. Mrs. Courteney had gazed at her daughter wistfully while wondering if Robert's wife were dark or fair. And, also, Linson had a son who was named for him. Rand had no child. It scarcely seemed that Linson had been dealt with unfairly, after all. Rand's eyes narrowed. He could see Linson, somewhere in the shadowy environment of his unknown home, smiling into his wife's eyes and meeting an answering smile, — perhaps tossing up his boy. "Poor Robert," they all said in speaking of him, — poor Robert with the gay laugh and the fond wife and the boy to hand down his name. "Poor Robert — er — Eliot," fate may have said.

"They are bringing some one with them!" Joyce exclaimed. "I see a child looking out of the carriage window. Who can it be?"

"I 'm sure I can't tell." He straightened himself. The coming of the Courteneys was like the falling of the drop of water in the old torment, a small thing, but so sure never to miss; and they were almost up the hill. Their having a child with them mattered very little to Rand.

"I don't understand it," Joyce said nervously. "Where can they have found a child?"

The carriage stopped and Joyce and Rand went to meet it. The judge stepped out and helped his wife. Miss Mathilde followed leading a travel-stained little boy who looked about him and gripped a dog-eared letter in his hand. He resembled no one whom Joyce or Rand had ever seen.

The Courteneys had changed little, but their manner was unusual. Miss Mathilde had been weeping, and Mrs. Courteney's eyes were still wet.

"Joyce — daughter," she fluttered, coming ahead of the others and stretching out her plump, timid hands.

"What is it?" Joyce asked. Her breath was short, though there seemed little material in her life for ill news.

The older woman's lips began to quiver, and she turned back toward her husband.

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"Let me — er — break it," the judge offered. "Er — Joyce, daughter, Robert Linson has passed away."

Joyce turned sharply and went up the steps. The others stood looking after her.

"And this child?" Rand inquired.

"This is — er little Robert. We found him at the station as we passed. The agent called us in. It seems — er — that Robert directed him to be sent here with a letter to you."

The boy came forward, wide-eyed, but pathetically prompt, as if this were an interview long arranged.

Rand took the letter from him and opened it.

SIR [The simplicity of the address was like a challenge. He drew back a little from the curious group and read]; — In your enjoyment of my home and of the love of the woman who had promised to be my wife, perhaps you will have charity to extend to a dying man. I am leaving a little boy whose mother is already dead, and as the end comes near my heart turns back with torturing desire toward my old home. I have not been a happy man. You took my happiness, but I have been too busy to think all the while. Now, in this terrible leisure while I wait to die, I do nothing but think. I see the old house with its white columns and the bricks, sunny warm, and the open hall door, and the vista of light through the shadow of the hall. "Heartsease!" what a perfect name for it. I see the sunshine brooding over the cotton fields, and the boles opening, oh, so much whiter than this Northern snow which has killed me. And Rand, I see her, — God! man, I 've never stopped seeing her, though she is not the mother of my boy. They are all I have, these memories. I should have died sooner than this without them; I fight death still for fear I shall forget, and my heart almost bursts with pity when I think of my poor little boy who knows nothing of it all. Why should I have brought him into the world if he cannot have what is best in it? And for him to be left — here away from home — Rand, take this letter to her and take the boy to her. Let her look at him and read the letter. Then look in each other's eyes, you two in your great happiness, and you will not refuse to let my son grow up under your care in the home I loved.

Yours, with a trust which outweighs all I have suffered through you,

ROBERT LINSON.

The sheets of the letter rattled together as Rand folded it. He opened it again and looked at the date. It had been written nine months before. He refolded it in silence, although he felt the eyes of the others upon him, waiting for an explanation. He had scarcely been conscious of reading, the words seemed to enter his consciousness in Robert Linson's voice. They had been written with a dying man's license of free speech, and yet he found it impossible to realize that the hand which had written them, the voice which might have spoken them, were no longer alive. He reached down to the little boy.

"Come," he said.

"Er — Eliot," the judge began, but Miss Mathilde laid her hand on his shoulder. In her clear eyes lurked the shadow of more than one lost joy. "Stop," she said. "We will stay outside. This is for them, alone."

In the house, in her own room, Joyce sat by an open window with locked hands. Rand brought the boy in to her. "Look at him," he said simply, "and read the letter."

Joyce drew the child toward her and looked at him a long time. The little fellow flushed under her gaze and stood by her, expectant, docile, grave. He was one of those wan children who seem to hide the subtlest wisdom behind their innocence, yet are not eager to show it

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to the world. "There is nothing in his face to remember," she said at last.

Then she opened the letter. Rand crossed the room while she read it, but the little boy stood close beside her, like a conscious suppliant, watching her with his wide blue eyes. Suddenly a tear splashed on the paper.

She rose and went across to Rand.

"Is this forgiveness?" she asked.

He looked at her white face, marveling at the tenacity of her thought. "If trust is forgiveness" — he began.

But she had outstripped him. "Robert would not have sent him if he had thought we were unhappy," she broke in. "A child could not be happy in — in a cheerless home. He says, 'in your great happiness.'" She turned and held out her arms to the boy; but when he came to her and she lifted him, she looked into her husband's face. Her eyes held their old love for him.

"'You two, in your great happiness,'" she repeated tremulously. For a moment their hearts spoke together, pledging the unappalled endeavor which life asks.

Then Rand took the wondering boy out of her arms.

Mary Tracy Earle.

FINDING THE Ist DYNASTY KINGS.

Travelers up Nile, after steaming 341 miles, pass the town of Girgeh, said to be the site of ancient This. They are naturally enough taken back in thought to those shadowy kings of the Ist dynasty of Egypt, and their immediate predecessors, who are supposed to have had their royal place of abode there till they conceived the idea of dominating the Delta, and of founding "the City of the White Wall," Memphis, — "The Haven of the Good." But somehow or other they forget all about the Ist dynasty. Henceforth up to Assouan, the kings that assert themselves are the Pharaohs of the XVIIIth, XIXth dynasties, and it is of Thothmes, Amenhotep, of Seti and Rameses II., or some of the Ptolemies that their minds are full as they go south to the First Cataract.

If they are under the guiding star of Cook & Sons, they will be sure to have pointed out to them, a few miles south of Girgeh on the west bank, a low cluster of buildings, and a great mound, beyond the wide green plain of "bersim" and corn. They will be told that there is Abydos; that there stand the beautiful alabaster temples of Seti and Rameses II.; that there is the burial place of the head of Osiris; but they will also be told that they will not land till their return journey, and that then, while some of them go and examine the famous tablet of Abydos, which gives in their cartouches the names of the seventy-six kings of Egypt, from Mena to Seti I., others interested in later Egyptian history may visit the quaint Coptic monastery of Amba-Musas hard by. I shall be much astonished if Messrs. Cook & Sons are able in the coming years to postpone the visit to Abydos till the return journey. Abydos has suddenly become, to all lovers of ancient Egyptian history, the most interesting spot in the valley of the Nile. For whilst war and rumors of war were heard all round the world, the patient, peace-loving Professor Petrie was quietly digging away at a rubbish heap that had been, it was supposed, thoroughly searched; and he has done his scientific scavenger work so thoroughly, that he has virtually redated Greek civilization, and made the misty half-mythic kings of the Ist dynasty a reality to all the world.

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The old temples of Abydos refused to listen to the sound of harper or flute player in the days when Osirian mysteries went forward, but there is an older burial ground beyond the temples, where to-day the triumphant song of the explorer is loud, and the mysteries of the resurrection of Egypt's oldest kings go forward to such historic harmonies as were seldom before heard.

We have all heard of Mena and thought of him as a bare possibility. Was not his name written large in the stone tables of the kings adored by Seti I. and Rameses II. at Abydos, and on the walls of the tomb of Thunury at Sakkarah? was it not guessed at in the fragmentary Turin papyrus? Did not the scribe priest of the Ptolemies, Manetho, write down for our learning the names of eight kings in that Ist dynasty? But the monuments were absolutely silent about this and the next two dynasties, and, after all, the Egyptian chronicling was the result of a kind of order in council, a bit of statecraft in the XIXth dynasty 3400 years after the event. The Ptolemaic scribe when he compiled his list did but go to the existing stone documents at Abydos, and such papyri as he could lay hands on, none probably more than 1000 years old, and Manetho compiled his list more than 1000 years after the first shrewd guesses of the sculptor at Abydos.

All this was unsatisfactory to the soul of the hunter after truth. The man who wanted to speak with Mena face to face was not content with being told that he was the first king who built temples in the land and enjoined divine worship; that he was the great engineer who, coming from This, founded the city of Memphis and turned aside the Nile, by constructing a mighty dam, to give a pleasant suburb and open spaces and a milk supply to his fellow townsmen some years before 4500 B. C.; that he whose name meant "The Constant One" remained true to his name in works for the blessing of the land, till a crocodile took him, and he vanished from among men.

For the readers of history, the cloud of doubt was always on the page. Did Mena or Menes ever exist at all, or was the Ist dynasty of kings of flesh and blood in Egypt only an unsubstantial figment to fade at the touch of inquiry into thin air, and,

> "like the baseless fabric of this vision . . .
> Leave not a rack behind"?

I confess that as I used to stroll along the great rampart wall beneath the palms of Memphis, or busy myself with visits to the tombs of the great prince farmers of the Vth dynasty, I was always wishing that the dumb sands would speak and tell me of the man who came from This, to bend the great Nile flood with the might of his arm, and to rear such temples to the gods that the people who came after spoke of him as the first king who turned his people to holy worship. But the sands were silent. Then came the startling message from the graveyards of Ballas that a new race, earlier than any known of, had peopled the land of Nile, and one began to expect that Professor Flinders Petrie would yet be able to report of a chapter in Egyptian history which would make the Ist dynasty king a kind of comparatively modern being, whose ways of life and worship, and whose coming in and going out, would all be as surely known to us as the ways and life of the Pyramid builders, or the doings of the Ramessid period were clear and sure.

What one hoped for has come to pass: that Ist shadowy dynasty has become a fact, and any one who cares to visit the University Museum in Gower Street may make personal acquaintance with the eight kings who ruled the land of Nile between 4715 and 4514[1] B. C.; may in imagination stand face to face with two of the ten kings who preceded

[1] It should be understood that the dates given are only approximate.

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them, Zeser and Narmer, and two of those who followed them, Perabsen and Khasekhemui; may see something of the chairs they sat in, the jewelry they wore, the coin they paid their workmen, the dishes they drank from, the sceptres they held, the ivories they valued, the games of chance they played; may even get an idea of the way they came to appear before their God; may understand what dandies they were, how careful of eye paint and facial decoration; may realize what lovers of sport they were, and know how they shot the gazelle, and how they harpooned the dragons of the slime; what warriors they were, and how with stone battle-axe and diorite-headed mace and knives and arrows of flint they went to the battle; and how on the feast day they drank their wine, and ate their barley bread and their fig-tree fruit as any king of the Ist dynasty had a right to do, when after war he took his royal ease.

All this is now known to us, and all this knowledge has come by clever scavengering from a refuse heap, which had been cast "as worthless rubbish to the void" by former Egyptian explorers in the plain beneath the Libyan hills about half an hour's donkey ride from the temples of Seti and Rameses at Abydos. Any one standing on the top of Komes-Sultan hard by those temples, and looking beyond the old fort in a west-southwesterly direction toward the yellow-gray hills, would see that the plain half a mile away was rolled up into waves of purple light and shadow, and would perceive that that place must have been a place of graves. But it is not to this burial place of the XVIIIth dynasty we look; far beyond it and nearer to the roots of the hills, making a kind of dark blot of shadow in the burning flint-strewn field of utter desolation, lies another burial ground.

That is the burial ground of the Ist dynasty kings. There lay unremembered, all down the centuries, each in his tomb-chamber, surrounded by small chambers of offerings, or as in some cases with smaller tomb-chambers for the servants of the household, the mighty kings, Aha better known as Mena, Zer or Teta, Zet or Ateth, Merneit or Ata, Den or Setui, Azab or Merpaba, Mersekha or Semenptah, Qa or Sen; protected probably from harm by reason of the fact that as yet the raised "mastaba," as known to us in the Pyramid age, was unused. Hence when the seat of government was shifted from This to Abydos, the desert sands may have sealed from sight the exact whereabouts of the royal resting place of the Ist dynasty. Afterwards, when the cult of Osiris was revived and the Egyptian dead were brought for burial round the tomb beneath the mound where the head of the god was buried, or later, when, more than 3000 years after Mena had been carried to his House of Eternity, the kings of the XIXth dynasty built their white marble temples at Abydos, the exact whereabouts of the royal burial ground of the Ist dynasty may have been forgotten, and so these ancient kings had rest.

But the story of this wondrous resurrection of Aha-Mena and his seven successors from the desert dust of oblivion after the lapse of sixty-six centuries reads like a fairy tale. During the past four years a French exploration party, under the direction of M. Amélineau, had been digging away at the place where the Ist dynasty kings were buried; had indeed opened all the tombs but one, and it was quite clear from the finds that they belonged to the earliest historical age; but M. Amélineau was, it would seem, not well served by his workmen, and he considered that the rubbish mounds he searched had yielded up all the secrets they possessed. Indeed, so sure was he that he had exhausted his ground, that though he had another year of his concession yet to run, he did not think it worth while to return to Egypt, and gave Professor Flinders Petrie to understand that he considered his work

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was at an end. This was all Professor Petrie wanted, and he at once determined to take the workmen he had in past years carefully trained to use their eyes, and as carefully encouraged by generous backshish to bring all their eyes could light on to him for examination, and set himself and his plucky wife, who was his comrade, to go over the exhausted rubbish heaps the Frenchmen had left, and see what they could do to bring order out of chaos, and find the historic links with recorded history that were wanting.

It was a master stroke of genius, this determined making of research among the already explored rubbish mounds of the Abydos plain. How far it was rewarded may be guessed from the fact that the throne homes of four kings of the Ist dynasty have been recovered, and that the whole course of the Ist dynasty is now made plain, while there is proof positive that before them other kings, as Manetho stated, reigned in Egypt.

Let us enter the temporary museum at the London University, pass beneath the blue-lettered portal of the tomb of Amenemhat, son of Hor-hotap and his mother Erdus, who passed from the sunshine of Abydos about 2400 years before Christ. That exquisitely incised door portal now serves for the doorway to the room where what remains to us of the Ist dynasty kings lies unveiled. To pass through the grave door that was placed in position more than 4300 years ago is a fit preparation for our eyes that would behold the relics of the kings who ruled between 4800 and 4514 B. C. The tables to the right and left of the door are covered with the remains of the new race.

These prehistoric folk knew nothing about the potter's wheel or the turner's lathe, and pottery and stone jar alike were moulded and hollowed by hand. One can externally feel the handmarks of the men who smoothed their vases ere they went to the kiln. But pottery was expensive in those days, and housewives were careful, so at least one jar testifies. It has been broken and a number of drill holes have been most carefully made all round the edge at the break, so that by some system of lacing with green hide, the broken vase may again be made whole. These men knew nothing of bronze or iron, but they could sharpen axe heads of hard limestone for the tomahawking of their foes, could make fine lances of flint as may here be seen. What interested one most in these remains of the new race was the fact that even the prehistoric babe needed toys. Here were the animals rudely made of clay with which the baby of the prehistoric nursery played at farmyard.

Next one was astonished at the evident love of ornament that already had hold of the people. Here was a dainty little jewel box of pottery, six inches by two in length, carefully ornamented with drawings of fishes at the end and drawings of gazelles or ibexes at the sides; whilst a little dish has its ornament in red paint that seems to remind one of the quaint conventionalizing of the bamboo on rough Japanese pottery. There is another bowl of black pottery, whose imitation string pattern has been incised and filled with white paint that has a sort of mid-African look. But one is struck most with the evidence of face-painting extraordinary which must have been in vogue in that dim dawn. Palettes of slate, some in shape of fish, some in shape of birds, some rhomboidal, seem to have been the necessary toilet accompaniments of the dead and therefore of the living; and that green paint was the rage is evidenced by tiny fragments of it still adhering to the palettes.

The centre of interest for us to-day, however, is the Ist dynasty time; and how far advanced in the arts of life were the men of that age may be seen by the beauty of the shape of the stone and alabaster vases now brought to view, and the exquisite workmanship of a little toilet-nard or eye-paint box carved out of

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a single block of ivory, and made in the shape of a couple of ducks whose tails are twisted together to form, as it were, the hinge of the box. The great gentleman who owned this was buried with thirty jars of offerings in his brick tomb, whilst sixteen stone vases were near his body. He had as pillow stone a sandstone block for corn-grinding, and a beautifully shaped tazza of slate had been apparently placed at his head. This had fallen over it, and the weight of earth above had at a future time crushed in the cranium. There among his vases had lain this mighty man for his 6400 years when Professor Flinders Petrie and Mr. John Garstang brought his skull bones and his funeral furniture to the light of day.

But it is to the table in the centre of the room that we turn, where are placed contemporary carvings in wood and ivory, weapons and pieces of the royal drinking bowls and furniture of seven of the eight kings of the Ist dynasty, and the work of two that preceded Aha-Mena. Here is a fragment of a slate bowl that the lips of Zeser, the pre-Menite king, perhaps have touched. Here is a fragment of an alabaster jar that bears upon it the name of Narmer, the succeeding sovereign; but my eyes went at once to the little bit of crystal vase which bore the name of Mena; for now I seemed to feel myth fade away, and the real king, who drank from a crystal goblet to the success of the city of Memphis, the city he had built in fair fields, from which he had turned the great Nile flood, seemed to stand before me.

I saw nothing that belonged to the second king Zer or Teta, but from the tomb of the next king in succession Zet-Ateth, who reigned between 4658 and 4627 B. C., there were ivory castanets, part of a mace-head of diorite, a wooden sceptre in shape of a hand, carnelian beads and purple glaze, and wood ornamented with the same sun-worship rings we may still see upon the vulture leg-bones the Bedouins use for powder flasks.

King Zet lived at a time when men worked in gold, and gold foil was evidently for royal ornament at the time he lived among his craftsmen. Zet was a hunter; there are his ivory arrowheads dyed with henna, which were laid by his side for hunting in the fields of Heaven. The king, too, had his physicians; how else could one account for the doctor Aukh's name upon a piece of pottery? The king was also a man of business, and saw that his workmen should keep strict accounts, for here before one lies a piece of pottery with the workman's account written upon it in square and triangle and dot, and as I looked upon it, the voice of one of Professor Petrie's staff said, "That is probably the oldest piece of cursive writing yet discovered in the world." But the king had ideas of splendor such as none before him had, or he would scarcely have insisted that the ivory castanets, which were used by him when he came to appear before his God with a dance, should have been so incrusted with gems as were the ones that have been discovered in his tomb; and the king had dealings with merchants from beyond the sea, how else can one account for the piece of Ægean pottery found buried with him.

After Zet-Ateth, reigned, between 4627 and 4604 B. C., Merneit-Ata, and one is not surprised to hear that the king, whose name indicates that he had put his trust in the goddess Neith, should have been entombed with a large limestone stele five feet high whereon were carven the emblems of the goddess, — two arrows crossed upon an upright distaff. Those of us who are interested in reviving the uses of handmade linen are grateful to the explorer for giving back from the darkness of so many centuries the honor due to the distaff as being the chosen symbol of the goddess of the woven shroud, and the protectress of the dead. It was a royal chair, — that one with the legs carved to represent the legs of a bull, in which the king

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sat; and that he loved the emblems of strength that the Britisher still delights in may be seen from the fact that another bull's leg carven in ivory was found in his tomb. Slate appears to have been the favorite or perhaps the fashionable substance for the king's dishes, but he seems to have been specially proud of some water jars wrought from serpentine and most daintily ornamented with a string or small cord pattern carved all over in low relief. The reeds of the Nile were evidently a motive for carvers and graven ornament in the days when Merneit was king.

After Merneit had been laid to rest among his bull-leg furniture and his reeded ornaments, there came to the throne a certain Den-Setui. He probably reigned between 4604 and 4584 B. C. Ebony appears to have been as much sought after in his reign as ivory, and copper is evidently wrought. As for recreation the king cared for hunting with the spear, and when he rested from the chase we may, from the bunch of sycamore figs, and the clay cylinder of the wine vase, and the fragments of crystal cup that bear his royal name, conjecture that he drank his wine from crystal and did not despise the fig of the country. He honored the god, and with a joyous worship, too, if one may judge from the number of tablets that were found with him that speak of the temple festivals.

The king that reigned when Den-Setui slept with his fathers was Azab-Merpaba. He dwelt in two palaces, one called Qed-hotep, the other Dua-Khat-Hor; and he drank from bowls of pink gneiss and black-and-white syenite, and he honored the goddess Hathor. So at least we may gather from the bowls that were found inscribed with his name, and the ivory plaque that was buried with him. In his day the workers had grown cunning in the art of inlaying; in his day the carpenters had improved the shape of their adze handles; in his time the workers of ornament seemed to have grown tired of the everlasting use of the reed or offering mat for motive, and developed a chain or loop ornament of which they seem to have been proud. But it would appear that his tomb-chamber was too well furnished to escape the envious eyes of Mersekha, who in the year 4558 B. C. succeeded him. For in Mersekha's tomb were found many vases from which Azab's name had been removed, and which had been appropriated by Mersekha.

It was in the tomb of this king Mersekha-Semenptah that the most astonishing find was made. This is none other than a collection of Ægean pottery that will probably oblige us all to correct our notions as to the age of Greek civilization. For here is yellowish pottery evidently of Mycenæan clay, yellow ornamented with red coloring of semi-amphoræ shape. Coming from a tomb whose date is 4500 B. C. it puts back the Grecian potter's art to a time as far anterior to Mycenæ and its craft as the golden age of the potter of Mycenæ is anterior to our own. This was evidently a treasure in the time of Mersekha the king, and so far is a unique one. No other pottery of the kind, except a fragment in the tomb of Zet and Den, has been found at Abydos. This pottery is proof that the Grecian merchants sailed the seas in 4500, and this does not astonish us, seeing that on the prehistoric memorials of the new race there have been seen pictures of vessels with sixty oarsmen, vessels quite large enough for crossing the Middle Sea.

It is clear from the other finds in the tomb of Mersekha that the arts had made considerable progress in his time. A strong and well-made pair of copper tweezers is seen, copper nails are found in woodwork, copper needles, a copper *rymer*, and a well-shaped copper dish with the hammer marks still upon it. We might have expected this, seeing the king must have held in special honor the

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god of the forge, the Vulcan of his day, or he would hardly have been called Semenptah. Flint knives of beautiful workmanship and bowls of crystal are evidence that the workers in stone were as clever as workers of metal. Mersekha, too, has evidently found that the burden of the state is too heavy for him to bear. He has a vizier, Henuka by name, and that he keeps an eye upon the foodless in time of famine may be guessed by one of his titles found inscribed upon a bowl fragment. Mersekha, the Rekhyt, "Lord of the House of Life," though it is but right to say that this may refer only to *the dead king in his tomb. If it does,* we have evidence here that in 4558 men believed in a life beyond the bounds of this mortality, and thought of the dead, as in after ages they spoke of them, as "The Everlasting Ones."

One of the objects that would strike any one who cares about delicate workmanship was a bull-leg ornament carven from ivory; so delicately had the veining of the leg been conventionalized as to make one think it might well have been a bit of Italian Renaissance work, and this nearly one thousand years before the Pyramids.

There were found in Mersekha's tomb several references to the "Sed festival," and it is clear from these references that the old kings of the Ist dynasty knew all about leap year, had a year of 365 days, and regulated their calendar as we do still. When Mersekha-Semenptah entered his abode of eternity in 4540 B. C. the eighth king, Qa-Sen by name, came to the throne and appears to have sat upon that throne for the next twenty-six years. His palace was called Hathor-pa-ua, his tomb was spoken of as Hat-sa-ha-neb; that he built a temple we know from a vase of volcanic ash inscribed for "the priest of the temple of King Qa." That he was a mighty hunter before the Lord we may guess from the splendid harpoon that was placed in his grave. The workers of gold were probably encouraged in his day, and if one may judge by pieces of ribbed ivory with dovetail tenons, the hands of the cabinetmakers had not lost their cunning, whilst as for wood-carving, nothing more delicate in the whole collection may be seen than a bit of wood carved to represent the feathers of a bird, — it is Japanese for nicety of craftsmanship.

A kind of calling card was in fashion. When friends sent offerings to the tomb they tied up their little tablets of ivory as one to-day sees calling cards tied to the wreaths that are sent to a friend's *funeral. The servants of the king were* evidently had in honor; in the earlier tombs they had only had their bare names given; now though it is considered that imitation stone vases, that is, solid stones painted to look like marble, unhollowed and only roughly hewn into vase shape, are generally good enough for the domestic, their titles and office are given. In one instance, at least, the domestic is a man of such worth and substance as to be buried with tall alabaster jar and exquisite alabaster and slate bowl. Both the jar and bowl give one the idea that they have been turned in a lathe; their workmanship is very good.

It is clear that the little people — the dwarfs — were held in high esteem. There is on one of the limestone stele a representation of them, and their little bones were found at the foot of the stele. But the stele of greatest importance in connection with King Qa is a great black quartzose stele that bears his name. The time of cartouches is not yet; the names of the kings of the Ist dynasty are in simple squares.

As to worship, one thing is plain. The worship of animals or of gods, or the attributes of gods under animal forms, has not yet begun. One god, and he Osiris, the Ist dynasty kings seem to acknowledge. In these days of a revived interest in the dance, as being

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able to express the inner meaning of a musician's composition, it may be of interest to know that as David danced before his God, so did Mena and his successors appear with a dance before their deity. One of the most instructive and interesting little illustrations of the king at prayers, which Professor Petrie and his workers have brought from the refuse heap at Abydos, shows the king in a curtained inclosure, — hid from common eyes, dancing his dance of prayer before the god Osiris. But this is the more remarkable, this early dancing worship of the Ist dynasty, when one remembers that those who in Ramessid times came to appear before Osiris at Abydos were forbidden the sound of the harp and pipe, and presumably forwent the dance. Yet there must have been a tragic side to the burial of a king of the Ist dynasty. It can hardly be doubted, after seeing the little cells or "loculi" for tomb-chambers of the servants that surround the larger tomb of the king and its store places of offerings for the use of the royal dead, that when a king died and was buried a number of his retainers were sacrificed and sent into the shadow world with their master.

We leave the quiet room with its signs of the life and the art and the worship and the reverence for the dead men who lived by the banks of Nile more than 4500 years before Christ, and go out into the roar of London life and art, so young, so modern, we scarce can feel it has any interest for the student of history and lover of the days of yore. But as we go, Memphis with its palm and meadows, its palaces and rampart walls, goes with us, and we are grateful to that prince of scientific dust-heap scavengers and his lynx-eyed fellahin for bringing back the half-mythic kings of Memphis from their graves at Abydos.

H. D. Rawnsley.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

WHY was it that the thunder voice of Fate
Should call thee, studious, from the classic groves,
Where calm-eyed Pallas with still footstep roves,
And charge thee seek the turmoil of the state?
What bade thee hear the voice and rise elate,
Leave home and kindred and thy spicy loaves
To lead th' unlettered and despisèd droves
To manhood's home and thunder at the gate?

Far better the slow blaze of Learning's light,
The cool and quiet of her dearer fane,
Than this hot terror of a hopeless fight,
This bold endurance of the final pain;
Since thou and those who with thee died for right
Have died, the Present teaches, but in vain!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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SOME LETTERS OF MARTINEAU.

THE letters here given were written by Martineau to Mr. B. B. Wiley, of Chicago, a friend whom he never saw, yet into whose life he entered with rare sympathy and understanding. The two men, although separated by four thousand miles of sea and land, formed a close relation by means of the correspondence of which these letters are part, and which extended over thirty years.

The first letter, written in the time of the civil war, throws an interesting side light on the more intelligent and elevated English opinion of that struggle.

DUNDONNELL OLD HOUSE,
Little Loch Broom near Ullapool,
Ropshire, Scotland, *September* 20, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND, — In trusting me with so much of your inner life, you have said not enough of the outer to protect me from mistake about your proper style and title. I ask myself, as I look at your touching words and eyes so full of sorrowful wonder, "Does he preach? does any one lay the Divine humanities so much to heart, who has not to speak of them, and bring them from their depths?" And yet again I think, "No, there is the free hand here, — the flowing soul, — that is *not* professional:" and to this my hope inclines: for sympathy of lives dissimilar gives the deeper witness to their common truth and love: and I am always inclined — perversely enough I dare say — to suspect my own thought, if none but the parsons say "Amen." Plainly however, whether you are secular or whether you are spiritual, you have the Manhood that unites and transcends them both: and so the old-fashioned "Mr." that symbolizes this will do.

Moved as I was by your letter, I would not answer it in the racket of a London June, but would first let its joy and sorrow sink into me here amid the silence of great mountains and lonely lakes. Then I wanted to answer, not the letter only, but the portrait too: and it is not till after a most unexpected delay that the inclosed card has been sent to me. You will say it bears the same relation to the engraving that the Studies bear to the Endeavors. And perhaps it does: for, resist as we may, lapse of life and length of habit will leave their mark upon us: and in the interval not only have I grown elderly, but an increasing engagement with severe academic studies has worked the logical part of me too hard, and possibly turned it to the outside, both of the person and the speech. The inward identity, I believe, persists: in none of us does it really change: but to bring it freely and without measure to the surface may come to cost us more. It may be partly from this cause that I now wonder at my rashness in half promising a volume on the Ministry of Christ. But it is more, I think, because that divine life — like all things divine — cannot, to my present feeling, be truly rendered in treatment so regular and analytic as a book implies. It gleams on our purified vision in hints and streaks of beauty: and though these flow together into fragments of form not only distinct but unique, yet every attempt to complete them disappoints one, and produces a whole quite inadequate to the glory of its elements. So I begin to suppose that his personality is better left as one of those tender and holy mysteries that have power over us just because they represent, with the sweetest harmonies of our life, also the infinite silence in it that cannot be broken. With Paul, it is quite different: and as he worked out his thought into explicit form, constructing it into something complex, grand, and perishable, I can approach him as a human not a divine phenomenon, and treat

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his doctrine as the philosophy of a spirit just redeemed. Fain would I work out into distinct shape my reverence and love for him. But since my entrance on college duties in London, I have necessarily been withdrawn from theology a good deal, and absorbed in the work of my ethical and metaphysical department. But still I indulge in the dream of hope, that toward the end of life a few years may be rescued for tranquil retirement; when I may gather up the fruits of past thought and experience, and find here and there something riper than I have yet been able to give.

Emerson himself I love and honor more than his books: though they, too, report a sweet and noble nature, that has cleared itself into a light serene and sublime by pure force of inward fidelity. I have been reading his Conduct of Life, and am quite offended at the little justice done to it by the critics. It seems to me rich in wisdom. Still, I regret his way of reaching the balance of truth, by giving an *over*-balance to each side of it by turns, and trusting to one extravagance for the correction of another. It is a habit that demands too much comprehensiveness in his reader, — whose nature may get a twist from some strong thrust of thought, from which the counter pressure fails to recover him. The symmetries of Nature are better, which are careful to show themselves in every part as well as in the whole. I fancy this method of his may be the lingering consequence of Carlyle's early influence upon him. But the over-statement native to Carlyle's intense, deep, but somewhat fierce and narrow genius, is less congenial with the serene and lofty breadth of Emerson's wisdom and sympathy. There is, however, something in Emerson which I am disqualified for apprehending, for his *poetry* is to me a complete enigma, which neither in form nor in substance speaks to me at all. Doubtless he is wider than I am; and the defect is in me.

But how can you have patience with me for speaking of these tranquil interests of thought, when you are in all the agony of a great national crisis? I never take up a paper of American news without thinking, "If Parker had still been here, what would he have done and suffered for his country?" Few are the voices that can make themselves heard above the sounds of war: but his was one; and it could utter nothing but what would ennoble the spirit of the struggle, and keep uppermost its highest ideas. Probably he would have thrown himself into Wendell Phillips's view: which certainly supplies the contest with an object the most awakening to righteous men. The question with distant European onlookers is, whether the object is really and rightly attainable by such means as the war supplies; and whether the responsibility of coercive liberation and servile insurrection is not too serious to be considerately encountered. Depend upon it, it is this scruple, and not any indifference or (as Cassius Clay says) "hypocrisy" on the slavery question, that has prevented Englishmen from treating this war as if emancipation were at issue. At the outset, so long as the *rights* of the original quarrel were the uppermost consideration, the universal feeling here was against the South. But soon, to the practical English mind, the *possibilities* of the case became the chief element of judgment; and the task of reversing the Revolution and reconstituting the Union being deemed (rightly or wrongly) too gigantic for the resources of any state or any army, the conclusion was drawn that a result apparently inevitable at last were better accepted with as little expenditure of suffering as possible. This matter-of-fact way of thinking into which our people fall is often very provoking, especially to those who are in all the heat and enthusiasm of a great strife. But it has not a grain of ill will in it, or anything but sorrow for suffering which it fancies unavailing: and when the storm has passed away and

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the air is clear, it will be seen, I trust, that between your country and ours there is no cause for the slightest mutual reproach or distrust. I wonder what Channing is doing, — whether he is still in Washington. I never hear of him. I return to London in a day or two.

Believe me always, dear Mr. W., your faithful friend,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

A period of thirteen years separates this letter from the first; a period during which the correspondence had become established, and, as this letter shows, had taken a personal as well as a theological turn.

5 GORDON STREET, LONDON, W. C.,
June 14, 1875.

DEAR MR. W., — Though I had the pleasure of seeing your friend Mr. H. only for a few minutes, I was very glad to welcome him as your representative who could tell me more about you than I can expect to learn from your own letters, interesting as they are to me. Your report of Mr. B. Herford's first lectures in Chicago was particularly acceptable; showing as it did that his reception was generous and hearty, and that full justice would be done to his admirable qualities of head, heart, and hand. Mr. Laird Collier tells me that you mean to keep B. H. at Chicago: and I really believe that he is one of the few men amongst us who would equally suit the conditions of the New World or the Old. But then in all fair play, you ought to have left us Laird Collier in exchange. He has greatly endeared himself to all who have come within his influence. I only hope that his nervous system has not been too much overwrought to recover its healthy tone again.

I owe you many thanks for your friendly attentions to my great-nephew, Mr. Lupton. I have not seen him since his return; but shall shortly fall in with him in Yorkshire, where I am going to spend the summer months with wife and family. I shall call him to account for telling you "that I do no work now." The cessation of preaching seems, I dare say, to the outward observer, a disappearance from active life. But my chief work in London has always been my college duty as professor and principal: and in this capacity I have done more during the session now closing than in any previous year with one exception. Indeed, as my term of natural life narrows, the impulse of diligence — to press nearer to accomplishment some of the unfinished designs — grows upon me, and makes what is called "the repose of age" less and less possible. I am about to retire from one half of my academic work: and when my successors have been fairly launched on their career and had time to win a little public confidence, I shall withdraw altogether.

Old and New having come to a disastrous end, the papers which I was writing for it are, I believe, to be continued in the Unitarian Review, as soon as I can resume them, and finished in about six numbers. The original project has expanded as I have advanced: but I hope to shape it into a moderate volume still. I cannot hope to do much toward arresting the tendency in the age to materialistic or idealistic skepticism: but it is something to put on record a different type of thought in readiness for a time when the tide shall turn. I am more and more struck with the fact, that it is not *new beliefs or unbeliefs* which a modern age advances into; but a *new generation of men* that is born into a recurring drift towards old beliefs or unbeliefs. There is, as far as I can see, *absolutely nothing* in our present scientific knowledge, which weakens or changes, unless for the better, the philosophical grounds of religion. To-day's fear will assuredly pass away.

Believe me ever,

Yours most truly,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

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This letter, two years later than that which precedes it, strikes the deepest note in the correspondence.

5 Gordon Street, London, W. C.,
December 20, 1877.

My dear Friend, — On its own account your letter of true sympathy is most welcome to my heart; and warmly do I thank you for this fresh gleam upon my sorrow. But it also relieves the distress I had felt at having first neglected to answer your former letter before the date of your intended departure for Mexico, and then being without an address to which I could write. The truth is that for two months I was so absorbed in anxieties and duties arising out of my beloved wife's very trying illness, that it was a struggle to meet the mere daily obligations of my college work; and my correspondence fell into inevitable arrears. When I recurred to your letter to answer it, to my dismay I found I was too late.

The passages from your Virginia friend's letters touched me deeply; and I longed to send you some practical aid towards your expression of sympathy for her lot. But I have not found it possible to do so. In better times it would have been otherwise. But we are all straitened. Business is stagnant. Investments pay reduced dividends. Living is dear. Public charges are high. Professional services — in Law, in Art, even in Medicine — are dispensed with, wherever possible. And whilst we are all earning little and costing much, distress is crowding on us which we are at our wits' end to relieve. The peculiarity of the time seems to be that all countries are simultaneously feeling the same depression. The latest blow to confidence has been the silver movement in your country; by which I and my family are already considerable sufferers. I am very sorry to gather from your recent letters that you are personally feeling the severe pressure of the times. For myself, I have nearly relinquished my college salary, by successive surrenders as my duties have become lighter, and am almost wholly dependent on my moderate investments, the revenues on which — where there are any — have sunk to a low percentage. My wants, however, are fewer than they were; and as they are adequately provided for, I give myself no care.

The year that is closing has been the saddest of my life, and leaves me the survivor of a companionship most entire in thought and affection from betrothal in 1822 to death last month. A blessing thus prolonged I cannot be so faithless as to turn from gratitude into complaint. If I step into a darkened path, I carry with me a blessed light of memory which gives at least a "gloaming" though the sun is set, and promises a dawn when the night is gone. The short vigil will soon be over: and while it lasts, neither the departed nor the lingerer can quit the keeping of the Everlasting Love.

Believe me ever, dear friend,
Yours most truly,
James Martineau.

The note that follows seems to be worth preserving for its felicitous mingling of indulgence and reproof.

5 Gordon Street, London, W. C.,
January 17, 1878.

My dear Friend, — Your supplementary letter reminds me that, in writing to you, I lost sight of your message about an autograph. I remedy the omission by inclosing for your young friend a photograph with my name subscribed. I am sorry that it is not a very good one: but I have not a better at present obtainable.

As for Tennyson's autograph, I should feel it an improper liberty to ask for one: for I know that such applications are very unwelcome to him. And indeed I cannot but wish these collectors of autographs a worthier employment

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for their industry and zeal. With half the time and pains they spend upon their barren pursuit of ugly scrawls, they might master a new language or a new science, and double their own wealth of mind. Believe me, always,

Faithfully yours,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

It is pleasant to note the elasticity and vigor of mind in this letter, written when Martineau was seventy-eight years old.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
March 29, 1883.

DEAR MR. W., — It is too true that I am but an idle correspondent. Sometimes I am tempted to say to myself, "It is because I am idle in so little else." But it is a vain excuse: for I know men, quite as hard plied, who are never behindhand with a letter. So let it stand as my infirmity, and appeal for your forgiveness. My mother used to complain of it when I was a boy at school: I suppose therefore it is the ineradicable form in which original sin crops up in me, and which will not die out till I reach a world where post offices are no more.

The shortening span of my working life prescribes to me a concentration of attention to the few partially executed projects which I can hope to finish, and makes me jealous of everything which withdraws me from them. For the last two years I have committed myself, with this purpose, to the writing of two college lectures (an hour each) per week: and as the subjects involve much reading and reflection, this task is a pretty close fit to my executive power, and compels me to reserve my evenings for the study, and go very little into society. In this way, courses of lectures which have long been only fragments are gradually approaching completion, and being brought up to date. It is late in the day to be at this work, near the close of my seventy-eighth year. But the little Spinoza book — undertaken at the request of my friend, Professor Knight, for his series of Philosophical Classics — interposed an episode that occupied two years apart from my main design.

I have read with much interest the lecture of Mr. Batchelor's of which you kindly sent me the report. I admire his statement of the modern scientific doctrine, and I sympathize with his religious conclusion. But, in passing from the one to the other, I cannot help feeling that all his intellectual strength goes into the former, and that the dependence of the latter is on his emotional fervor and justness of intuitive sentiment. The links of reasoned connection between the two appear to me not neatly forged and firmly welded. I experience the same insecurity in almost all the pulpit attempts to deal with this subject: so that in spite of the strong support which they have from my personal feeling, the total effect of them is rather skeptical than conservative. I suppose the simple truth is that we preachers have too rhetorical a habit of mind, and too little of the severe scientific exactitude, for the effective treatment of such an argument. Till we go deeper than the scientists, and get to the back of their premisses, instead of coming to the front to divert their conclusions, they will occupy a vantage ground from which we cannot dislodge them. Yet, rightly assailed, their atheistic position is absolutely untenable.

I hope you have come across a recent volume of sermons, — Laws of Life, after the Mind of Christ, by my dear friend, Rev. J. H. Thom, of Liverpool; — a book belonging to the very highest rank of religious literature, and, in my judgment, as much superior to all that this age has produced of that kind as the Gospel is superior to the Law. For depth of moral insight, tenderness of affection, purity of devotion, and just courage of rebuke to wrong and sin, with delicate freedom from exaggeration and from one-sided sympathy, it seems to me to stand alone.

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And it is as graceful and charming in form as it is rare and rich in its contents. For years I have been pressing him to publish: and at last we have prevailed against his modest reluctance.

I was very sorry last summer to miss seeing Dr. Putnam and Mr. E. E. Hale. This spring I am more fortunate with American friends; General Fairchild, Mr. Fiske, and Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson, having all of them spared me an afternoon or evening. Brooke Herford, I hear, is coming over on a visit this summer; — not, I am afraid, till I have removed to my Scotch cottage, to which we betake ourselves at Whitsuntide. I rejoice to know that you are emerging from the period of anxiety into more prosperous times. In this country I do not remember so long a term of depression as the last six years: and the indications of improvement are still not marked or general. Our Irish troubles need not have been so serious if rightly handled at the first. They will be got under control; but at what cost of further ruinous agrarian confiscation it is difficult to foresee. It is painful to speak of politics. The party with which I have always acted seems to me struck with infatuation, under Gladstone's fatal impulsiveness.

Believe me always,
Yours very cordially,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

There is in this letter an excellent bit of criticism of Henry Georgeism.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
January 31, 1884.

DEAR MR. W., — During the two months since my receipt of your welcome letter you have been a wanderer in lands so far as to scare our small insular imagination; but may now, I suppose, receive my thanks at home; and not mine alone, but my daughters', too, who were delighted to see the reproduced photographs which you kindly sent. They grumble at my refusal to sit to the photographers again. But old men should know their place: and if Art does not remember to fly from them, they should have the good sense to fly from her, and compel her to stay where some trace of beauty may be found.

Your news of Mr. Alger was delightful to me, and seemed to be the natural continuation of the old days of pleasant intercourse which have so bright a place in my memory. Under the pressure of life, my correspondence with him, as with several other friends, flags and dies away: but the silence makes no difference in the inward relations of mind and heart; which, under favoring conditions, would just resume themselves from the point of suspense.

I felt sure from the first that Mr. Thom's volume, The Laws of Life, would find a just appreciation with the best part of your reading public; and the longer it is known, the higher will be its place. To me it seems almost a unique book in religious literature, and one which opens precisely the vein of thought and affection most needed to develop the best possibilities and evade the greatest dangers of character in our age. It has come to a second edition here; and has elicited the promise of another volume.

It is curious to contrast the humble fate of such a book with the astounding circulation of Mr. George's Progress and Poverty; which, I am ashamed to say, has dizzied the heads of not a few men here from whom more clearness and stability might have been expected. This is largely due to an excellent and hopeful characteristic of the time, — an intense compassion for the lot of the lowest class of our population, — the feeble in body and character who are beaten in the race of life and drop by the wayside. The sense of something wrong in the sufferings and sins of this class is so deep and disturbing to many minds that they lose the power of calmly studying the real relations of cause and

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effect in the life of society, and are ready to fling themselves, like a patient tired out by a chronic malady, into the hands of any plausible quack who is loud enough in his confidence and large enough in promises for his panacea. Mr. George's personal presence, however, has apparently gone far to neutralize the influence of his book; and I think his day is nearly over here. The Socialistic tendency which has favored him still remains, and fosters, I must think, very dangerous illusions with which, unhappily, party leaders are willing to play for political ends.

Though I look with near expectation to retreat into private life, I keep my harness on at present, and continue "pegging away" at my pledged work.

Believe me, dear Mr. W.,

Always faithfully yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This letter, written during the first Home Rule campaign, discloses the deep disruption Gladstone's position on that issue produced, and the profound regret with which his old friends drew away from him.

THE POLCHAR,
Rothiemurrhus, Aviemore, Scotland,
October 31, 1885.

DEAR MR. W., — Your welcome letter of the 2d inst. brings you most pleasantly into view again, and gives me the additional stimulus I needed to thank you for the occasional glimpses you afford me by newspaper of your social and religious life at Chicago. Mr. Alger was not only faithful to his promise of writing to me, but came over to England in the spring of this year; and, as you may imagine, was the occasion of several long and interesting interchanges of thought. His visit, however, was during the week of my farewell to the college which has supplied me with my chief life work for nearly half a century: and the preoccupation of head and heart and time at such a crisis inevitably limited my opportunities of intercourse with him more than I could wish. Both of us have undergone some mental changes since last we met: and it was pleasant to find that they had brought us rather nearer to each other than we were at the time of his semi-captivity to Herbert Spencer. The equilibrium of his judgment appeared to me far more steady than in his years of less comprehensive enthusiasm. We have had the privilege, during the past winter, of making friends with another very accomplished young Bostonian, J. G. B., who, with his charming wife and two children, was winding up a two years' European sojourn by some months' residence in London. After seven years' ministry in Massachusetts, he had been studying in Germany, with a special view to a History of Ethics, on which he is at work. As I had just brought out a book entitled Types of Ethical Theory, our lines of thought were naturally pretty near each other. Not that I presume to claim his assent to my doctrines: but as conversant with the same literature, and aiming at the same kind of truth, we could not but be drawn together by many common admirations and the consciousness of the same unremedied defects. If ever you should come across him in your visits to New England, I am sure you will find his acquaintance very rewarding. I hope he may go back into the ministry: but I am not without fear that he may be withheld from it by too unsettled a state of faith. I did not myself perceive this: but on others, who perhaps saw more of him, an impression of this kind seems to have been left.

The cessation of my academic duties would seem to leave me without function in life, and to throw me into the idleness which is falsely called "*rest*." In truth, however (unless I am unfaithful and turn lazy for want of pledged necessity), the same tasks will engage me, only in my private study instead of in the public lecture room: and, while any faculty re-

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mains to me, more unfinished projects will press their claims upon me than I can reasonably hope to complete. Gently as old age deals with me, it slackens the *speed* of my work; so that I need more time, the less of it I have before me. However, this life is but a fragment; and no man has any right to expect that he shall round it off, and leave no ragged edge to show where for him time is torn off from eternity.

On our public affairs I dare not enter. The crisis on which we have been thrown is to me very unwelcome, and if not alarming, at least anxious. I have always been what is called a *Liberal:* but the measures contemplated by the party now bearing that name appear to me utterly at variance with the principles, social, constitutional, economical, international, which gave a rational cohesion to the reformers of an earlier generation. And the secret consciousness of this, suppressed by cowardice and partisan ambition, is eating like a canker into the sincerity of our public life, and lowering its temper and its standard of honor. The humiliating story of Gladstone's ministry will not prevent its return to power: and we shall have to suffer more from political incapacity and passion, before any repentant reaction sets in. Political ambition is vastly more diffused than hitherto: oratory has more influence than character and wisdom: and to promise the impossible is a surer game than to counsel the best practicable. Under these conditions, parliamentary government is not hopeful. I wish this may be only the croaking of old age. We return to London in a day or two. I remain, always,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Martineau's critical faculty, always the strongest of his intellectual powers, appears in the brief but penetrating criticism of the Ethical Societies in the following letter.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.,
January 13, 1888.

DEAR MR. W., — It is never too late to grow wise; and though I must say you have been pretty long about it, I will not doubt that the product is all the nearer to perfection for the duration of its growth. So that it is with confidence as well as good faith that I heartily congratulate both you and Miss D. on the near prospect of your completing the true conditions of human life. The innocent skepticism of your Chicago friends, to whom you have become a model old bachelor, will only add piquancy to the wonderful change, and put all the rationalists to shame by proving the possibility of instantaneous conversion. Let the single men laugh as they may, there are no more blessed angels of repentance in heaven or earth, than the dear souls that carry us out of ourselves and make our homes. God bless you, dear friends; for I cannot part you or deem either strange to me, — and help you, in your union, to realize the noblest end of life.

I seem to be outliving most of the closer relations which once bound me to a whole host of American friends. Channing, the Wares, Colman, Pierpont, Gilman, Follen, Dewey, Norton, Ripley, Gannett, Starr King, Parker, Dall, all are gone; and in looking over a former list of presentations, to guide me in regard to a new book just published, the only remaining names to which I had to beg that copies might be sent were Dr. Furness, James Freeman Clarke, and W. R. Alger; though I added one or two *new* literary men, whom I had criticised and felt bound to invest with the power of reply. But I was deeply touched by recently receiving a long, vigorous, and most friendly letter from *Dr. Farley*, who had visited me in Liverpool more than forty years ago, but of whom I had so long heard nothing that I had supposed him no longer with us. But it seems he still

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occasionally preaches; and his letter shows no mark of decline. He is my senior by three or four years.

I cannot but greatly regret this "Ethical" movement which is dividing the Unitarian Societies of the West. Not that I have any feeling but that of respect for the *men* who represent and lead it: or that I can look with the slightest disapproval on a Society of persons constituted for purely moral ends and encouraging each other in the improvement of character. Such organizations are legitimate. But they are not, in being *Ethical*, on that account *Religious;* still less are they *Unitarian*, — a name which is absolutely unmeaning, except as denoting a particular type, not simply of Religion, but of Theology. To play tricks with these well-understood words is, in my opinion, a heinous immorality. In an *Ethical* body of persons insensible to this I can never have any confidence. The manly and simple course is to sever the old connection, and build up a new organization on their new basis. I do not myself believe in the efficacy of purely Ethical communions: short of the enthusiasm of Personal affection between the spirit of man and Spirit of God, the blending of Religion is not reached: and no permanent cohesion can be expected on the mere ethical ground of relations between man and men. But those who do not share this opinion are altogether in the right to try the experiment.

I go on in my old ways of habitual studious work, though at a somewhat slackened pace. Being clear of one book, I have struck into the preparation of another, perhaps to remain unaccomplished. But one must not drop the tools of industry till they fall from one's hand. Believe me, always,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

The second half of this letter reveals the jealous eye Martineau kept upon himself for signs of the failings of old age and the quite justifiable pride he had in the long-continued endurance of his powers.

THE POLCHAR,
Rothiemurrhus, Aviemore, Scotland,
August 16, 1889.

DEAR MR. W., — I thank you heartily for so pleasantly filling up the blank in my record of your inward life, and enabling me to picture to myself also its external features and surroundings, so far as can be expected from an imagination unexpanded by familiarity with the vast scale of Nature and Human Society in your New World. Your letter finds me when I am in the middle of Professor James Bryce's instructive book on the American Commonwealth; which so thoroughly transports me into your circle of public problems and private sympathies, as to enhance the interest and meaning of every word that reaches me thence. I have not observed what impression his three volumes have left upon your literary men and jurists: but it strikes me as by far the most judicial and comprehensive, as well as sympathetic estimate yet presented by a European writer of your wonderful political and social world. Bryce is an highly accomplished and interesting, as well as excellent man, marked out for eminence within our small class of true statesmen. Greatly as I personally like and admire him, he is too radical — too much a *man of the future* perhaps — for me, an old lingerer from the *past*. I think him too good and wide in his essential self to be entangled as he is in Gladstone's train.

Your mention of Mrs. G. and her daughter set me thinking over the series of friends from your side of the water whom we have had the privilege of seeing on their visits to Europe: and as the name and corresponding image did not turn up, I said to myself, "Well, then, at last my memory is evidently failing."

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I believe, however, that my search was misdirected. For I learn that these friends of yours and Mrs. W. are *English*, settled among you from Southport, Lancashire, and known to my sister, who lives there. From her must be their knowledge of me. My Lancashire life ought perhaps to give me some directer clue: but as it came to an end thirty-two years ago, the thread has escaped my hand.

I hear now and then from one or two of the dear veterans still spared to your churches and keeping up the old traditions of the Buckminster and Channing days, — in particular from Dr. Furness and Dr. Farley, — both some years beyond my reckoning, — of 84; Dr. Furness still able to reoccupy his old pulpit during the absence, on sick leave, of his young successor, Mr. May; and still writing without spectacles, and with hand as firm as thirty years ago. So far he puts me to shame. Yet I have to own that old age treats me gently as yet. I no longer attempt the mountaineering feats which I continued till about two years ago: nor do I venture on the excitement of preaching and public speaking. But I work on at my desk and with my books as in earlier years, and am within a few months of completing my last considerable book, not mainly philosophical this time, but theological, — an attempt to resurvey the old problems of natural, historical, and scriptural faith, as modified by the new conditions of knowledge. But my *rate* of achievement slackens; and this both makes me a niggard of my time, and prepares me, if so the better Will should determine, to lay down my tools, and leave my task undone.

I pray you to give my warm acknowledgments to Mrs. W. for her kind thought in writing to me, and my full leave to administer a good scolding to you for losing the letter. I would give it you myself, only it will be so much more effectual from her that I put the duty out on commission. With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Ever sincerely yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This last letter dips toward the horizon. Martineau was approaching the bourne of his days and much of his remaining activity was to be given to the pleasant task of receiving honors and recognitions of his long service.

THE POLCHAR,
Rothiemurrhus, Aviemore, Scotland,
October 18, 1892.

DEAR MR. W., — Glad as I was to recover touch with you by your welcome letter of August 20th, I have not been so prompt as I could wish in my word of thanks for it. When you are well on in your octogenarian years, you will feel *with* as well as *for* the old man's procrastinating ways, — which you already treat with so benevolent an indulgence. My tardiness, however, is due, not wholly to the habits of old age, but in part to the even course of a life withdrawn from the ferment of the world, and rather listening to its voices than adding to them. You are on the stage: I do but sit among the audience. In that capacity I delight to be still a learner and a sympathizer, and hope to remain so till the curtain drops and the footlights go out. I have recently been tempted to revisit, with my eldest resident daughter, the scene of my first married home and the grave of my first child, — in Dublin, where I worked and taught and preached from 1828 to 1832, and gained an experience, inward and outward, which has infiltrated through all the succeeding years. The University authorities there, having, on occasion of their Tercentenary celebration, placed me on their list for Honorary Degrees and invited me to their festive week, I ventured to mingle in the splendid academic crowd and look round once more upon the Halls into which, more than

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sixty years ago, I had introduced several students, — candidates for the distinction now conferred on me. The particular degree, indeed (Litt. D.), is new since then; a wise discrimination having been introduced into the graduate classification. It was an impressive week which we spent there among the élite of not only our insular dignitaries of Science and Letters, but of their representatives from all parts of Europe. A few of the guests went, by invitation of Lord Rosse, Chancellor of the University, to spend a day at his beautiful estate, — Birr Castle, — and be introduced to the wonders of his great reflecting telescope, and the workshops in which every new invention is made available for it by which its reports may gain in accuracy or range. This was one of those rare days when one may honestly feel a little wiser in the evening than in the morning.

As Commissioner for the British section of your World's Fair in its department of philanthropic work, and more especially *Women's* work, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts applied to me for information respecting English Unitarian institutions and labors under these heads. The very inquiry is a satire upon our intensely sectarian life; assuming as it does that all our charities are done denominationally; and that to survey them all without counting any twice over, you must find an enumerator for every kind of Church, and add up all the lists delivered in. I could only reply that it was the inherited and the personal habit of our people to look on the social compassions and Christian sympathies which give birth to hospitals, schools, reformatories, rescue missions, and every form of philanthropic effort, as of universal obligation, civic and human: we never thought of going apart and setting up for ourselves, as an exclusive theological party, spheres of action equally open and equally congenial to the conscience and affections of others. On the contrary, we worked with our fellow citizens, irrespective of creed, wherever we could; and did nothing alone, except where we must. The result of this catholicity necessarily is that, while our fellow worshipers contribute probably their fair proportion of labor, thought, and revenue to the philanthropic total of English life, we have little to show in the way of *sect* benevolences, and should be wrongfully judged by their statistics. And so of *women's* work. With small exception, there is no difference between men and women in the incidence of charitable duty; and *joint action* in it is, in our opinion, essential to its best spirit and efficiency. On these grounds I declined to act as reporter for the Unitarian beneficences.

The year is closing solemnly upon us. Your beloved Whittier has left the world whose sins he so boldly rebuked, and whose sorrows he so sweetly soothed. And now our noble Tennyson has taken his wealth of soul away from us; and no one remains who can tell us how its pathetic griefs and doubts and faith have risen into a majestic joy. I spent two delightful days in May with his good son Hallam and his wife, at Balliol College. My absence here prevented my attendance at the Abbey funeral. We return to town on the 31st inst. With kindest regards to Mrs. W. and best wishes, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

The closing paragraph with its requiem sound seems to presage Martineau's own end, but though it is the last of the letters to the friend in Chicago, the writer was to survive seven years longer.

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THE DRAXON DINNERS.

It was the last sentence of the notice sent out by Buffum, the secretary of the Vagabond Club, in which the members took the greatest interest.

"The next dinner of the Vagabond Club will come off, wind, wave, and weather permitting, on Thursday, November 14.

"The special lion will be Mr. Edgar S. Northrop. Members are assured that he is good-tempered, well-trained, and will not bite if treated kindly.

"Congratulations and condolences will also be in order on the engagement of whom the newspapers misguidedly call 'the eminent lawyer,' our Benedict brother, Draxon."

Although Northrop was a distinguished actor, and had always been a favorite guest at the club, it was on account of Draxon that the members were looking forward eagerly to the dinner. Draxon's hand was already numb from the vigorous grasp of his friends; but the true good wishes of Vagabondian comradeship had not yet been given to him in genuine Vagabondian fashion.

Harry Draxon was, without question, the most popular man in the club. There were many members wittier, jollier, and more talented; but Draxon's modesty, his hearty good-fellowship, the quiet charm of his manner, combined with his undoubted ability, had won for him from his friends a degree of love almost equal to that which a man ordinarily reserves for the woman of his heart. And they all were sure that this girl who had stolen him away from them was in no way worthy of him. It is probable, however, that they would have held the same opinion regarding any girl whom Draxon might have chosen to place ahead of his friends. But many of them had in addition an uneasy feeling that the whole affair had been too sudden, too impetuous, too youthful almost; that it lacked the necessary firm foundation on which the joy of a man's whole life should be built.

It was at a house party given by Mrs. Lawrence that Draxon, Holcombe, and Leland had met Ethel Hollister. She was not more than twenty years old, small, fair, and graceful, with an airy, inconsequential way of treating men and things which came from a knowledge of the world confined to that circumscribed portion within which she had blossomed for two years.

Loving Draxon as they did, Holcombe and Leland were not at all surprised that Miss Hollister should be instantly and powerfully attracted by him. But they had felt a distinct shock when they perceived that almost from the outset Draxon's own heart seemed to be captured by this slip of a girl. Mrs. Lawrence herself had regarded the affair with some astonishment; for she knew that Ethel Hollister was reputed to be engaged already to young Lester Framleigh, who was also one of her guests. And the morose aspect of Framleigh, as he watched the older man monopolizing Miss Hollister's attention more and more, certainly gave authority to the report. Then one November afternoon, hardly a month from his first meeting with Ethel Hollister, Harry Draxon had come up to a little knot of men sitting at the club, and had announced with an air that was a combination of shamefacedness and assumed bravado, "Well, boys, I'm engaged."

Whether the girl was worthy of him or not, there could be no doubt that she had made him happy, happier than they had ever seen him. That achievement alone almost redeemed her in the estimation of his friends. For Draxon walked, talked, and did his business with

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such a glorified air; there emanated from him such an atmosphere of complete bliss, that, notwithstanding the monotony of subject in his conversation, his mere bodily presence with them seemed almost to solve the whole problem of life. His face wore such a perpetual smile that they longed to catch him asleep in order to see if it vanished even then. The attitude which he took toward his own condition would have led one to suppose that engagements were a new invention of his own, and now patented by him for his sole use. And yet, notwithstanding all this, his friends were not entirely satisfied that she was the girl for him. One thing in particular made Leland nervously apprehensive. He spoke of it to Holcombe as they walked home after a call upon her.

"She appreciates him," he had said; "she appreciates him, but not in the right way. She 's proud of him and all that; but she 's proud of him in just the same way she glories in her new engagement ring. She sees that she 's got possession of the brilliant genius, that she 's the envy of most other women, but she does n't know the man himself yet. He 's a new, and glorious, and expensive toy; and she 's a child who is playing with it until she gets tired."

"Oh, you 're pessimistic," Holcombe had replied.

"No," Leland had said seriously, "you mark my words, she does n't care for him yet in the right way, — not in the way Draxon cares for her. I don't say that she will not do so in time. But she does n't now. There 's something that is n't there in her; and that worries me."

Leland had not known that Draxon was contemplating a trip to Europe until he met Holcombe on the street on the day when Buffum's notice of the dinner was sent out. "Yes, he 's been called over on business. Poor man, he feels like the devil about going. He 'd give up almost anything of his own to stay here; but this has something to do with one of his trust estates. He sails on the Galatea early Saturday morning. He 's going over to New York on Friday noon after the dinner. Did you know that they 've fixed upon the wedding immediately upon his return in January? This will be his last bachelor dinner at the Vagabond."

"The wedding in January? He *is* in a hurry, is n't he? But after all I 'm glad there 's to be no delay. By the way," Leland had replied, "I was walking up past the Hollister house the other day, and I saw that young Framleigh coming out."

"Framleigh; who 's he?"

"Why, don't you remember the sombre youth we met down at Mrs. Lawrence's, — the man whom Ethel Hollister was supposed to have thrown over in favor of old Harry?"

"Oh, that man! What do you suppose he 's doing around there now? It 's like a ghost haunting the scene of his murder, is n't it? There must be little satisfaction in that practice for an unsuccessful lover," Holcombe had said. And then as he turned to leave, "Don't forget, we three lunch together the day Draxon leaves."

"All right," Leland had answered, "I 'll be there."

The dinner had certainly been a glorious success, so far, — one of the most brilliant that the many old members who were present could remember. The newer members sat with mouths agape at the jests and the repartee flung up and down and across the table. Old Joshua Manningly, the president, was in his best form that night; and no one had escaped from his incisive sarcasm and his double-edged flattery. All had sat down with riotous enthusiasm; and the confusion had increased in mathematical ratio as each new course came upon the table. The sole rule of the

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club was that there should be no rules, — the Vagabondian paradox. Its boast was that it had no constitution. Therefore, speaking began or left off at any period in the dinner when fancy dictated; and any unlucky guest who imagined that time would be afforded to him, at least until the coffee was served, in which to think up his "impromptu" speech, was generally disconcerted by being called to his feet in the middle of the entrées.

That night Northrop, the actor, was introduced during the fish course; but he had been the club's guest several times, and he was not taken unawares. His speech, delivered in his peculiar, jerky, and very emphatic style, had been appropriate to the occasion, containing no sentence which required even one quarter of a second to digest.

"I am going to talk only a minute" —

"Thank God!" came from somewhere.

"On the evanescence"—

"Spell it," shouted Buffum. "Shoot him in cold blood," called another. "Disgusting display of vocabulary," came from another direction.

"On the evanescence" —

"Second and last offense," Manningly said threateningly.

"Evanescence, — I can't use that word when I 'm in Delaware. It 's so long it goes over the state boundary and has to be extradited," continued Northrop, unabashed, — "evanescence of human pride and happiness." And then he told a little story of his theatrical experience.

"There 's a moral in that for you, too, Draxon, my boy, you proud and happy youngster," a member called across the table. Draxon's ever present smile, however, continued to light up his face.

Then De Forest rose and made his ninth speech of the evening on — no one knew exactly what.

"No one asked you to talk," a member said; and another rose and moved that De Forest be expelled from the club. The motion was put and unanimously carried; and De Forest bowed and uttered his heartfelt, solemn thanks for the honor.

"Mr. President and gentlemen," shouted Holcombe above the uproar.

"Sir, I dislike the discrimination implied in your remarks," said the president.

"Mr. President and other gentlemen," renewed Holcombe.

The president bowed. "The amendment is accepted."

"I move you, sir" —

"You can't do it." "You 're not strong enough," came the interruptions.

— "that we now proceed to the business of the evening."

"Mr. Holcombe offers to pay for free champagne," said the president turning to the head waiter. "That is the business, I believe."

— "of the evening, referring to the present enraptured condition of our brother Vagabondian, Harry Draxon."

At the mention of the name the whole club rose to its feet, and cheers came from all sides. Every man's glass was raised. "Dear old Harry." "Harry, old man." "Here 's to you." "Now with me." "God bless you, old fellow." Draxon sat motionless, as if dazed at the tumult. Then, for the first time, his face became grave and he seemed overwhelmed at the heartiness of the good will which shone in every one's eyes. When the noise subsided and they sat down, some began singing, and all joined in the old, "For he 's a jolly good fellow;" and they sang it as only men who mean every word of it can sing.

Then Holcombe rose, tall and gaunt, out of the tangled mass of men, and began to speak in a sober voice. The hall was as still as a sick room. With great seriousness, with no idle jest, and with the most perfect aptness and sympathy, he told Draxon how much he was to each of them and to the whole club. He told him how they all rejoiced at the fact of

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his happiness, and envied him the joy that had come into his life, how they all cursed themselves that they had n't been able to bring as much to him, and that it had remained for a helpless girl to do that. He told him how they knew that the club would never have the same hold upon him that it had before, how something else far better and higher would now have first place in his heart. "But then," he said, "Harry, old man, there 'll be some night when perhaps *she* won't be with you, and when perhaps you 'll feel just a little lonely, and then you 'll look in on us and you 'll find us just the same — no, not just the same — even more glad to see you and have you with us than we are now. And so," his voice trembled a little, "Draxon, dear, good, old Draxon, we drink to you now. We don't wish you happiness because you 've got all of that you can hold. But we wish you a continuance of that happiness all your life, every day, and every hour, and every minute of it, and — and — well, I guess that 's all. Now — Harry — you old fool, get up and say something, can't you?"

With this rather confused and lame ending, Holcombe sat down and every one said it was the best speech he had ever made. And they all rose again, and drank, and hammered the table, until the plates and glasses jumped up and down, clinking and clattering.

Draxon was pushed, and shoved, and hoisted to his feet by his neighbors beside him, and stood silent, nervously tearing his dinner card. He took a glass of water and still remained silent, while they could see his face twitch as he tried to regain control of himself. Finally he said with his old-time drawl, but in a half-smothered voice: —

"Brothers of the Vagabond — I — I don't know what to say. And yet I ought to say something. I can't thank you. You see I can't, as I want to."

"Go ahead; you 're doing first-rate," called out a man across the table; but his interruption was greeted with frowns and admonitions to "shut up."

"I don't know whether you all have met my — my heart's desire."

"Good, good!" they cried.

"But I think you 'll take my word for it when I say that I am the luckiest man that ever lived, and to-night the happiest. I don't deserve it all; God knows, I don't deserve her."

Holcombe and Leland exchanged glances. They felt that the luck and the unworthiness were all on the other side.

"But I 've got her. By God's help I 'll try and make myself what I ought to be, for her. You fellows remember Van Ness's poem that he read here last spring about Vagabondian Loves. You recall that he described how unlucky all of us seemed to have been in love, judging from the attitude and tone of the love ditties read at this table, — how almost all our poems dwelt on the unfaithfulness of some fairy female, or on the jilting of some woe-begone swain, or were Lays to Lost Loves. Well, I 'm the beginning of a new era; but though now I can't write a poem of woe or of hard luck in love, I can't guarantee that my love is n't unlucky in loving me."

"Oh, oh, false modesty thy name is Draxon!" "Never, never," flew the interjections.

"And so," continued Draxon, his old smile returning, "perhaps you won't think me too presumptuous and too one-ideaed if I ask you to drink a return toast with me, a toast which ought to be appropriate for each one of you; and if it does not fit, the sooner you, each one of you, imitate my good example and put yourself in a position where it will fit, the better man you 'll each of you be. I ask you all, brethren, to rise and drink, 'To the Girl who loves a Vagabondian.'"

They all jumped up with a cheer, and the wine slopped over their glasses as they drank with a zest, and cheered, and then drank again, and cheered. And all the while Draxon sat back in his chair

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with his smile of perfect joy and delight.

Then Northrop rose again, although informed that he had "already spoken once," and that "children should be seen, not heard," and said that he hoped Mr. Draxon would not subject himself, in making love, to the comment made upon him, Northrop. He told how he had received a letter complaining that, when on the stage, he always addressed his proposals to the lady behind her back, and made love to her back hair. On thinking over his plays, he found out that unconsciously this had been his habit. His female correspondent objected bitterly to this mode of procedure as being unfair on the girl who was thus prevented from seeing his face, and from judging whether he was in earnest.

After Northrop had sat down, amid a deathly silence and audibly querulous questionings among the members where the joke lay in his remarks, a popular but very grave judge of the Supreme Court rose, and said the occasion reminded him of a burlesque love poem. Unfortunately it only reminded him of the first four lines. At the fifth line his memory gave out.

"And close by stood an ancient inn,"

he repeated three times. "The bench seems to have difficulty in getting by the bar of that inn," De Forest said in a low and musing tone. A shout went up around the table, and the judge resumed his seat, which action was greeted by a burst of handclapping. Then Grantham set off a bunch of his crackling aphorisms, more or less appropriate to the occasion, — among them, "Where singleness is bliss, 't is folly to have wives," and, "A little widow is a dangerous thing." Some one told a story, regarding which the best comment was made by Van Ness, that it was "received with that cordiality with which we always greet an old friend."

And so the evening passed by. Salters sang a rollicking song with his delightful tenor voice; and the loving cup was brought on. The famous old toast, "Here 's to one another — and to one other," was drunk. Then, after a few stories, the dinner broke up, without formal motion, but by the gradual drifting away of members in congenial groups.

"Good-by, Harry, old man." "Good luck to you." "Hope you 'll have a pleasant trip." "Good-by, Harry." They crowded up to shake his hand; and then the room became empty.

Holcombe, Draxon, and Leland strolled down the street together. Draxon seemed like a man in a dream, so saturated was he with pleasure at the good comradeship and the hearty wishes of the evening. The three stood under an arc lamp in front of Leland's quarters, chatting. "Won't you come in Harry, just for a minute, and have a final stirrup cup?" Leland asked.

"You forget," Holcombe said, "we 're all three going to lunch to-morrow."

"Oh, by the way, Holcombe," Draxon broke out, "I entirely forgot to tell you fellows, I can't lunch with you to-morrow, because I 'm going to New York to-night, in just half an hour." He looked at his watch.

"Look here, that 's too bad," said Holcombe. "What are you going to do that for?"

"Why, I find that I must be in New York to-morrow to attend to some important business. I sail, you know, at four o'clock in the morning, Saturday. I thought that I could fix it up by going on to-morrow noon, but I need more time so I 've changed my plans."

"How did Miss Hollister like your going on to New York this way a day earlier, and leaving her before you meant to?" Leland said laughingly.

"She does n't know anything about it. You know she was obliged to go off to Washington herself yesterday to see her mother, who 's sick. I said good-by to her then."

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"Do you mean to say that you stayed back here away from her for this dinner?" asked Holcombe.

"Well, not wholly. I really could n't get away from here a minute sooner. It was pretty hard though, I can tell you, letting her go off on Wednesday when I was n't to sail until Saturday."

"You 're a real hero, Harry," Leland said. "You 'll write her to-night about your change of plans, and all about the dinner?"

"Oh yes, of course."

"Well, don't forget to put in all the nice things that were said. Don't be too modest, old fellow. Those are the things that will please her."

Leland looked at his watch.

"Are you going over to your rooms, Harry?" he asked; "because if you are, you have n't got any extra time to spare."

"Oh no," he said, "I locked everything up over there this afternoon and cleared out. I had my baggage sent over to the station early, so that I could meet Manningly and Northrop at the Arnold Club before we went down to the dinner. What time is it?"

"Eleven thirty-five."

"So late? Well, I suppose I ought to be going." There was great reluctance and regret in his voice. "Good-by, old men — until January 2d."

Leland gripped his hand. "Good-by and all kinds of good luck, Harry, and hurry back home," he said.

Holcombe took his hand. "Harry," he said, "I meant what I said to-night, you know. It was n't a speech. I meant it. You understand?"

"Oh, that 's all right. Of course — and thank you, old man; you know how much," answered Draxon. "Good-by," — "Good-by," — "Good-by," came from them all; and then Harry Draxon walked off.

As he turned, they could see his eyes; and they felt they had never seen a more completely happy man.

That was Thursday night, November the 14th. It was on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 20th, that the usual little coterie of men had gathered in the lounging room of the Arnold Club. The tinkle of the clock on the wall over the blazing wood fire announced half past five. With drinks on tables at their side, they were lazily watching the stream of business men and belated shoppers returning home through the twilight. They saw Buffum come down the street and up the steps of the club, and there was a curious look on his face. He joined them amid casual and jovial greetings. He held up his hand to quell the noise.

"You have n't heard the news, then?" he said, with a choking voice.

"What news? What 's the matter, Buff?"

He paused, and there was the complete stillness of anticipation in the room. Then he said without further preliminary, —

"The Galatea has gone down — only one boatload of passengers saved."

"Great God!" some one cried. The rest sat, silent and chilled.

"And Harry Draxon?" It was Holcombe's voice, but one would hardly have recognized it.

"His name is not among those saved."

A sound of laughter drifted in from the hallway. Then they began to talk together in strained whispers.

Later bulletins confirmed the horrible report. The Galatea, two days out from New York, had collided with a large iceberg in the nighttime, and had gone straight to the bottom. The second mate, the purser, and a dozen passengers had escaped in one boat. All the rest, officers, crew, and passengers, were lost, and Harry Draxon was dead.

"Do you remember, Roger, how the dear old fellow looked that night when we said 'good-by'?" Holcombe said to Leland, three days afterwards, when the truth of the news was absolutely estab-

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lished. "Did you ever see a happier being in your life?"

Holcombe was the executor named in Draxon's will, and he had asked Leland, as one of Harry's most intimate friends, to go up to Draxon's room with him, when he started to take charge of his papers and effects. It was a painful thing to do, but Leland had felt that possibly he might be of some service, and so he had accompanied him. The old housekeeper had met them, and said with a sob: "Ye 'll find everything of Mr. Harry's just as he left it, the blessed soul; and there is two letters on his desk that came for him the evening he left, which I was going to forward to Europe for him. Ye know he changed his plans and went over to New York earlier, and he did n't leave me any address. They 'll be there all right on his desk."

They entered his room as if they were entering a church, — that room in which they had passed so many confidential, careless, jovial evenings. It looked the same, but it never would be the same again. They talked in whispers as Holcombe unlocked the desk drawers and looked over the papers. Everywhere around the room, on the table, the mantelpiece, the desk, were photographs of Ethel Hollister.

Leland gave a start as the thought suddenly occurred to him that, in the intensity of his personal grief, he had not attempted to call upon her. He wondered whether she was in town or still in Washington. As he stood by the fireplace looking painfully at the last picture which Harry had had taken, a photograph of himself and Miss Hollister together, he heard Holcombe utter a violent exclamation followed by a groan. Turning around, he saw him staring vacantly at an open letter, one of the two upon the desk.

"What 's the matter?" Leland said. "Anything serious?" Holcombe seemed about to offer the letter to him, then he drew back, folded it up, and returning it to the envelope, placed it in his pocket. His face was white, almost as if from anger.

"What is it?" Leland repeated.

"It 's a letter," Holcombe said, "which I found here for Draxon, and which — well, which I think perhaps I 'd better not show you, at least not now."

Leland was surprised at the confusion and emotion in his manner. But he saw on looking intently at Holcombe's rigid face that it would be wiser not to press the matter further at present. He retained, however, considerable curiosity to know what it could have been that had stirred Holcombe so deeply.

The funeral was held a few days after that. The church was crowded with men, and although Draxon was comparatively young in his profession, there were judges of the Supreme Court, clerks of the courts, leaders of the Bar, and, what was more significant, elevator men from his office building and from the court house, minor court-room officials, tradesmen with whom he dealt, and his club associates, all mingled together. Never had Leland and Holcombe understood so perfectly his lovable character as during that hour when they sat in the dimly lighted church and watched all those men in diverse walks of life assembled to show their personal affection for him. And Ethel Hollister was there, not dressed in the deepest of mourning, but very pale and stricken in her look.

About two weeks later the members received a notice containing simply the bare announcement that the next dinner of the Vagabond Club would be held on Thursday, December 12. With the recollection of the last dinner vivid in him, Leland had been unable to bring himself to the point of deciding to go, until he had met Frank Holcombe on the day before the dinner. "You ought to go, Roger. We all ought to go, because Harry would have wished it. You

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know how he loved the club, and how he would have disliked the thought that his death should in any way break up our meetings. The club must show its appreciation of his feelings." Leland knew that he was right, and so they went together on the evening of the 12th. But on looking round the room where they were accustomed to assemble, he shivered as if a cold wind had swept in through it from the sea; for it seemed so empty without him there to squeeze their hands with unaffected gladness at seeing them again. Each member as he arrived appeared to have a subdued air of wanting to say something and yet of suppressing his real thought by force of will. A few mentioned openly Harry Draxon's name. But those who knew him best kept ominously silent in respect to him. The fact was, that the place was so full of association that no one of them dared trust his own emotions.

As they went into the dining hall they noticed halfway down the table a chair, in front of which stood a battered pewter beer mug. It was the place where he had sat last November. The mug was his, well remembered for years back. To-night they left the chair unoccupied. When they all were seated at the board and touched elbows, when each felt the helpful presence of his neighbor, a little of the true Vagabondian cheer gradually returned. The jokes began to be flung about again wildly. Good-natured abuse and cutting quips met each man who ventured to speak a few words loud enough to be heard by the others. A new member was initiated; and his initial attempt at literary production was received with all the old-time opprobrium, insults, and derision. As Van Ness said in mock flattery, "I congratulate Mr. Penthrow on dipping into poetry and emerging still conscious, although only partly intelligible." One of the club bores read a lengthy and didactic essay, evidently intended to be humorous, which was received in discouraging and stony silence.

The merriment seemed to rise to even a higher pitch than on many previous evenings. But those who knew the men intimately felt that it was all feverish, almost strained, that each was vying with his neighbor, as if afraid lest the one and only topic of which all were thinking should be mentioned. De Forest had risen and was speaking rather wildly and disconnectedly when suddenly — crash — crash! ! ! The president's gavel fell on the table with so tremendous force that a bottle by his side toppled over. Unheeding, Manningly rose with a very serious face. "Brethren," he said, — "Excuse me, De Forest, will you not please sit down?" — This unwonted courtesy so confused De Forest that he dropped heavily into his chair. — "Brethren, why keep up this ghastly farce of pretense? We have watched one another trying in vain by joke or jest to drive out of his mind the one thought which holds us all to-night. But why avoid it? Why not be honest? We are here because we loved Harry Draxon."

The men breathed deep all along the table. Leland saw Holcombe and Buffum wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. Others pushed their chairs back, and there was absolute attention. "And we are here, too," the president continued, "because Harry Draxon loved the club, and because by coming here and behaving just as we always have done, in closest and cheeriest fellowship, we shall be doing just what Harry Draxon would have wished that we should do." Holcombe and Leland exchanged glances and nodded to each other. Leland felt that he had never heard old Manningly speak with more perfect feeling and insight.

"Boys, I can call you so, because I am so much older than most of you, I loved him like a son; you, like a brother. This is no place for formal eulogy on our loss. That has been said in other surroundings. Harry needs no eulogy. Besides, the Vagabond never

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loses a member in this way. He is still our Harry, still a Vagabondian, — but now non-resident." There was a murmur of appreciation of the phrase. "I want you men to sit here to-night, and tell of him and talk of him, and repeat his stories and his doings, just as if he had simply gone over to Boston or New York to live, and as if we were some time to see him again — as, God willing, we shall."

He sat down quickly, trying hard to smile; and a great cheer went up from all round the table, springing out of the feeling of relief from the artificial strain.

Then the stories began, as each man recalled some little event, some quiet joke, some kind act, or thoughtful present, or helping word in Harry Draxon's life. Gradually the tone of gloom died away as they chatted together about him; for each one of them wanted to make his contribution, wanted to add his tribute. It was certainly a remarkable life of a Christian gentleman that was unrolled there that night. The minutes fled by; and still some one would call back a well-remembered story that he had told them, a witty bit of repartee that had made a red-letter night of a jolly past dinner. And as the clock was striking eleven, — and they found themselves amazed at the lateness of the hour, so great had been their solemn enjoyment of this unique tribute of affection, — Stanley Armstrong rose and there was great clapping of hands. For Armstrong was a sculptor, well beloved of the club, who combined with his artistic talent the power of dashing off the most delicate verse, both grave and gay, always short, but full of the choicest phrases.

He took from his inside pocket a sheet of letter paper and began to read. A hush came over all, as he spoke the beautiful lines in the firmest and softest of voices. It was a poem of four stanzas to Harry Draxon's memory; and each stanza ended with the line, —

"Sit closer, friends."

He finished and sat down. No one spoke a word. A man opposite Armstrong silently leaned over the table and gripped his hand.

Then De Forest rose, — no longer flippant. "Mr. President," he said, "I think that Armstrong has spoken the last word to be said. But this club should do one thing more. I move, sir, that the Vagabond Club have the report of these stories of Draxon's life and Armstrong's perfect poem got together in some appropriate form, and one copy placed in our library, one copy sent to Harry's sister, and one to Miss Hollister."

The president bowed. "It will not be necessary, I think, to put that to a vote," he said, and he was leaning over toward the secretary, when suddenly Holcombe rose and said in a strained and harsh voice, —

"I regret, brethren, that I must oppose that motion in one respect."

Leland looked at him in great surprise, and the others seemed startled as well.

"I must ask," he continued, "that the part of the motion relating to Miss Hollister be stricken out, and that a copy be sent merely to Draxon's sister."

There was a confused murmur of protest. Holcombe looked round the table with a half-sad, half-angry start.

"I must ask you, brethren of the Vagabond, to trust me, to rely on the absolute validity of my reasons for making this request, — a request which it is most hard, most unpleasant for me to make, — and to believe that I would not make it if I did not feel compelled to do so from the most urgent motive."

"Do you care to say why you make this certainly extraordinary suggestion?" asked Manningly.

"I cannot tell you," Holcombe replied; "but I assure you on my honor as a gentleman that it would be needlessly cruel, and I will say improper, to send a copy of this to Miss Hollister."

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Manningly remained a moment silently thinking. Then he said, —

"Frank Holcombe's suggestion will be accepted if there is no objection. We rely, however, Holcombe, on your pledge that there is some valid reason why the copies should not be sent as first proposed."

Holcombe bowed gravely. "I thank you, Mr. President; I thank all of you fellows."

The episode, however, made an unpleasant impression on them all; and it seemed as if the dinner was to end as unfortunately as it had begun. But Manningly, noticing the look on the men's faces, beckoned to the head waiter, and the loving cup was brought in and placed in front of him. Raising the cup he spoke the toast.

There were two toasts which were always drunk at the Vagabond Club. One they had drunk at their November dinner. The other they drank that night. And each man, as the cup came round to him, solemnly lifted it high and said before he drank, "To our brothers, living and dead." As the cup was passed into Holcombe's hands, he held it out motionless for a moment, and looking off beyond the man opposite, off beyond the wall of the room, and out far, far into space, he said, with a choking break in his voice, "Good-by, Harry, old man."

At the end of their walk back together up the avenue, Holcombe, who had been silent for some time, suddenly said to Leland, "Roger, I think you, at least, of Harry's friends have a right to know why I acted so strangely to-night. Come up to my rooms for a minute." Leland followed him upstairs, and threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, while Holcombe unlocked his desk and took out an envelope. Leland recognized it as the one he had seen him open in Draxon's room. Holcombe handed the inclosed letter to him, saying, "You 'd better read it now. No one else will ever see it. I found that unopened, you remember, on Harry's desk. It arrived, thank God, after he left Philadelphia, and was never forwarded to New York."

This was the letter which Leland read.

WASHINGTON, *November* 14.

When we said good-by yesterday, I did not have the courage to tell you what I must write in this letter. Perhaps now that I am away from you, you will not take it so hard. You will get this, I know, before you leave for New York, for you told me you were going there on Friday; but there will be no use in your coming on to Washington when you receive it, for I have made up my mind and nothing can change it. I have thought it over and over, oh so hard, so long, — you cannot know, — and I know now that I can never marry you. I do not love you in the way that you love me. I thought I could deceive myself; and I did. I have for a little time. I was so proud that you should love me. But I do not, I never have loved you that way. It would be wrong for me to say I do, and so you must see I cannot be your wife. I don't want to be a coward or deceive you in any way, for I think too highly of you; I honor you too much to do so. You will understand everything when I tell you that Lester Framleigh has asked me to marry him, and I have consented. For I love him. Please, please don't make it any harder than it is for me, — and so don't try to see me here.

ETHEL HOLLISTER.

The letter dropped from Leland's hand as he watched the crackling fire in benumbed distress.

"And he never knew," he said at last.

"Thank God, he never knew," Holcombe repeated.

"And he died happy."

"The happiest man I ever saw."

"You were right to-night, Holcombe, in what you did," Leland said, when he

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finally realized the whole situation. "There was no need of our being as cruel to her as she would have been to him. I think the receipt of that record would have been the bitterest thing in her life. I could wish no harder thing for her."

Two months later Leland met Buffum going into the Arnold Club. "Have you heard the news about Ethel Hollister?"

"No," he said.

"She's engaged to young Lester Framleigh."

"I am not astonished," he answered, to Buffum's marked surprise.

"Poor Harry!" Buffum exclaimed thoughtfully.

"No, old man, happy Harry — always that, in our remembrance."

And Leland knew that he spoke the truth.

Charles Warren.

THE SEVEN LEAN YEARS.

"And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt." — GENESIS xli. 30.

IF the X-rays had been discovered a decade ago, and one could have turned them upon the contents of any of the leather mail bags that the East was sending to the West, he would have found therein a number of appeals for mortgages bearing a higher rate of interest than six per cent; for at that time the ratio of the supply to the demand had become such that it was *appeals* for, and not simply orders for, seven per cents that the Eastern investors were sending. The East wanted seven per cent mortgages, and, having money to pay for them, there could be but one result, — it got them.

Five or six years later the X-rays would have shown a striking difference in the letters that filled the west-bound mail bags. They would have shown the word "Receiver" prefixed to the addresses of a majority of the loan and trust companies in the Missouri valley, and that instead of cries for more, the Eastern money lenders were clamoring for their money back on what they had. There were angry demands, and pathetic appeals and pitiful tales of woe, which the various receivers were unable to satisfy or alleviate. Verily, the lot of those who were charged with the winding up of the affairs of the defunct investment companies was not a happy one. Being human, they were not insensible to the hardships of the small investors, to whom the non-receipt of their interest was a serious affair and the impairment of their principal a calamity, nor to the inconveniences of the larger investors; but being *only* human they were powerless to change conditions that made so many Western farms unproductive, and so many mortgages no longer a source of revenue to their holders.

All over the East, from the Potomac to the Penobscot, locked up in safe deposit vaults, and buried in trunks and bureau drawers, are innumerable Western farm mortgages and debentures of Western loan and trust companies upon which their holders have received nothing for the past five years. Now and again they are taken out and looked at with varying degrees of regret. The owner of the strong box or a drawer in a safe deposit vault no doubt often thinks he might as well drop them into the waste basket as to lock them up again with his more valuable papers; the owner of the trunk or bureau drawer thinks of the hard-earned dollars those yellowing

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papers represent; of the rigid economy and pinching self-denial it took to get the little hoard together; or perhaps of the proceeds of a life insurance policy, or a small legacy, that was laid away to educate the children or provide for old age, and invested this way to get a higher rate of interest than the local savings bank would pay; and now there is left not even the memory of the pleasure of spending it, — only this poor, flimsy protection for a rainy day.

Despite the many letters of explanation that have been written, most of the owners of these papers do not even yet quite understand what has become of their money, or how the papers that represent it have come to be of so little value while the land that is pledged for security is still there, just as many acres and just as good soil, and the validity of the papers is unquestioned.

Ten or twelve years ago there were so many Western investment companies offering seven per cent mortgages, that it was becoming increasingly difficult for the older and more conservative companies to market mortgages bearing only six per cent, the average investor being unable to discern any important difference save the additional one per cent, and that the mortgages bearing the higher rate of interest were of smaller amounts. Both of these differences appeared to him greatly in favor of the seven per cent loans; they would bring in ten dollars a year more on every thousand, and would enable him to scatter his funds more, avoid the necessity of putting all of his eggs, or so many of them, into one basket, of which the small investor is ever fearful. As to any difference in security, the property pledged for the payment of the seven per cents was usually valued by the owners and appraisers at a higher figure in proportion to the amount of the loans than the land which was behind the six per cents. For example, the application accompanying a four-hundred-dollar seven per cent loan in Box Butte County, Nebraska, would show the owner's value to be, land sixteen hundred, buildings one hundred and forty-five dollars; and the appraisers' value, land fifteen hundred, buildings one hundred and fifty, or a little in excess of four times the amount of the loan; while the application with a one-thousand-dollar six per cent loan in Saunders County, in the same state, would show a valuation of about twenty-eight hundred to three thousand dollars, making it *appear* that the difference was in favor of the former class of loans. The names of the counties meant little to him, — one looked about as well as another on the map. He would therefore invest his thousand dollars in two small loans bearing seven per cent, rather than in one large loan bearing six, serene in the belief that the advice of the investment company to do otherwise (and such advice was often given) was actuated by regard for its own profit account.

Investment companies that had hitherto confined their operations to the territory in which nobody was making loans that bore over six per cent — east of the ninety-ninth meridian — were everywhere confronted with this state of affairs. All their Eastern agents and most of their clients were clamoring for seven per cents; some correspondents who could sell six per cents would no longer purchase of them, but transferred their business to companies that were supplying them with seven per cents also; and clients and Eastern stockholders were continually asking, "Why cannot you also get seven per cents?" In this manner, many concerns that would not otherwise have done so were virtually coerced into entering the newer and uncertain territory in the western and northern portion of Nebraska, western Kansas and northeastern Colorado, comprising what has been known as "the great American desert" and "the plains," the former pasture of the buffalo.

There had been one or two phenome-

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nal harvests where the land was cultivated, — there was no question about the fertility of the soil in this new country, — and while it was known that there had been droughts, it was believed that with extensive cultivation of the soil the weather conditions would change and there would be greater rainfall, — that rain would follow the plough, as was apparently the case farther east. And so, not without misgivings on the part of their officers, most companies began loaning beyond the zone of certain safety, in the region of conjecture, of which only the Indian and cattleman could speak from extensive experience.

The loans made there sold readily, faster even than they could be made; sometimes there were two purchasers ready with their money for every loan that was applied for; it became a question of finding borrowers rather than purchasers of loans, and the competition between rival loan companies was no longer in connection with the selling of their loans in the East, but with the making of them in the West, — a condition that boded ill for the purchasers thereof, but which they were themselves chiefly instrumental in bringing about.

Every little town in the new territory was filled with loan agents, correspondents of the various companies, and all over these "outside" counties men were driving about looking for farmers and settlers who would borrow money, each one endeavoring to close a loan before the representative of a rival concern came along and cut him out by offering to lend a larger amount on the security, or making some concession in the matter of commission.

These loans ranged from about four hundred to seven or eight hundred dollars per quarter-section (one hundred and sixty acres) of land, sometimes running over these amounts, sometimes under, according to the borrower's prudence or need of money, or the competition for the loan, and were made for a term of five years. They were mostly made on the "stuffed" plan at first; that is, the difference between the interest the borrower was to pay and the seven per cent per annum the purchaser of the loan was to receive was added to the sum loaned and the bond and mortgage written for that amount. In other words, the borrower received the amount of the mortgage less the difference between the total interest he was to pay and the amount the loan bore for five years. If he wished to borrow five hundred dollars at ten per cent, the usual rate, the papers were written at seven per cent, and the remaining three per cent, which for five years on five hundred dollars would amount to seventy-five dollars, would be added to the amount borrowed; he would sign a mortgage for five hundred and seventy-five dollars and pay seven per cent semi-annual interest on that.

As this method made loans of an uneven amount, it was usually figured so the borrower would apply for a five-hundred-dollar loan and receive about four hundred and thirty-five dollars, or for a six-hundred-dollar loan and receive about five hundred and twenty-two dollars. From which it will readily be seen that the immediate effect of this business on the profit account of the investment company making the loans was considerable, though of course the procurer and seller had to be compensated.

After a time the borrowers demurred at this method, which is not to be wondered at, and it was necessary to take a second mortgage for the three per cent, securing notes payable in two or three years, or concurrently with the interest coupons on the first mortgage bond.

Most of the people to whom these loans were made were without any means whatever, the expense of their journey from some more eastern state having consumed what little they may have had; for even if the journey had

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been made by wagon, there were bridge tolls to be paid and provisions to be bought, and there was no possibility of their meeting interest payments save from the proceeds of what they raised on the land or any unexpended portion of the money loaned them. As they must have title to the land before a valid mortgage could be given, and this could only be obtained by proof of a residence thereon of so many years, or the payment to the government of two hundred dollars, the latter method had to be adopted to get the loan, and of course materially decreased the sum they received therefrom, and almost eliminated the chance of there being anything left when the first interest payment fell due, even in the case of the best disposed and most thrifty; for they must eat while the first crop was maturing, and perhaps a horse or two must be bought to aid in putting in the first planting.

If all went well, if there was a sufficiency of rainfall, and at the right time, if the grasshoppers kept away and no hail beat down their crops, there was no trouble. But sometimes, instead of the needed rains, there came scorching winds, as if from the ovens of Hades, that burned up the thirsty stalks; or with the rain came hail that pounded the grain into the earth; or the locusts came and ate every green thing. Then was there trouble and despair, interest became delinquent, and the team and plough were mortgaged to fill hungry mouths. Another good season would set matters right again, for, given moisture and no hail or "hoppers," the land yielded abundantly; but the lean years, the dry years, came so much more frequently than the fat ones, that farming was a losing game in many of these Western counties, and the farmers finally left their claims to the coyote and the sheriff and the cattlemen.

Some held on for a number of years; some, in the better counties, or where they could irrigate, managed to make their claims pay and gradually wipe out the mortgages; but these cases have been extremely rare. Many were ne'er-do-wells who, having failed in everything else, of course failed at farming; some were burdened with the curse of the wandering foot, — had never remained anywhere long, — and pulled up and were off to Oklahoma, or Oregon, or Texas, or anywhere else, at the first setback. Some came simply for the money they could raise on a loan on their claim; for where they had title it was often possible to borrow more on the land than it could be sold for, and the discouraged or speculative could more profitably mortgage their farms and leave them to the mortgagees than sell them outright, the average borrower in this part of the country caring little for his promises to pay.

The writer has been in the office of an investment company when a mail bringing applications for loans of this sort, in bundles, from Custer and Box Butte counties in Nebraska, and Sherman County, Kansas, came in, and has seen everything else dropped and the clerks kept after office hours in order that papers might be written up to go out at the soonest possible moment, it being known that the loans could be sold without question as soon as completed and sent East. That was in 1888, and this sort of thing was going on in the office of a large majority of the investment companies throughout Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri, where investment companies chiefly flourished at that time, and to which companies, their loans, and field of operations, this paper refers. The mails were heavy with these loans going East, and with checks in payment for them, and appeals for more, coming West.

So many Western mortgages were pouring into the Eastern states that about 1888–89 the legislatures of many of them deemed it incumbent upon them-

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selves to pass laws that would safeguard the purchasers. So it was decreed that no Western investment company should do business in their state unless placed under the supervision of, and annually examined by, an officer of the state, who was known by different titles in different states, such as "Commissioner of Foreign Mortgage Corporations," "Inspector of Finance," or "Banking Commissioner." That is to say, they could not open offices in these states or personally offer their securities there, but from their home offices in Kansas City, or Omaha, or Topeka, they might by letter solicit business anywhere. There was nothing to prevent sales by mail, as of course there could not be. The inability to do this, and the carelessness or incompetency of most of the men who came West as examiners or inspectors, made these laws of no particular value.

The writer has seen one of these examiners come into the office of an investment company, copy the daily statement of the previous day, chat a little with the senior officer who happened to be in at the time, pocket his fee of fifty or seventy-five dollars, and depart in the belief that he had examined that company and was competent to say if it could be permitted to do business in his state. Sometimes the examiners went further, and checked up the ledger with the statement book. There was one of them in the earlier days of these examinations and a second, from another state, a little later, who took time to check up the assets with the ledger, get statements from the various banks where funds were deposited, and look over the mortgages with trustees for debenture bonds. Perhaps there were others, but the writer never came in contact with them.

With due respect for these two men, and with the greatest admiration for the conscientious manner in which they discharged their duties, it must be said that even *they* failed to learn many things that might have interested them. For instance, there were various expedients in vogue among investment companies for reducing their coupon accounts other than by collections, it being desirable — for the companies — to have it appear that they were carrying no great amount of delinquent interest. Sometimes they would get borrowers who were two or more coupons behind to give a note for the amount of the coupons and the ten per cent from maturity thereon, which all coupons bore, and hold the coupons as collateral for the note; a proceeding which would add to their profit account, decrease the amount of past due paper on hand, but would not materially alter the value of their assets. Or they might sell coupons in batches of a thousand dollars or more to one of their clerks, or the general manager's coachman, who would give his note for them; the coupons, of course, being held as collateral to the note. There were a number of ways of accomplishing the same result, and most of them could also be made to serve the purpose of getting past due paper, other than coupons, out of the assets. An examiner who had served an apprenticeship in the office of a Western investment company would probably have discovered that, while a company's books might show that the interest upon all the loans it had made was paid to it with reasonable promptness, such was not actually the case; but a man not versed in the intricacies of the business was not likely to do so, nor to form a very accurate idea as to what companies were not doing a safe business.

For a time all went along merrily: the holders of the mortgages received their interest twice a year, generally a day or so before it was due; the Eastern stockholders, whose names were paraded in advertising matter to show the character of the men behind the company, but who had no voice in its management and little or no knowledge of its affairs more than any outsider might have, received

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their semi-annual dividends (whether they were earned or not); the wise men from the East came and inspected, and took their fees, and reported the companies *sound and safe and conservative*; the companies printed on their letter heads the fact that they were under the supervision of this, that, and the other officer, which was pleasing to their clients; the officers believed they were building up a business that would be a credit to them, and a continuous source of profit to the shareholders, and were proud of their achievements; borrowers saw the country round about them filling up with settlers and the prairie rapidly turning into farms, railway surveys running hither and thither, and new towns springing up here and there; and those who really meant to stay and make their homes there saw a rosy future at the end of a few years of hard work and frugal living; what the restless, thriftless ones saw does not matter; and maker, negotiator, and purchaser of the loans were all happy.

But in the early nineties the lean years came and began to consume the fat ones. The crops dried up, and there was no revenue from the land. If any money was saved toward paying off the mortgage it went for food; borrowers were unable to pay interest, and the companies were obliged to carry their coupons for them, which most of them did willingly for a time, always believing that the next season would be a fruitful one, — that every lean kine that came would be followed by a fat one. In course of time these coupons amounted to a considerable sum, and when the far Western loans began to mature about 1892–93 many of the companies were already carrying a pretty heavy load of past due paper, or its equivalent, and receipts for taxes paid as mortgagee; yet as long as they could they refrained from falling back on the two-year limit in their guarantee. They stood between the holders of the mortgages and the havoc of the hungry years as long as possible, and it was not until they had exhausted their resources that the Eastern investor felt the teeth of the lean kine.

When the panic of 1893 came, most companies were about at the end of their rope; their incomes had all but ceased, and with paper falling due upon which there was no two-year limit to their guarantee, and no funds to meet it, there was nothing to do but lie down under the burden and ask for a receiver.

Then the weight of the ill-favored years fell upon the Eastern investors, and in many cases it was a most grievous one. The writer knows of a woman who, when the interest she needed to take care of her family stopped coming, became insane and went out and hanged herself; of a clergyman who put his savings against the rainy days of old age in debentures upon which he was unable to realize anything for five years, and then scarce one year's interest; and these are but instances of the hardships that came.

But it must be remembered that the mortgage holders were not the only sufferers from the failure of the enterprise of making farms out of the cattle ranges, though they generally seemed to think they were. Many of the mortgage makers tried hard to make farms and homes of their claims, and success or failure meant infinitely more to them than to their creditors. Even through the fat years they were working hard and living frugally because they *must*, — because there was interest to pay and stock and implements to buy; and the fields were planted all through the lean years, until the claim was abandoned, just the same as through the fruitful ones; so there was work that went for nothing and the agony of seeing promising crops burn up. Sometimes they left their places to work in the towns, the men as teamsters, the women as cooks, to earn money to try it another year, only to see their crops again die of thirst.

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Those who were engaged in the making of loans did not escape either; their business was ruined, and many of them lost their homes and the savings of years and were left completely bankrupt. They have received little sympathy and many curses from both East and West. If the enterprise had succeeded, if there had been no lean-fleshed years to eat up the fat-fleshed ones, that is, if there had been rain enough, they would have been looked upon as benefactors; by the borrowers, unto whom they had brought the needed capital; by the lenders, for whose money they had found profitable use.

But there was *not* rain enough, the lean years consumed the fat ones, there was failure and distress, and the land has gone back to what it was in the beginning, — grazing land; the farmers left it, and the cattlemen came back with their herds. With the farmers the farming values left it also, and most of it is worth now only its value as grazing land. So, instead of gratitude, the investment men were showered with maledictions.

Of course they were not blameless, but if they concealed facts, and made misleading statements, it was partly from inability to make the Easterners clearly comprehend exact facts and estimate them at their true value; they believed success was possible until the last, and backed their belief with their own money.

At the time these loans were made, about 1887–90, it was believed the lands could be profitably cultivated, and this belief gave them a value that could last no longer than the belief. When it was finally admitted that they could not be tilled with profit, there were no buyers, and values fell to what stock raisers would pay. While the acres themselves have not diminished, the revenue it is possible to derive from them has, and it is the revenue that makes their value.

In some cases, where lands can be irrigated, old values will return, but even seven fat years would hardly bring them back to lands that must depend upon natural rainfall, in the light of past experience, though of course good years would count for something.

There has been much in the papers about the prosperity of Kansas and Nebraska, where a large share of these poor loans were made, and it has been difficult for the holders of the defaulted mortgages to reconcile what they are told about the land in which they are interested with what they read of the state in general. These Western states cover large areas. Nebraska is larger than all of New England, its eastern and western boundaries are farther apart than Boston and Buffalo, and while a large portion of it is apparently fit for nothing but pasturage, there is still enough to make several Eastern states that is as fine farming country as there is on the face of the globe, where there is never a total failure of crops. This is what used to be the six per cent territory; it is five or five and a fraction per cent now, and there is no safer investment than farm mortgages therein. Here is where the prosperity is.

Roughly speaking, a line drawn from Dakota down through the counties of Knox, Antelope, Wheeler, Custer, Dawson, Phelps, and Furnas would divide the Nebraska sheep from the goats, though there would be a few goats on the sheep side and a few sheep among the goats, mostly near the fence. Eastern Nebraska is a country of productive farms, with comfortable houses and large barns and corncribs, a rolling prairie that is fair to look upon; western Nebraska is largely as flat as a well-laid floor, and one may ride over it for miles without seeing any signs of civilization save, perhaps, a herd of cattle or the wreck of a sod shanty, now but a mound that is gradually going back to earth again, for Nature quickly reclaims her own, and has largely covered up all traces of the buildings described in the applications of western Nebraska loans, which were but

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sod. But western Nebraska is a fine pasture: it is planted with grasses that have withstood the trampling feet of countless bison, and that even the prairie fires and long droughts could never kill; there is no better cattle country anywhere than this, — that is, the best of it, for some of it is a waste of sandhills.

As to the future of these defaulted loans, it is improbable that anything will ever be paid by the borrowers on either the interest or principal of as many as one in twenty, for most of the borrowers have left the lands with no expectation of ever returning, and in most cases it would be difficult and of little avail to trace them. Sometimes, however, by starting foreclosure proceedings, a mortgagor may be found, or some one unto whom the mortgagor has sold his equity, who will make some sort of a settlement to clear the land; but such instances are extremely rare, and the probability of such an outcome is so slight that, practically, the holder of a mortgage on abandoned land can hope for no returns upon his investments save from the security itself, or the sale of his loan for what it will bring. To realize upon the security requires some additional outlay for the acquirement of title and to clear the land from taxes; to realize by sale of the loan one must sacrifice tremendously, and not expect much over five or ten cents on a dollar of the principal sum, taking no account of the interest there may be accrued. For whoever will buy must acquire title (that is, equity title; the mortgage is but a lien, and must be foreclosed to give possession), and pay off the taxes; and he can generally buy as many as he wants at that price.

If one neither sells his loan nor clears the land of taxes, in course of time his interest in the land will be wholly cut out by a foreclosed tax lien; it is therefore desirable not to let matters run too long, for in the great majority of cases it is either take the land, sell the loan, or lose everything.

It is generally advisable to consult some person or firm making a business of caring for such loans before taking any action. There are many such in the different cities and towns where the defunct investment companies had their offices; they are familiar with local laws and conditions, and will usually advise without charge as to the probable cost of foreclosure, amount of unpaid taxes, practicability of obtaining title from present holder for a nominal sum, instead of by foreclosure, and prospects for selling land when in position to do so.

Much depends on the particular piece of land, and general statements are not universally applicable. The land securing a loan may not be worth the taxes against it, or it may be possible to sell it for enough more than the lien to make good the outlay for foreclosure costs and taxes, or even more; but this is not frequently the case.

The loans behind the debenture bonds are largely of the same class as those that now cumber strong boxes and bureau drawers, and the foregoing will perhaps help holders thereof to a better understanding of the difficulties of the various trustees, and the tardiness and smallness of the first dividends thereon, as well as explain to the holders of the mortgages themselves how the loans came to be made, and how they came to lose their value, or so much of it, for which purpose this article has been written.

Referee.

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THE THOUGHT OF THE LITTLE BROTHER.

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

Matthew's clothes shine like the sun;
He guards me well and he is one.
Mark is two, and Luke is three,
And dear St. John smiles down on me.

(Brother Berthold that cannot rest,
For the cross of thorns pierced in his breast,
Walks all night with haggard eyes
And "Lord have mercy, mercy!" cries.)

Crimson and blue and green have they,
But I must go in stuff of gray;
Blue and green and red and gold,
Their warm robes shut me from the cold.
They all bend over and talk and sing,
And I can tell them everything.

Brother Benedictus says
A good child should be filled with praise
From morning-song till even-song,
And holy dreams the whole night long.
For if you dream of Jesus, then
You will be blessèd among men.

So at night I shut my eyes
When the dear Lord walks in Paradise,
Saying "Christ, Christ, Christ!" to bring him near.
If he were little, would he hear?
And would his mother tell him nay
If I should ask him out to play?
If I could dream of Jesus, then
I should be blessèd among men!

But — the thorn has a flower by the old gray wall,
Ursyne throws me her scarlet ball,
The blind priest says, "Did an apple fall?"
I cannot dream of Christ at all!

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

Once Mark leaned down to me and smiled:
"The Child Christ dreamed such dreams, dear child!"

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Brother Benedictus says
There is no life save only praise;
He says the poppies red as flame
Grew so to mind me of my shame.
"It was thy thought that had Him die,
Thyself unborn did crucify."
And then I cannot help but cry —
That let the dear Lord Jesus die.

But Luke has a garment all of red.
He hugged and kissed me, and he said,
"He loves not that his child should weep,
Sleep, little Brother," — and I sleep.

Once Ursyne on a cloth of blue
Must stitch, as all girl children do.
She pricked her finger, and the thread
That was so white was turned to red.
The mother would not let her cry,
Nor break the thread and lay it by: —
"For Christ will love thy work," she said,
"And bless it where the blood was shed."

(Out in the cold Brother Berthold
Walks through the night, so haggard and old;
If a cock should crow I should hear him call, —
"Peter and Paul — pray for us all —
Pray for us all!")

Brother Benedictus says
That if we walk the paths of praise
We may meet angels there! I know
For my own self that this is so.
To-day I lost my ball, and where
My eyes might search it was not there;
But since we should give praise for all,
I praised God that I lost my ball.
And then a lovely angel came,
With long green wings and locks of flame.
Out of the grass where I'd searched an hour
He plucked it like a scarlet flower;
And then I kissed him, and his wings
Drooped round me like dear living things.

Brother Berthold is best of all.
He planted brambles by the wall;
He scourged himself, and every stone
In his dark cell had blood thereon;
He blinded his own eyes, to know
If he might not see visions so.

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I told him all those blessèd things, —
The ball, the kiss, the darling wings.
He cried aloud. "Child, child," said he,
"Would those great wings might comfort me!"

(Out in the cold Brother Berthold
Walks all night so haggard and old.
He beats his breast, with sightless eyes,
And "Mercy, mercy, mercy!" cries.)

Brother Benedictus says
There is no life save only praise;
And there is not a child too young
To serve Him with a golden tongue.
Be we man or beast or clod,
Praise God — praise God!

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

Blue and green and red and gold,
Their warm robes shut me from the cold.

Peter and Paul, pray for us all!
'T was a bough of ripe quinces hung over the wall!

Mark is two, and Luke is three;
John had a rose, but he gave it to me!

Ursyne's got a gown o' gray —
They let her into the court to play,
(Let me dream of Christ I pray)
I picked her a quince to eat to-day.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

A LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

America has had, and is still having, more to do with the making of Greater Britain than is dreamed of in the world's philosophy. New Zealand, especially, may be cited as a witness in this connection, and a book might be written about what she has adapted and assimilated from the United States. For example, she has labor laws, under which a systematic effort is made to give the worker what is considered fair pay for his work, and to avert and adjust disruptive differences between workers and employers. These laws have been so distinctly beneficial in their practical operation that they have already been worked into the legislation of several other colonies, and their principles are now in process of active germination in the political soil of England. Yet what is their genesis? Of

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course they were, in the first instance, called for by the conditions of life in New Zealand, and no doubt New Zealand could, from within herself, have applied a solution more or less satisfactory, for the necessity was patent to the consciousness of her thinking men. As a matter of fact, however, the guiding hand came from America; that is, the public men of New Zealand, looking all round for aids to help them out of a difficulty, found the United States ready to present them with a means to the end they had in view. As I write I have before me copies of the Massachusetts Act of 1886, to provide for a State Board of Arbitration for the settlement of differences between employers and their employees, also of the 1887 and 1888 amendments of that statute, and copies of the earlier annual reports of the State Board; and it is within my personal knowledge that these and kindred documents from the same source led to the drafting of the originals of the present labor laws of New Zealand. The Hon. T. W. Hislop, sometime colonial secretary and afterwards minister of education in the colony, was the first to take this work in hand. The bills projected by him did not reach the statute book, for the ministry of which he was a member went out of office, but what had been assimilated from America was not lost, for Mr. Hislop's successor, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, with a happy talent for progressive statecraft, caught up Mr. Hislop's work and carried it on to the goal of definitive legislation.

The change thus being brought about is one of the very greatest importance in the mutual sphere of capital and labor, employer and employee. It rests on the principle of vital partnership, and involves the ultimate expression of that principle in practice. Probably neither in America nor England nor New Zealand is the point of realization yet within measurable distance, but the leaven is at work, and there is no reason to believe that it will not spread throughout the whole lump. This result is likely to be reached much sooner in New Zealand than in either America or England, because the colonial lump is not only smaller, but less compacted than it is in either of the other instances of prejudice, vested interest, millionairism, monopoly, and other complicating ingredients of time and individualistic trade on the grand scale. It may be that America herself will in the end gain by the working of her own example in New Zealand, for the colony's geographical limitations and social and racial homogeneousness are probably more favorable to the early and symmetrical development of vital changes than the contrary conditions which prevail in the United States; and these very states may have to come for their full vitalizing impulse of progress to the country which in the first instance obtained its corresponding impulse from them. Then the parable of the mustard seed will be realized in the sphere of economics.

America has in other things played a considerable part in connection with democratic development in New Zealand. In New Zealand's labor laws, modeled on those of Massachusetts, a distinct step is taken toward a real partnership of labor and capital. In a minor degree an attempt has also been made to make labor independent of capital, and this, too, is traceable to the United States. In this instance, however, the journalism of New York, and not the legislation of any state, has been the intermediary agent, and Italy the land of the example. Some years ago the Milanese correspondent of a New York newspaper described the manner in which public works in Italy were occasionally carried on by workingmen organized on principles of coöperation. It was shown that capitalist contractors were not necessary for certain undertakings, and that, in effect, the profits which would have gone to such contractors remained among the

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workers themselves, or were, in consequence of lessened cost, never drawn from the state or public body. New Zealand journalists, reading these articles, reproduced their gist, and suggested the application of the principles and the methods they disclosed to public works in New Zealand. Alert and sympathetic politicians caught at the idea, which was reduced to practice, with the result that one of the recognized institutions of the colony is what is now known as its co-operative works system.

This method of carrying on public works is still on its trial in New Zealand. In some instances it has failed, especially in connection with buildings where skilled and unskilled workmen have been employed. To make it a success in such cases, careful, almost scientific, classification of the workers is necessary to begin with, and then there must be the coördination of all under a management, the authority of which must be all pervading and all prevailing; resting in the consent of all, and receiving the submission of all. So far coöperative workers in New Zealand have not proved themselves to be equal on a large scale to these complex requirements; but in ordinary road or railway work, in connection with which mere manual labor and physical strength are the chief factors, where the supervision is intrusted to a government engineer, and the majority of the workers are unskilled laborers, the coöperative system has been a substantial success.

The scale of pay per foot, or yard, or chain, is fixed by a government department, just as it would be officially in the department's own interest in regard to any other public work to be contracted for by any person or persons; but in the case of coöperative work, this scale is made known to the whole country, and the works to which it applies are practically open to all who choose to earn money by them. At first the classification of the workers was very rough, almost non-existent in fact, and there were many complaints, that old, or weak, or inexperienced, or otherwise inefficient men received dividends not earned by them, to the detriment and loss of the better workers. However, a method of classification, which practically does away with complaint on this score, has now been in force for some time, and there are indications that the experience thus gained will enable the system to be applied successfully to works where skilled and unskilled labor have to go on side by side, and where all must be coördinated under a central authority which is supreme, and must not be questioned for the time being.

When this comes to pass, the other colonies which have been closely watching the experiment so far as it has gone will be certain to follow suit, for in all these countries the democratic principle is not only paramount, but the workers make common cause with, and follow one another; and whatever they ask with a show of good sense and sound reason is readily given to them. And by the time Australia has learned from New Zealand, perhaps America will be ready to learn from Australia this important lesson in the evolution of a system of labor under which the worker and community are brought into cordial relations, in which the capitalist has no part. In any case, the genesis of coöperative works in New Zealand is worth noticing as an illustration of the leavening power and interaction of democratic ideas, and as an instance of that colony's aptness at assimilation in such matters, and of what she, in one way or another, owes to the United States in that connection.

New Zealand has caught up from Massachusetts, not only popularly but legislatively, deliverances made in respect to the relations between employers and workers, and her popular arenas have now for some years rung with the gospel of Maine in respect to the sale and use of alcoholic liquors. Indeed, this under-

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states the case, for with the liquor law of Maine as their guiding example, the temperance party of New Zealand years ago succeeded in placing the principle of local option on the statute book, and every electorate in the colony can now, if it chooses to vote by a three-fifths majority for No License, close every public house in the licensing district. In one extensive electorate this has been carried into effect, and this success, like the proverbial taste of blood, has added to the eagerness and energy of the temperance people, who, with every adult woman in the colony enfranchised, hope to return at each parliamentary election an ever increasing number of members favorable, not merely to local option, but to national prohibition by an absolute majority.

In these days of reading the literary factor is, however, probably even more potent than the political; and in this connection, too, it is America that gives New Zealanders their most congenial comrades and educators. Of recent writers in English none have a greater influence with assimilative minds here than Walt Whitman, Lowell, and Emerson. Whitman is intellectual meat and drink to large numbers of New Zealand men and women. A few days after his death in March, 1892, one of the smallest newspapers in the colony said that "Whitman and America were in a remarkable degree the counterparts of each other — large, live, full of power, and teeming with wonderful potentialities. People, when they go to America, find that it takes them long to get into sympathetic adjustment with the country, and so, too, it is, as a rule, with the reader when he or she first makes acquaintance with Walt Whitman. But once get into adjustment with him, and what in modern literature is found to be so invigorating, so expanding, so dispersive of trumpery or despondent views of life, as Whitman's poetry, or even the prose of his Democratic Vistas and Specimen Days?" Nor was this an isolated or a transient opinion, for only a month or two ago one of the chief morning journals of the colony had a leading article on American literature, the writer of which said that "Walt Whitman interpreted the true underlying spirit of American democracy as faithfully as Goethe represented the German and Shakespeare the English aristocracy.

"In Whitman, with all his crudities, his coarseness, and even his absurdities, we find a comprehensive view of life, so great that it could only have been produced among the magnitudes of the American continent, so free that it could not have drawn breath under a monarchy, and so strong that it shows at once the vigor of a new race and the aspirations of a new time. His outlook is on to 'the fathomless universe.' Raised above either optimism or pessimism, his spirit accepts life and death, not with Oriental fatalism, but with the calm intelligence of one who plays his active part in the world as one unit in a mighty system. In this spirit of intelligence, in the faith and love of humanity, he sees the commonest objects, the meanest of his fellows, with an almost childlike interest. He sings not only of 'growing spring and farms and home,' but also of 'the city at hand with dwellings so dense,' and of 'the workmen homeward returning.' In him, at all events, there is passion and power in the expression of his nation's inner and outer life. Whitman could never have grown to spiritual maturity in an English village or an English city. What Tolstoi is to Russia, Whitman is to America, — its heart and its voice. Even if he stood alone, he would constitute a national literature."

Lowell is hardly less a favorite. In fact, his better sense of form, his satiric humor, and his more conventional methods of expression make him more easily understood by many than Whitman is, and both his prose and verse are very generally read and loved in New Zealand, for the sake of the wholesomely

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democratic manhood and womanhood portrayed and nourished by the author's genius. Emerson's vogue is narrower in itself, but his influence is great upon those whose influence is very considerable over many to whom he is merely a name, but who have, nevertheless, minds more or less ready to receive his teaching. This, it is true, is not infrequently misunderstood or misapplied by the Emersonians themselves, who are generally active members of associations devoted to the cultivation of intellectual interests and the liberalization of thought and sentiment. Naturally enough, perhaps, the disciples, being persons of Saxon and Teutonic stock, try to squeeze matter-of-fact systems of thought and life out of their master's philosophy. But time and Emerson himself will probably teach them the futility of this, and they will get into the true rhythmic relation with the Sage of Concord when they come to regard and use him chiefly as a perennial fountain head of moral and mental stimulation. In the meantime it must be a matter of some satisfaction to many in America to know that their genial Platonist is the guide, philosopher, and friend of numerous active intelligences among the Maorilanders.

This is not said in a dilettante spirit, but because it comes naturally within the scope of an article designed to show that democratic principles which have been nurtured in America have had a great deal to do with developments in Greater Britain, which is also considerably indebted to America for lessons in that constitutional federalism which gives the utmost scope to individuality in the political unit, not only without endangering the integrity of the whole, but with the best guarantee for its continuance, — that very scope itself. As the teachers of so great a lesson as this, Americans should take a wholesome pleasure in that national self-respect which is as different from provincial self-sufficiency as the assurance of manhood is from the conceitedness of boyhood. Similarly, a sense of gratitude for the lesson taught should draw England and Englishmen closer and closer in the truest spirit of friendship to America and Americans. But, indeed, this is inevitable, for the leavening process is still going on, especially in colonies like New Zealand, which adapt and assimilate much from America, in a way which influences the further democratization of England with a tendency to react also on America itself.

> "Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever."

Surely it is not to be a dreamer of dreams to indulge in a hope that a knowledge of what is thus going on may enter intelligently into the national consciousness of both peoples, and remain there not as a sedimentary sentiment, but as an active principle of human fraternity and international comradeship.

There are, doubtless, many qualifying details that sober hope and moderate expectation, and also give the wholesome flavoring of humor to the consideration of the subject. It may be said of New Zealand, for example, that it is not only on the greater plane of democratic character and experience that she adapts and assimilates from America. There are, at any rate, quick-witted, keen-eyed persons in the colony who say that their countrymen have even transplanted from New York the upas tree of Tammanyism, which, they aver, threatens to interpenetrate and overshadow the country's political and civic life with its roots and branches. But that is an exaggeration. Tammanyism itself we may have on a small scale, but we are not indebted to America for its presence among us. It is a fungoid growth, due to conditions always more or less present where the people fail to think and act in the true spirit of manhood and democracy, and where there are adventurous self-seekers with the means and the unscrupulousness to turn the elements of that failure to their own account. Hence Tammanyism is

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not a thing which one country owes to another, but which grows spontaneously everywhere in proportion to the presence and power of unscrupulous schemers, and of people so deficient in the spirit of democratic citizenship as to become their timeservers. It is, therefore, an evil in respect to which every community stands in need of learning from its neighbors as to the means for getting rid of it, and if America cares to observe, she may now study the lesson which New Zealand is, it may be more or less unconsciously, teaching herself in the matter, not only by developing, through the ordinary processes of civilization, personal, political, and civic morality in the citizens, but by giving scope to socializing schemes which have a tendency to eliminate individualist capitalists and capitalism from the economic life of the country.

However, to revert to those minor matters in regard to which some may say that New Zealand is undesirably akin to America, what are they, after all, in comparison to those larger leavenings which are really destined to grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of the young democracy? Tammanyism has been mentioned, and probably sundry other things should be brought into the catalogue. It is said that Americans greedily devour praise, however ignorant and inconsequential may be its bestowers; that they pant for flattery as the hart pants for the water brooks; and are petulantly impatient of anything in the nature of criticism on their manners, customs, or institutions. These two characteristics taken together appear to indicate, on the one hand, a want of honest self-respect, and, on the other, a superabundance of morbid sensibility. Are they common in America? They certainly are in New Zealand, where an absurd importance is attached to the opinion of strangers who give themselves the slightest air of distinction. If such persons praise the colonists, be it with ever so little discrimination, they are readily praised in return out of all proportion to their attributes. But to the stranger who ventures to criticise them, however justly, the colonists' behavior is strikingly different; him they are certain to depreciate and disparage with a ferocity which is sometimes little less than wolfish. All this shows, surely, that whatever else may have come to stay where it is manifest, the spirit of cosmopolitanism in matters of opinion still lingers in the distance.

Then in America as in New Zealand there would seem to be an identical juvenile tendency to run into extremes in regard to such matters as literary criticism. It is said that in America "the critics suggest the idea of a community of monthly nurses cooing and cackling over a succession of incomparable literary births; in New Zealand, the comparison suggested is that of a pack of incorrigible terriers watching for so many rats or rabbits to leave their holes." If this is a true bill, then, apparently both countries exhibit, under different aspects, a singularly similar want of artistic insight and judicial discrimination; on the one hand, childishness, on the other, savagery.

Yet what, after all, are these exuberances but the froth on the fringe of the ocean, the spray of the wave? They surely are but as dust in the balance against the fact that principles prevalent in the greatest of all democracies have been, and still are, leavening social and political development in the most radical British colony in the southern hemisphere, and that the process is cordially recognized as a factor in the promotion of international brotherhood and democratic comradeship between the mighty people of America and the kindred races inhabiting the Australasian colonies and all British lands.

John Christie.

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THE PRODIGAL.

II.

THE British tramp steamer, Sumbawa, had been signaled as off the Heads. Day rushed down for Clunie and the boat, for it was altogether desirable that he should meet her before the customs officers came aboard. She was consigned to the Bradshaws, from Hong-Kong, with a chowchow cargo (which is Chinese for mixed, but not mixed pickles), and she had fifteen hundred coolies between decks.

There were points in maritime law on which the coolie-trade in those days considered itself forced to jibe a little. The law, it was claimed, having been made for the Western Ocean, did not fit the Asiatic. A coolie-ship's bunks were put in athwart ships, which is a thing no customs officer must see. "But the heathen likes to sleep that way," argued the trade. "He battens on bad air, and he does n't mind how close he stows if he can get his passage cheaper."

Day took the second pair of sculls and they pulled out beyond Point Lobos where he met his steamer and climbed aboard of her. While he was below, watching the carpenters knock out the bunks, a case of smallpox was uncovered, which the heathen had been hiding, hoping to smuggle it ashore, and so keep the patient out of the clutches of the foreign devils' doctors.

Day was overside like a shot. He discussed the matter at long range with the captain, who had known nothing of it, of course, and was wild.

But the Sumbawa got her sixty days in quarantine, with seventeen hundred persons, white, brown, and yellow, on board. And the cost of that case of smallpox to the consignees was fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Every day the two young men rowed out to quarantine grounds to inquire after the ship's health, and superintend the unloading of fresh cases for the pest-house. They would pull to windward of her, dropping astern under her cabin ports, to heave a bundle of newspapers aboard and condole with the raging captain. He was one of the old stripe, with little by way of education, but such as is got at a rope's end, aboard of a "hot" ship; but Heaven had sent him a good little wife, — a pretty one, too, — and she was the only woman on board. Often her little white face would look down from a porthole next the one that framed the captain's red chaps. Their two heads, against the ship's black, blistered side, were a curious contrast, — the extremes of a union made of spirit and flesh. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were as black as a bayadere's, but her eyes were true Northern gray.

She grew pinched in the face and paler, day by day, for the foul sickness was spreading, and that ship was a floating hell. The coolies forward were in open mutiny, as far as uproar and intention went, resisting vaccination and fighting like demons when they were carried off the ship.

The captain became confidential, and sounded the young men, when his wife was not by, on a scheme for smuggling her ashore, in which he was frankly counting on their assistance. He was not delicate of speech, but in his rough way he felt her situation keenly.

"She 's a countrywoman of yours, boys," he began diplomatically. "She 's an American. I found her in Hong-Kong teaching."

"I 'm not an American!" sang out Clunie from the boat.

The captain changed his quid and touched his cap to Clunie. "I thought ye were born under the old rag. The

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less you cares for the laws of a foreign port, eh?"

"Quarantine laws are the laws of civilization," Day warned him.

"Grant you that! Ain't we a-keeping them? But my wife don't come into this case. What has she got to do with them pigtails down below? 'Ere she is in a home port, the first time in seven years, and caught in this infernal plague-trap. . . . And every day," he lowered his voice, "brings her nearer to her time, when a woman needs a woman's help. Whoever comes aboard of us stays in hell with us to the end. Where 's the female who 'll do that, I ask you? The wife's sister might, but she ain't here. She 's up in one o' the Puget Sound ports. And I would n't allow it, anyhow. It ain't justifiable. But something, I say, has got to be done. You 're not family men yourselves, but you may be. And every man is the woman's brother in a case like this. Come, boys, for the sake of the mother that was, — for the sake of the wife that will be!"

It was strong talk, and the tone of the captain's eloquence was very strong of whiskey. The combined effect, with other considerations, was decidedly repellent to Day. They were not the men for the emergency, he told the captain; it was work for their betters.

The captain recognized the excuse, and it angered him. "Where *are* your betters? The best man for me is him that 'elps me now! She can't afford to wait, if you was to charter us an angel."

"Had he spoken to the doctors?" Day asked. "To the devil with doctors! Did they know by chance what a coolie-ship doctor would be?"

The quarantine doctor? He cursed him as well. *He* was a part of their blankety-blanked political machine. "'E would n't risk 'is job to save every life on board. 'E farms us out, — so many vaccinations at a dollar the 'ead, — and a sweet time they 'as with some of us! You 'ear those devils now?"

The coolies were confined behind the iron bulkheads forward; they were banging on their prison walls and howling like the damned.

Clunie dipped his oars softly, to keep the boat off her proper length from the ship. The ten feet of water that divided them was the Gulf of Common Sense. Day, for his part, had no mission to cross it.

The captain's angry, troubled eye fixed itself suddenly on a point behind Day's head. Turning, the latter caught a lightning wink pass from Clunie to Captain Speke, who dropped his eyes and pretended that some one had called him.

Clunie gave his partner a forcible hint in the back, for just then the quarantine watch strolled over to the side, and warned them not to come too near.

Nothing was said in the boat going home. Clunie knew that Day must know of his tacit offer to the captain. He also knew that Day would neither argue with him nor interfere.

When the misty August nights grew darker by the absence of a moon, Clunie informed his partner that he need not look for him on his beat for a day or two — or three. He brought him the Missus, and requested him to care for her, with obliging particulars as to the diet best suited to the period of canine dentition.

"Have you found your second man?" asked Day.

"I shall have to make it alone," said Clunie. "Too many in the secret now. Speke has fixed it up with Black Jake, one of the stevedores, for a place on shore. A shady outfit they are. The house has been empty a year. It is up Petaluma Creek, a little this side of Vallejo."

"Forty miles, if it 's one!" said Day. "And you will have to start with the tide against you, or you won't get high water in the creek; and you can't get up it without. It is full of nasty shoals and eelgrass. You need another man, Clunie."

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"Dare say I do. I need a steam launch! But it's this way: the sort of help you could hire for a job like this might sell you out to the harbor police. Blest if I know any man we could trust. Why won't you come, yourself? 'Fraid of the smallpox?"

"Well, *yes*," said Day, though Clunie knew this was not his reason. "Are n't you? But I 'm a good deal more afraid of the pesthouse. If you catch it, old man, shoot yourself, — drop yourself into the bay, but don't go there!"

"It's no barge picnic," Clunie admitted. "But they will do the proper thing about disinfecting, of course. That 's understood."

"They think they will. But who ever does, — unless it 's done under orders? You can't persuade a woman to burn her clothes. She will make some doting exception, and that will fix you."

"Hang it! There is the bay, then! If I turn up missing, you need n't inquire for me at the bourn whence no traveler returns."

Missing he was, and still absent, when, four days later, Day rowed out alone to quarantine for a quiet word with the captain. In the interval he had avoided speech with him, not feeling entitled to seek his confidence, having refused him his help.

The captain was on deck, pacing back and forth against the one low strip of color in the west. The quarantine flag was at half-mast. He did not perceive Day — the surface of the water being muffled in light fog — until the customary signal had been given. Then he stopped, looked toward the boat without replying to her hail, and went below. Directly his head appeared at the more confidential level of his cabin windows.

Outwardly the man was changed for the worse in the brief interval since Day had seen him near. His unshaven dewlap hung over a soiled collar; his flesh looked flabby and old. Yet there was an effect of dumb dignity about him which Day, out of an uneasy consciousness, mistook at first for resentment.

He began to question him cautiously.

"Have you seen anything of Robert, captain? He has n't been around lately."

The captain cleared his throat. "'Ave n't you 'eard, then? Bad news, they say, travels fast."

"Not a word, captain. Sorry it 's bad news." Day was thinking only of Clunie, persuaded that he had made a mess of his heroics, somehow.

"Come in closer — fetch 'er in! You 've no more to fear from us. We 've 'ad our last case. It takes the best you 've got, and then it quits."

"Captain, you don't mean — your wife, she has n't *got* it?" The sickness they always spoke of as "it."

"Naw, naw!" the captain groaned. "She 's past all that. It 's all in the same bill o' goods, though. A piece o' foul mismanagement from the start. I 've no wish to be 'ard on Robert. 'E 's pretty much a fool; but 'e done the work, — 'e got her there, Lord knows how! Forty mile inside of eight hours. You can tell 'em that when you 'ears 'em throwin' off on Clunie."

"Captain, it 's impossible!" said Day. And though the outside man has told this story in select company many times since, he invariably balks at the distance when he tells it to any one who happens to know that course: the tide rip off Alcatraz and the eight or ten miles of heavy work above. Then, when you have reached your bottom reserve, when you have settled to your stroke and can just hold it, if nothing jars you or throws you out, — when every change of course, or slightest motion in the boat, is pure, utter agony, — then to wash into the weeds and shoals and maddening windings of the creek! The perspiration started as he thought of it.

"Captain, why did he make it a race? Were they chased?"

"A race it was — *for the life of the*

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child. Her time was come, — unexpected, mind. I would n't 'ave played that trick on no man. But it was more than nature could bear, what we undertook to do, with such 'elp as the Lord allowed us. You may say it was work for our betters!

"If we 'ad rigged a bo'sun's chair and sent her down comfortable an' handy — The watch would 'ave seen her, you say! They 're men: they 'ad to wink at the job as it was; they might 'ave winked a little 'arder. But we lowered her — damn fools! — from one o' the lumber ports, away aft. We 'ad to put her in the sling, and she was frightened going overside."

"Don't talk of it, captain." Day tried to spare him. But he went on, like a man transfixed, tugging at the shaft in his breast. His speech was hot with pain.

"Talk! What 's left but talk? *She* 'ad the bearin' of it! If you 're too damn delicate to listen, why sheer off, in God's name! I know the sort you are!" he raved. "You left 'er to Providence and the doctors! If you 'ad a stood by Clunie as he stood by her — as he tried to — she might be a livin', 'appy mother now. Arsk Clunie! It has taken his blood down.

"The house was back, a cable's length from the creek, and up a hill. 'E 'ad to carry her, and 'e said 'e could n't 'ardly see. His underlip was draggin' in the sand. But 'e fetched her in. Then he lay down in the porch, for there was no more in him. He remembers the black woman telling him he must up and go for help, and 'e says, 'Give me a drink, — anything at all, — and maybe I can start.' He gives her the credit for denying him, but 'ave it 'e would, and more than 'e needed. And that night, that *next* night — all that time, and *yet for want of help!* But the woman could n't leave her; and she was ignorant as a horse. She was n't for that work. And Clunie sleepin' off his liquor!

"He 's doin' now what the law won't let me do for my own flesh and blood. Did I tell you she left me a fine boy? But I don't wish to see his face nor 'ave 'im come anigh this cursed ship. We 'ave sent for the little sister, and if she 's true to the breed she 'll do. I want to find a berth for her here in the city, if she 'll bide and keep the child and bring him up right and proper, as his mother would. But everything is out o' my reach. I 'm chained up 'ere like a house dog. I can bark till I burst; it won't help nor hinder.

"Well, give a grip of my 'and to Robert, and bid him quit calling of himself a beast, — the more as I count on him now to take my place ashore. He says the black woman has froze onto that baby: let 'er tie up, then, alongside the little sister. But you look her up, and see what sort she is."

Day accepted this humble trust as a proof of the captain's forgiveness, and silently pulled off from the ship. A night of fog cloaked the water; he rowed home slowly, piloted by red and green lanterns that pricked through the murk from invisible docks and ferry slips alongshore and from ghostly vessels in the harbor. The city's crown of lights arched upward in the distance like an announcement of moonrise in some dream country where mists take the shape of mountains and the mountains are like brooding mists.

He thought of that house up Petaluma Creek, where the young mother lay among strangers; and he thought of Clunie, sleeping his brutish sleep at the door of the holy of holies, while the great angels of Life and Death fairly brushed him with their wings. His absence, his reticence when he did appear, his loss of flesh and averted eye seemed to promise some approach to seriousness in the Prodigal; but whether the change in him would outlast the shock of his failure, the shame of it in the very hour of triumph, there were none who knew

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him or his forbears well enough to prophesy.

The Sumbawa had cleared for Hong-Kong, and the captain's son was left in charge of the maiden aunt. She had come up to everybody's expectations of her in all possible ways, Day learned — from hearsay; he was offered no opportunity of judging for himself. Clunie appeared to be taking full and jealous advantage of the responsibility magnanimously conferred upon him by the captain, and was by no means as generous in sharing it.

"About what age is she?" Day inquired. "Is she a suitable age for an aunt?"

That question Clunie put beneath his feet.

"Is she pretty?"

This also was ignored; but the boy's face answered for him, chiefly in a forced stolidity which did not deceive. Day pleaded with him to introduce him — to the baby, at least.

"It's a house of mourning, you blasphemer! Do you think I go there to amuse myself? I am their striker. When she is ready to make acquaintances — if you want to know how old she is — she is old enough to choose them for herself."

About this time it became evident that Clunie was "making a deal with himself" on the question of drink. Naturally, his best friends were incredulous that it would come to anything. Bets were exchanged as to the issue. But, seeing him tested on one or two occasions, with no sign of his weakening, Day challenged an explanation, "Whence and how is this?"

Clunie turned a fighting red on the instant, — a color that showed the heart of his endeavor, for which he blushed before the eyes of men. That it had a heart was all Day asked to know.

One evening he met him again at Lotta's Fountain, and again the flower sellers were besieging him, but he was not standing them off, as before. Morton waylaid him, and the friends walked uptown together, Clunie ostentatiously explaining that his violets were for the captain's baby. At Marteau's he stopped for a box of confectionery ordered, evidently, and waiting for him.

"Also for the baby?" Day inquired.

He gave a short laugh, an irrepressible crow, as if the question had touched him under the short ribs of recollection or pleased reminiscence. "These for the baby!" he chuckled. "She thinks that sweet stuff for that infant is the sum of all earthly wickedness."

"And eats it herself to save him the temptation, I suppose?"

"You are to remember that she takes these things seriously. It 's quite the greatest thing out to hear them argue."

"*Them!* Does that boy argue with his aunt already?"

"*She* argues with old — Egypt, the nurse, whatever her shady title is."

"Is 'she' carrying the gospel into Egypt?"

"Quite so!" said Clunie. "She has the latest advices on the food question. Remarkably sound she is, too. But the old mammy kicks like a steer. 'Honey knows what he wants,' she says, 'an' he knows *when* he wants it. Talk 'bout hours! All hours is his hours, and he ought to have it, too.'

"But he does n't get it, all the same. She has him down to the fraction of a minute, and he does n't get it any sooner by howling. What am I talking about? His bottle, of course!"

Day said that he blushed for him, but Clunie, insensible to the obligation, continued to revel in details the most ignoble, declaring it was his own doctrine long ago applied in the training of thoroughbred pups.

"'Just little creatures of habit,' she says they are; and they might as well be learning good habits as bad. You educate their stomachs first because that

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is the seat of their ideas; that's where the tussle between will and appetite begins. She claims that a four-months babe can be taught self-control. He can learn to have faith that his grub basket's going to be filled when the time comes, and it won't come a minute sooner for his yelling.

"It's great to see them when feed-time is almost up! He gets nasty in his temper; he stuffs his fists into his mouth; he breaks out into howls. He digs his gums into her cheek — he bites, by Jove! And she hauls him around where she can look him in the eye, and she appeals to his higher faculties. She shows him things; she interests him. He forgets the old Adam in his belly."

"Ethics of the Nursing Bottle!" said Day, in high derision. "The doctrine may be sound, but it has chosen a weird mouthpiece."

"I'm telling you a thing which you ought to respect. If you don't, so much the worse for you. *I* was brought up on the plan of give him whatever he howls for. I can appreciate what she is doing for him!"

"Just give me the key to that feminine pronoun, once for all, will you? Does 'she' invariably stand for Miss Dunstan?"

"Oh, be blowed!" said Clunie parenthetically. "The method you might get out of books," he went on, infatuated with his subject, or with some train of associations born of it; "but the practice, mind you, is another thing. The patience, the cleverness, the jolly little dodges by way of passing the time, and the downright, on-the-square way she treats him, when the time won't pass and all the dodges fail.

"'Now, hold on to yourself, sonny,' she says when he's raging mad for his bottle, and the old darky waltzes round as if she'd like to kill anybody that kept it from him. 'Hold on to yourself!' she says. And she shows him how to do it! She is building up his digestion and his manners and his character generally on the basis of that bottle."

"You ought to go on the lecture tour, you and your Bottle; with lantern views of the subject Being Educated to Wait: his appearance and behavior during the first hour; the second, — second and a half. Perhaps Miss Dunstan would consent to accompany you, and furnish illustrations with a living subject."

"Have you heard of a certain kind of person that came to scoff and stayed to pray? You'll get there if you keep on!" Clunie retorted, not altogether displeased with this badinage. "You see she has to fight against old Egypt all the time. The old girl tries to undermine his morals with poking things into him between meals. She seduces him with forbidden goodies that make him wink his eyes and look thoughtful.

"'I don' know noffin' 'bout books,' she says, 'an' I don' b'liebe much in doctahs, but I'se *had* ten chillen, and buried seben of 'em! Books can't larn me noffin'.'

"Then — a — Miss Dunstan lets down her eyelashes, for fear she'd smile. She's awfully nice to that old beast, on account of her saving the boy's life at the start, perhaps. It's well she saved something!"

"Has '*she*' got eyelashes, too?" Day inquired.

"Has she got what?"

"Do you remember what wonderful eyelashes the sister had?"

"Do you want me to chuck you out of that window? You'll be good enough to listen to what I'm saying, or keep your unsightly thoughts to yourself."

"You have told me all I want to know," laughed Day, rising, "and more than I ever expected to know, without seeing the lady herself. She'll have a bib tucked under your chin, my son, and be teaching you to wait, before you know it!"

"By the Lord, I wish she could!" said Clunie devoutly.

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But, profane jesting aside, Day was immensely interested to see how simply the Prodigal — of a civilization both older and younger than ours — took himself in this phase of what might have been called driveling innocency. He longed to have Mr. Felix hear Clunie hold forth. That he should set up as a gospeler of the nursery, and preach sermons on the Bottle, as unembarrassed as the day he related his adventures at the Cape! His moral naïveté was delicious.

So the irrepressible conflict went on between the powers of light and of darkness; and Day learned from that awe-struck disciple, Clunie, that "she" was now reaping her reward. The proof of the pudding had come, and the four-months babe was a Christian philosopher wonderful to see. The hour for refreshment arrived on wings of balmy expectation. He never lost hold of himself now. He had succumbed to the law, and was safe in the arms of a faith that had never yet deceived him.

"I don't believe she has forgotten him once!" said Clunie, as if speaking of miracles. "She keeps the watches herself. Old Egypt has no sense of time or anything else."

Day had observed the insulting harshness with which Clunie invariably spoke of his former associate in a certain dark night's work of distressful memory. The sore spot had not healed with time and the compensations time had brought. It might also imply that he was sensitive in a new quarter; as well he might be, for the negress held his reputation, such as it was, at the mercy of her coarse and rambling tongue. And Miss Dunstan was no doubt a frequent if an unwilling listener.

Clunie remarked, one day, with an absent half smile on his features, that "she" had a will "as fine and soft as steel; but there 's no let go."

And Day, being in a mood to spare him, merely added that "she" seemed to be on the whole a good deal of a person, — to have come out of "one of the Puget Sound ports."

Clunie sat up at that. "The captain's boy will have reason to think so! It 's the safest port he 'll ever make. Luckiest little beggar I know!"

"One would hardly have said so four months ago!" Day reminded him. It struck them both, in silence, the awful and condign way life has of getting on without us, — any one of us, the most necessary and dear. Nature has always a stopgap ready. She gets her work done at any cost, and out of destruction and waste new issues are framed which she adopts as calmly as if they had been part of the original plan.

Poor little Mrs. Speke, wiped out of existence at the moment it would seem of her supreme usefulness, had bequeathed to that tropical infant, Clunie Robert, his one effective spiritual opportunity, — while her own child had never missed her, was better off perhaps without her; and her husband was consoling himself, after the manner of his species, in a foreign port.

The fool had rushed in, but the angels were not far behind him.

"What is the young gentleman's schedule at present? Is he on for dog-watches still?" Morton asked one day.

"I believe he has to go three hours now," said Clunie gravely. He was so perfect in their "nursery patter," as Day called it, that it was "sickening" to hear him.

"Then what do you say; if 'she' can be off duty three hours at a stretch, suppose we get tickets for A Scrap of Paper?"

"Scrap of your aunt!" said Clunie roughly.

"Be careful, my son! There *is* an aunt whose name may not be taken in vain. Such, at least, was my impression. It might do 'your aunt' good to have a little change from the society of infants and — What is the old colored female's name? Has she got a name?"

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"Dare say she has, but it does n't matter. Miss Dunstan would n't go, anyhow, on account of her mourning."

"Of course." Day admitted he should have remembered that. He then proposed that they take the boat and the "whole outfit," — baby, bottle, and all, and go up — Here he came near to making a second blunder on his friend's account.

"No, thanks," said Clunie. "No barge picnics for me — in *that* direction."

"Well, what will you do? You ought to celebrate Washington's Birthday in some way, you off-sided alien!"

"She has an engagement on for G. W.'s Birthday," said Clunie, looking almost too indifferent.

"Well, you and I, then. What do you say to Ingleside?"

"I — a — I shall be busy part of the day."

"You — sinner!"

Clunie met the laughter in his friend's eyes, and then he fell upon him and hurled him all over the place. When he was through with him, temporarily, Day rose and dusted himself off. "You — sinner!" he repeated. Clunie looked down at him through narrowed eyelids, breathing short. He was flushed and white about the mouth and nostrils with the clearness of his ridiculous health, and those unexceptionable habits which he was acquiring through association with the higher ethical training for infants.

"I wish," he said simply, dropping his guard, "I wish I had never been more of a sinner than I hope to be next Thursday come Washington's Birthday."

"Our institutions are having their effect," Day remarked, not to take advantage.

On the morning before the legal holiday, Mr. Bradshaw had requested that Day get word to Clunie that he was wanted at the office. He reported himself the same afternoon with Missus treading on his shadow as usual. But Missus was not invited, like her master, to step into the private office; she sat on her heels outside with her keen little head on a slue. When chairs were moved within, and her master appeared, she executed the double manœuvre of throwing herself at his feet and avoiding their advancing stride.

He came down the long room, neither seeing nor hearing. All the clerical rank and file knew that that tingling half hour with the chief meant no less than the sword touch on the shoulder for the late vagabond. He was one of them, now.

It might be said that the firm had its tricks, like others of the trade; it had its code as well. Its house flag was known in the ends of the earth; and the lowest and latest incumbent, the office boy hired the day before, used the commercial "we," and thought the more of himself for being able to do so.

In front of Morton's desk Clunie halted. "How long is it since the morning I stood here, and you asked me, 'What can I do for *you?*' and I wanted to kick you for the way you said it?"

"Two years ago last August," Day answered, on reflection.

"Well, Mort, you have done several things for me: one thing you have left me alone. I am to have Weeks's place," he added. "Do you know how he lost it?"

Day could have guessed, and so could Clunie.

"Well, shall we sell the Lassie?"

Day said that he was in no particular hurry. Was it best to burn their bridges?

"You think I won't stick," said Clunie. "I say that we sell her. I want some clothes, and I want them now!"

So they sold the Salvation Lassie, and Clunie bought what he called a "rattling good suit" and accessories with his and Day's share of the proceeds, intimating that it was the last time he intended to honor their friendship in that way.

On Thursday, the holiday, Morton

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dined early with friends at Oakland, and crossed the ferry, coming home, at the hour when suburban trains discharge their loads of excursionists, — not the cream of the cream, but just Nobodies and their wives and sweethearts. Nobody is a lucky dog, sometimes. Day caught sight of Clunie, half a head above the procession, with a light in his face as if Happiness had made him her color-bearer. Day knew, as well as if he had seen her, whom it was that his comrade was convoying through the press. He looked suffused with pride and consciousness, as a man looks who feels for the first time on his arm the thrill of a little hand, — the hand that can lead him, or send him, to the world's end; that will quietly bind him to his proper work in life and make the yoke easy and the burden light, or gall and chafe and fetter him to his grave.

As the crowd dispersed in search of seats, there was the truant pair with every appearance of the surfeited picnicker; and behind them rolled the transport, mother Egypt, with the captain's boy asleep in her arms.

Day was surprised to see that the paragon who had worked such a change in Clunie was but a small, plain-faced woman, older than he, apparently; with no adventitious charm of coloring or coquetry likely to catch the fancy of a south sea prodigal.

It is the real thing this time, thought Day; and conscience rebuked him for his many and flippant allusions to the maiden aunt in his intercourse with Clunie.

The nurse had dropped into her seat with a sigh, and began wagging her knees to hush the stirring sleeper. They piled their lunch basket and their faded wild flowers into the vacant place beside her, while Clunie helped Miss Dunstan with her jacket. Sleeves were tight, as well as skirts, in those days; she slid into hers, and hurriedly busied herself with the buttons, and he gave her the ends of her boa to cross beneath her chin. Then, with one swift look into each other's eyes — which she disclaimed by looking away again severely — they walked forward to the bow.

Clunie's hands were in his pockets, his knees were braced against the rail; but she leaned in a plastic attitude, her fingers loosely clasped, her eyes fixed on the boat's progress in the dark. Morton hastily revised his first judgment on her appearance, for a sweeter side face no woman ever owned. She had her sister's low feminine forehead and deep black lashes, but a stronger, finer mouth and chin.

Now, why does n't the idiot speak, he wondered. Perhaps he had spoken; but no, there was as yet no definite understanding between them, — only a nebulous consciousness on her part; and Clunie was holding on to himself as he never had done in his life before. He knew his reasons best.

Mary Hallock Foote.

TWO SONNETS.

MAN AND CRAFTSMAN.

WHAT use are words to tell you of my love?
It is my trade to make words do my will,
To change my mood and passion like a glove
And feign the utter scope of good and ill.

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And if truth speak out clear in every tone
You will applaud and say it is my art;
So have I all men's voices but my own
And to serve them I leave unserved my heart.
I who am speech for all men's hopes and fears
Must leave my love unspoken in its need
Until the whim of the disdainful years
Toss me a test to answer with a deed.
And if that golden chance I never know
And die unproved — then Fate will have it so.

HIS REVOLT.

Oh! stab me with denial of your love,
But do not torture me in this slow hell
Of thoughts I dare not tell the stars above,
Of fears I dare not hear the night winds tell!
If this be truth, oh! tell me any lie,
And I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
Build me an altar where the words may lie
And make it my religion to believe!
But let it not be truth that you should give
Accustomed kisses lest a robber lack,
Nor filch from Love his high prerogative
That Mercy wear false ermine on her back!
Let him be starved — and starve me if you will —
But not for less than love smite love and kill!

Richard Hovey.

OUR IMMIGRANTS AND OURSELVES.

Since it is one of the strongest instincts of human nature to dislike what is unlike one's self, or what one is not familiar with, and since another, hardly less powerful, is to blame some one else for one's own troubles, it is not surprising that, almost from the very day we, the so-called "native Americans," arrived here as immigrants, we have objected to the coming of other immigrants, and have attributed mainly to them the various complications that have arisen from time to time in our industrial, political, and social machinery.

Each day's budget of news affords us some item that falls in with our prepossession, to strengthen and confirm it. Now a great strike, now a row in a tenement house in which some heads are broken, now the turning of an election against our party and candidate, is one more bit of evidence to our minds that the foreigner is the root of all evil.

Is a crowned head struck down by the assassin's hand, as the result of an anarchist plot hatched by foreigners in one of our cities? How plain to us seems the lesson that we should shut out of our boundaries the race producing such miscreants; while at the very moment we

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are indulging in such reflections, the wires are hot with fast-crowding news of our own Judge Lynch and his exploits, of native riots, midnight mobs, wild outbursts of murderous frenzy, that are tokens of a state of anarchy brought about by our own people, as serious, it would seem, as any that the foreign agitator could plan for.

And so the long account against the foreigner is made up in the popular mind. The main items, as they have been thrown into relief through years of complaint and criticism, are familiar, — poverty, vice, crime, dirt, ignorance, superstition, political corruptibility, anarchical tendency, and, more serious than all, a constant change for the worse in all of these respects in the character of immigration as it pours in upon us decade after decade. Paradoxical as it may seem, in this last and apparently gravest charge is to be found the most encouraging sign for the future, and a key to the whole question of immigration. That we think the later comers inferior in quality to their predecessors may be because they really are inferior. But it may be because a gradual change to a better opinion of the earlier comers has been going on within us unobserved, due partly to familiarity with them and their especial traits, partly to an actual improvement on their part which has made us forget what they once were.

Familiarity has certainly had much to do with our general acceptance of the Germans, — one great half of the earlier immigration with which later comers are so unfavorably compared. This people, whom we rely upon to-day as among our most valued citizens for their social stability and true attachment to their adopted country, our grandfathers thought of as all that was dangerous and bad. Atheist, Sabbath-breaker, drunkard, social outlaw, — these were a few of the choice epithets lavished upon the Germans when they first came among us; and the revolutionist of '48, that mild-mannered exponent of moderate principles, created as much consternation in the minds of the people as the anarchist or communist of to-day, and was described in as heated popular language. But a general improvement in the condition of our early immigrants accounts in greater part for our change of feeling toward them. This is especially noticeable in the case of the Irish, — the other half of our early immigration. It is an instructive and wholesome exercise to look back for a moment and see what these people really were at the time they began to come to our country in large numbers. A German traveler in Ireland about the time of the famine depicts the people as a "nation of beggars," of a "wretchedness without a parallel on the globe." He says, comparing them, interestingly enough, with some of the very peoples we are regarding to-day as far lower in the scale: —

"I remember when I saw the poor Letts in Livonia I used to pity them for having to live in huts built of the unhewn logs of trees, the crevices being stopped with moss. . . . Well, Heaven pardon my ignorance! Now that I have seen Ireland, it seems to me that the Letts, the Esthonians, and the Finlanders, lead a life of comparative comfort, and poor Paddy would feel like a king with their houses, their habiliments, and their daily fare. . . . A French author, Beaumont, who had seen the Irish peasant in his cabin, and the North American Indian in his wigwam, has assured us that the savage is better provided for than the poor man in Ireland. . . . A Russian peasant, no doubt, is the slave of a harder master, but still he is fed and housed to his content, and no trace of mendicancy is to be seen in him. The Hungarians are certainly not among the best-used people in the world, still, what fine wheaten bread, and what wine, has even the humblest among them for his daily fare. . . . Servia and Bosnia are reckoned among the most wretched

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countries of Europe, . . . but at least the people, if badly housed, are well clad. We look not for much luxury among the Tartars of the Crimea, we call them poor and barbarous, but good heavens! they look at least like human creatures. . . . An Irishman has nothing national about him but his rags, his habitation is without a plan, his domestic economy without rule or law. We have beggars and paupers among us (in Germany), but they form at least an exception, whereas in Ireland, beggary or abject poverty is the prevailing rule. . . . There is not the least trace left to show that the country has ever been better cultivated, or that a happier race ever dwelt in it. It seems as if wretchedness had prevailed there from time immemorial, — as if rags had succeeded rags, bog formed over bog, ruins given birth to ruins, and beggars had begotten beggars for a long series of centuries."

The famine was merely the climax of a long history of misery. In a Doré-like sketch a Dublin newspaper of the period portrays the prevalent social physiognomy of that terrible time: —

"The famine and the landlords have actually created a new race in Ireland. . . . Yahoos . . . gray-haired old men, whose faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, simious and semi-human, and women filthier and more frightful than harpies, who, at the jingle of a coin on the pavement, swarmed in myriads from unseen places, struggling, screaming, shrieking for their prey, like some monstrous, unclean animals. . . . Girls with faces gray and shriveled, the grave stamped upon them in a decree which could not be recalled, . . . and among these terrible realities imposture shaking in pretended fits, to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness."

This was what met the eye in crowded city streets; in the country it was as bad, if not worse: —

"Groups and troops of lunatic-looking paupers wandered over the fields, alarming the traveler by their wild and ferocious appearance, . . . and . . . if he penetrate into a cabin, and can distinguish objects among filth and darkness, of which an ordinary pigsty affords but a faint image, he will probably discover from a dozen to twenty inmates in the hut, — the ejected cotters, — clustering together and breeding a pestilence. What kind of creatures men and women become, living in this dungheap! What kind of children are reared here to grow up into a generation I have no words to paint!"

From this normally miserable and now famine-distorted population, our first great Irish immigration was drawn. Could our newest comers be pictured in any darker colors than these?

The seaboard cities, notably New York, felt the greatest burden of this invasion. Immigrant ships by the hundred dumped upon our wharves their loads of the poor, the helpless, and the friendless, who did not know where to go or what to do. Many came with one sole trade, — beggary, — which they proceeded to practice on the day of their arrival, seeking the watch-house for their first night's shelter. A noticeable increase of pauperism and crime followed, and was attributed directly to the immigrants. New York was said to exceed in crime not merely any one of the great English cities, — London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, — crowded with the ignorant and vicious classes of the population as they were, but all of them put together. Then was the beginning of the city slum. In New York the old Five Points came into being as a centre of dirt, disease, immorality, and violence, never since surpassed, or even equaled. Political corruption struck the notice of people as never before. As the immigrants poured in they were fraudulently naturalized in squads; their votes were openly bought and sold like any merchandise, and were cast in any quantities

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desired. These were genuine evils, but the greater part of this mass of poverty and ignorance in a very short time became absorbed in the labor force of the country, accomplished a work in developing its resources of a magnitude hard to realize, and prospered in so doing. To-day the Irish element — both foreign and native born — has arisen, as a whole, almost entirely from the low social and industrial grade it entered on its first arrival, and is now to be found in all grades above, up to the very highest. Is there any reason to suppose that newer comers will not assimilate as readily? There are not wanting indications that they will succeed even better.

In the later immigration attention has been especially called to two great general groups, made by a rough-and-ready classification; one, the Hebrews, coming from Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Roumania, and elsewhere; the other, what is known to political and social controversy as "the scum of southern Europe," that unpleasant term covering the Italians, Bohemians, non-Jewish Hungarians, Poles, Austrians, and others.

The Jew has stood for centuries as the butt of an almost universal dislike. Perhaps, in the last analysis, such a feeling is the best warrant for getting rid of the people that excites it, but rational thought retreats in shame from admitting this, in the face of the strong considerations to be urged in favor of the Jew. A study of even the most poverty-stricken and forlorn of the recent Jewish immigrants shows them to be a temperate, moral, and industrious people. If the life and health of a nation depend largely, as some philosophers of history claim that they do, on the physical vitality of its individual citizens, the Hebrew race certainly adds an element of value to the community that cannot be despised. Notwithstanding the crowded conditions in which they live, notwithstanding the unwholesome tenements, the low damp ground of the quarter, and the universal filth, Jewish dwellers on the East Side in New York have a far lower death rate than is shown by any other foreign element in the city, and, strange as it may seem, a perceptibly lower death rate than even that of the well-to-do native dwellers in wholesome uptown wards. So far as analysis can account for it, this vitality seems to be founded on moral habits, a most useful ingredient in a modern state.

Family affection is strong among them. Reverence for parents is taught and practiced. They are not found in the police courts and prisons in any noticeable proportion, and, remarkable indeed in view of their extreme poverty, they do not come habitually upon charity. A striking characteristic among them is a desire for improvement. The adults among them, devitalized by long years in an atmosphere of repression, may themselves trudge along for a while in the treadmill of the sweatshop, but they have other ambitions for their children. Even within so short a time as has passed since their coming here one may note a remarkable advancement. The casual visitor to the East Side to-day will see apparently the same old patriarchs with side curls and velvet caps, the same mothers in Israel, with wigs awry and infants multitudinous, that he saw yesterday. But this is a human stream in which, while it looks the same, the individual elements are always changing. The old man in the gabardine one saw last week has now put on the garb of America and moved uptown with his family. This one that you took for him has just landed from the emigrant ship. Next week he, too, will be gone. The rate of change, of course, is not literally so rapid as this, but it is sufficiently so as to be astonishing. It is only sixteen years since this people began to come here at all; it is only eight years since Jewish immigration reached high-water mark with sixty thousand arrivals

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from Russia alone at the port of New York. But they have already learned the principles of industrial combination, have sent their children to and through the schools and even the colleges, and are seeing these children almost without exception advance to an industrial and social grade higher than their own. Significant testimony to the scope and rapidity of the change is the complaint of workers in the different social settlements that they cannot keep their hold on individuals from year to year on account of the many removals. The University Settlement, in the heart of the Ghetto, makes up its classes with a practically new membership each year, and the College Settlement near by has the same experience.

As a type of the southern Europeans that are coming among us the Italians may be taken, though of course, strictly speaking, no one race can represent another in all details. Those who know them familiarly as they are found in large cities — workers for the charities, the missions, and the settlements — say that they are a much misunderstood people. As a class, and when in normal family relations, they are gentle, industrious, frugal, and temperate; but they are looked upon by the public generally as a lot of idle, dissipated cutthroats. On our records of crime they do not, it is true, make a good showing, but there is a special reason for that, as will be indicated presently, which removes a great part of the blame from them as a race. There is little pauperism among the Italians. It is a matter of every-day observation among charity agents that in the so-called "Italian quarters" in great cities most of the applicants for relief are Irish. The poorest Italian family manages in some way to make provision for a rainy day, and it is seldom indeed that it is found a habitual dependent on charity. The Italians, like the Jews, are eager for improvement, although not, perhaps, in so striking a degree. They have been reproached with denying advantages to their children for the sake of the money to be got by the children's labor, but a special investigation made some years ago by a committee of sociological specialists shows that this charge, when made a general one, is without foundation. The committee testified in the plainest terms to the fact that the Italian family, even in circumstances of the greatest destitution, showed at least the normal amount of interest in the education of their children, and in many cases made especial sacrifices to secure it.

So far as individual race traits are concerned, it would seem that there is no especial trouble to be apprehended from the mass of our newest immigrants. But beyond race traits we must look at certain general processes at work, as they are to be seen in the history of immigration as a whole, to understand the question more fully, and to judge more fairly as to the good or evil of immigration.

These processes may be depicted something in this fashion: We must regard our country as a land traversed by successive waves of population passing from east to west, each marking in its progress an ever advancing coast line, which, in the case of the first great wave, we have known as the frontier. The crest of such a wave is made up of the most mobile elements in a population, drawing after them, in due proportion of time and distance, the less and less mobile elements. First to get in motion in any normally developing community are the men, in an age period roughly to be defined as between early youth on the one hand and later middle life on the other, who proceed on their way unencumbered by wives and children, either having none, or leaving them behind. So there is to be found, or until recently was to be found, on our frontier, as the crest of the first great wave of immigration, — the movement of the American branch

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of the Anglo-Saxon race to the Pacific, — a predominantly male population, young, active, unfettered by family ties, fired with energy, driven to the necessity of self-help, cast loose from all the bonds of society, from all law, religion, and morality as a long-established social body understands these things; on the eastern edge of the wave a population containing more women than men, a settled family life, quiet, order, and the sway of public opinion. On the western edge are poverty for the day, enriched by unlimited hopes of wealth on the morrow, a freedom that has not as yet developed into inequality, and a general simplicity of life; on the eastern edge, more wealth but less hope, more training but less versatility, greater inequality but greater possibilities through coöperation and control, — in short, the complexities of civilization instead of the simplicities of a primitive life.

The immigration of the fifties may be regarded as a second great wave, repeating the processes of the first, modified by the fact that it did not pour in on dry ground, like the first, but upon the heels of another. It, as well as the other, pushed before it a "frontier."

It may seem a little strange to call our great cities, with their crowds of people, their masses of buildings, their various paraphernalia of a modern civilization, in any sense a frontier. But such they are in certain vital respects for the immigrant, when he arrives on these shores. The movement across the sea to us is headed by the same class that led our own march across the plains, and, like the early frontiersman, the later immigrant, on arriving at the end of his journey, finds himself freed from the restraint of a public opinion that he has felt in the community where he was known. This may be as strictly the case in the crowded city as on the wide plains. Nowhere can one be more really alone than among strangers. The sudden relaxation of effort to keep up to a standard, moral or otherwise, when social boundaries are changed, is a familiar sensation to every one. And this is especially true when no great effort is made by the environing strangers to impress themselves and their opinions on the newcomers. To the immigrant, then, our people, with their thoughts and ideas, their social and governmental schemes, are, at first, of as little pertinence as the thoughts and institutions of the Indian or the buffalo are to the cowboy. So it is not surprising to see in him some of the characteristics of the cowboy, — the brawling, swearing, and drunkenness, the violence and profligacy that naturally arise when a male population is herded together, and all of those outbursts that keep police magistrates busy and swell the records of crime. These records, indeed, presenting on their face, as they do, a bad showing against the foreign born, and especially against certain race groups among them, must be corrected with regard to the circumstances just indicated. In any population, whether under conditions of normal social restraint or not, the bulk of the crimes recorded are committed by one sex and age class, — that of the adult males. It would be expected, then, that the native born — a group containing a larger proportion of women and children — would show a lower proportion of criminals than the foreign born, with a larger proportion of adult men; and that the newer immigrants, like the Italians, for instance, would show a higher crime rate than older comers, who have had time to gather families about them. And this would be quite apart from any question of innate race tendency to crime.

Several detailed statistical studies recently made confirm our expectations on this point, and agree in showing, pretty conclusively, that when like sex and age classes are made the bases for comparison in the different race groups, the rate of crime for the foreign-born white popu-

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lation of all races is no higher, to say the least, than that of the native white population of native parentage; and that the difference in crime rate still remaining after sex and age have been allowed for, between the different race groups, to be attributed to race tendency, is so slight as to be negligible as a social factor. Notwithstanding this explanation of the crime rate, however, a positive, if not a relative, increase in crime remains as a result of immigration, and if the foreign population were to remain predominantly of the class that furnishes criminals, there would still be serious ground of complaint. But it will not, as all experience up to this time abundantly shows. Just as our frontier groups have grown into settled communities, so do theirs. As soon as a good start is made, the "birds of passage" call their mates from over sea, and the normal life of a settled society begins. This is easily seen to be the case with the Irish, the Germans, and the Scandinavians; while the Hebrews, for the most part, came from the first in family groups. The Italians, it is true, may seem to form an exception to the above rule. So many of them are seen, yearly or monthly, turning back to the old home with their little earnings, that it is no wonder they are generally regarded as a floating population with no permanent interests here. But the net result of all this ebbing and flowing is a steady current setting this way. The Italian, it would seem, after a period of oscillation between the new country and the old, — a movement of adjustment which is, indeed, no bad preliminary for the new life, — ends, like his brother immigrants, a permanent settler in our country Statistics of population indicate this. Every-day observation, if sharp enough, shows the same thing. A significant trifle, just lately noticed, was that the great mass of applicants for naturalization papers in New York city this year, during the rush that always comes just before a presidential election, were Russian Jews and Italians. And it was said by the court officers that applicants of the latter race were more numerous than ever before.

Once the family is established, subsequent progress is rapid. The fast-coming children are not only at the same time so many sharp little goads to industry, and silken but strong bridles to passion, in the parent, but they are, in and of themselves, the most active and effective of agents in the process of assimilating the immigrant family to its surroundings. The barrier of language, so often said to be the one great obstacle in the way of our newer immigrants, these children leap so rapidly that it practically ceases to exist. Almost before one can realize it they are speaking the tongue of their adopted country, if not with Attic purity, at least with Attic fluency, and boldly disclaim acquaintance with any other. A class of forty boys in an East Side school was asked the other day how many of them spoke English at home. Fully half the hands were raised. How many spoke German? A few hesitatingly confessed to that. How many spoke Yiddish, or any other foreign tongue? One or two faltering hands went halfway up, then down, a mute expression of conflict between the ideal and reality. As a matter of fact, about ninety-five per cent of these children were Russian Jews; nearly all had been in the country for short periods ranging from one year to four or five; probably all could, and did to some extent, speak either German or Yiddish at home, and in many cases were obliged to do so. In these children the sense of American nationality springs up with astonishing rapidity. They are "Americans" in their own estimation, and nothing else. They are thoroughly imbued with that first brute instinct of citizenship which takes shape in onslaughts on "foreigners," — meaning for them those who are not "Americans," — and are firm in the determination to uphold "our flag," —

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which for them is always the American flag, — right or wrong. They discuss in their debating societies such questions as "Shall the Ignorant Foreigner be admitted to Free Participation in the Advantages of Our Country?" and find difficulty in getting speakers on the affirmative side. It would, in fact, be hard to find any set of children of a more conscious and expressed loyalty to the country than these little immigrants. In a school for Russian children, which takes them, on their first arrival here, to prepare them for the public schools, — which, by the way, it does with entire success inside of four months for each child, — a special effort is made to give encouragement to the growth of this spirit of new nationality. Patriotic songs are taught, the flag is saluted, the blessings and obligations of freedom are pointed out. On an exhibition day it is affecting to see the rows upon rows of eager little faces alive with enthusiasm in songs of loyalty to the new country. "Land where *our fathers* died," shrill forth the young voices, and the looker-on is caught by the rapt countenance, the exalted eye, the thrilling tone of one small dark-skinned maiden, who stepped from the immigrant ship just six weeks ago. Remembering where and how their real fathers after the flesh have died, and suffered before they died, the generous heart must feel a reckless impulse to share "our fathers" freely with them, with all that this implies, and risk the passing discomfort that the critics warn us will follow.

So far the process of immigration has been described mainly in terms of the normal development of the immigrant group, without consideration of the special influences exerted on them by the surrounding community. This latter influence must next be considered, — in this case a most important one. To return to the figure employed before, the crests of the oncoming waves are modified in force and direction by the back stretches of former ones on which they fall. The immigrant must, of course, go through a more or less lengthy process of adjustment on his own account, but this process may be hastened or hindered materially by conditions in the environing social group.

When the great wave of the fifties rolled over the country, although the native population had pushed its frontier well to the westward, on the eastern coast many frontier traits still lingered. The social group as a whole — the American people of that time — had reached the stage of development in which a body marks itself off from other bodies, gathering its own particles within a definite circumference, and repelling other particles; but it had not yet reached the stage in which all the particles so marked off have arranged themselves into the harmoniously interacting combinations of unlike elements, obedient to a common law, and turned to a common end, that we recognize as a high grade of organization, both in individual and social life. The American people of the fifties could grumble at the entrance of foreigners, but were most feeble in dealing with them after they were in, nor was any great amount of control exercised over any part of the population. The community was outgrowing its institutions. Cities were struggling along under village ordinances and appliances, with worse and worse results as time went on. A large part of the trouble from our early immigration was plainly due to this fact. A New York newspaper of the time, commenting on the increase of crime, vice, and disorder, says that of its causes "the most important are, doubtless, the comparative inefficiency of our police in preventing crime, the comparative uncertainty of our courts in punishing crime, the neglect of our young vagrant population, and the vast number of disorderly groggeries, licensed and unlicensed, that have, all the while, without restraint been stimulating the passions

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and bad propensities of all the lower classes."

The general social system was one of individual freedom without individual responsibility. This is plainly a habit of the frontier. Widely scattered groups of individuals, removed from the control of public opinion, driven by necessity to act, on the spur of the moment, for and by themselves, naturally develop an impatience of restraint, social, legal, or moral, that is handed down to later generations as a social tradition. For this reason the reign of law has never been thoroughly and fully established in this country. Popular feelings of indignation or prejudice against certain classes of offenders, of compassion for certain others, are always pressing upon the framework of law to bend it from its fixed pattern, or even to break it altogether, as in the numerous cases of lynching reported to us year after year. It need not be shown in detail how demoralizing such a system as this is to incoming peoples. Not only law but morals have suffered as a result of this general impatience of restraint. Where each man depends on himself wholly to say what is right and wrong, where he is so separated from others as not to know or care what they think of him, personal interest is very apt to lead him, even without his own knowledge, into bad ways. This cause is seen at work all through our history, and to it may be attributed some of the evils we are so ready to ascribe to the immigrant.

One of the most serious charges made against him has been that through him has come a strain of corruption in our political system that has gone far to overbalance, if not to destroy, the good handed down to us by our native American ancestors. But those who consider the immigrant the beginning and end of political corruption in this country have surely never read its history carefully. Legislative and administrative blackmail and peculation are a time-honored inheritance from earliest colonial days. Bribery and violence at elections are found as early as the elections themselves. The spoils system was inaugurated before the beginning of the century, and owes to native talent the long and loving elaboration that has brought it to its present intricacy and comprehensive completeness. The two figures at once called up before the mind as especially associated with the development of that system may stand as particularly clear types of the native American, in contrasting but equally genuine aspects of his nature: Martin Van Buren, suave, kindly, courteous, born on the land taken by his ancestors a generation or so before, well bred, ill educated, but with every show of acquirement, nimble of tongue, persuasive, ingenious, adaptable to all sorts and conditions of men; and Andrew Jackson, the frontiersman, himself his only ancestor, without pretense of education himself, and without respect for it in others, unadaptable, because he failed to see any complexities of life and character beyond the narrow range of his own, gaining his ends not by persuasion, but by the sheer force of self-will, in defiance of all obstacles, animate and inanimate.

The incoming foreigner has proved to be a ready instrument in the hands of the bosses. In cities the great mass of the foreign population is to be found, and the government of our cities is notoriously corrupt. But corruption in cities does not by any means vary with the proportion of the foreign born in their populations, nor is corruption by any means confined to the cities. In one great state of the Union a city party largely supported by foreigners, or the native born of foreign parentage, works in the most complete inner harmony — though in apparent opposition — with a country party, manned and officered by native Americans, in furtherance of ends the most remote from the best principles of our government. It must, indeed, be said by the impartial observer

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that the native branch of the combination is the bolder, more unscrupulous, and more comprehensive in evil designs of the two. In another large state a city government has for years been in the hands of bandits of strictly native origin, who have outdone anything that the foreign city party in the other state have ever attempted. In national politics there is an undoubted predominance of the native element, and there is an undoubtedly large element of corruption. Look for a moment at one important branch of political action in this country, — that dealing with the currency. An unprejudiced observer following the course of our legislation on currency and banking from colonial times down would be driven to conclude that an inextinguishable impulse of our nature was to avoid paying our debts. This tendency is to be explained in large part by the temptations of rapid development, in circumstances that made a constant call for capital; but the fault is a fault, nevertheless, and must be taken home to ourselves. The most American periods of our history — the colonial, the Revolutionary, the period of Western expansion — are the periods of the worst financial vagaries; and the most American parts of our country to-day are those the most tainted with financial heresy. The foreign vote, taking it all in all, has always been fairly sound on financial questions, and has more than once, in doubtful crises, saved us from the consequences of our own mistaken theories.

The fact is that the evil as well as the good in our political and social system has been inherent in it from the beginning. The first wave of population, overspreading the country, has moulded it into the general outlines that it retains to-day, which subsequent waves were unable to wash out. It is impossible to point to a single important modification of our institutions by foreigners, unless, indeed, we have to thank them, by the mere fact of their presence, for a growth of religious toleration that our ancestors praised in theory, but in practice knew very little about.

The immigrant has shown no lack of capacity to assimilate with us politically. In coming under the boss system he has "assimilated" only too well. But assimilation has not all taken place along this undesirable line. It can no longer be said that all foreigners belong to one political party; nor can it be said that any race group holds together for any considerable period as a workable political unit. There is much talk before elections of the delivery of this or that "element" to this or that candidate, but figures fail to show the general success of such predictions. A further and most encouraging token of political assimilability on the part of our immigrants is that no race element, but one, of all those who have come over here, — and that, curiously enough, the one we think has assimilated with us the best, the Irish, — has ever made foreign questions an issue in American politics.

But the political aspect of the case is, after all, of secondary importance, although, like other superficial phenomena, it is among the first to catch the eye. The political system of a country is only the outward expression of inner social forces; and among these forces probably the most important in shaping political institutions is that complicated interplay of activities generally grouped under the name of economic life. That there is a growing realization of this truth is shown by many tokens, among them, the fact that the latest discussions of immigration, popular as well as scientific, turn almost wholly upon the industrial possibilities of the immigrant. The assumption is that if he is found desirable industrially, politically he will take care of himself. It is pretty generally admitted that, up to the present time, the immigrant has filled a useful, and perhaps necessary, place in our industrial system. What

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would have happened if we had been content to develop our resources more slowly, confiding that development wholly to American hands, nobody can say; but we were not content to do so, and it cannot be denied that practically all the labor force so far supplied by the immigrants has been eagerly demanded and quickly absorbed. A large part of our immigration, indeed, has come from a direct demand by native-born employers, who must bear their share of blame for any troubles that may have arisen in consequence. The immigrant has then been useful, and has prospered; but with the further development of our industrial system, will his usefulness and prosperity be as great as they have been in the past?

The taking up of the last considerable tracts of government land marks the end of an era in our economic history. The impending change from extensive to intensive agriculture that this circumstance foreshadows is itself but one aspect, and may be regarded as a type of a general change even now to be seen at work in the industrial system. Business competition to-day is everywhere giving the victory to care over carelessness, economy over wastefulness, skill and training over ignorance. In short, a period seems to be opening in which the cardinal industrial principle is thrift, in the most comprehensive sense of the term. And thrift is a quality that especially distinguishes our newer immigrants. It may take some mistaken forms at first; but the quality is there, to be turned in the right direction by the teachings of experience if in no other way. Thrift has, indeed, been made a special item of complaint against the immigrant, partly because our own ideas have been shaped to extravagance by our easily acquired wealth, partly because of the mistaken methods seen to be employed by the immigrant in his endeavor to be thrifty. But there need be no fear of permanent evil consequences even from these. A people starting at a low point in the scale of living, restricting themselves to a degree of expenditure that brings poor food, insufficient clothing, unwholesome shelter, will probably struggle above that point just as rapidly as circumstances will permit; but even if they did not, they could not enter into competition with, or lower the standard of life for, those above them. There is no competition between the well-clad, well-fed, intelligent workingman and the half-starved, sickly, and dull one. The former will always command higher wages than the latter, because his work is better worth it, and because the latter cannot take his place. This truth has been shown again and again in the history of industry in this country. Low wages most often mean high labor cost. Failure in competition usually reduces itself not to a question of money wages, but to a lack of the broader thrift implied in using the most economical methods of production and distribution. In general it may be said that whatever makes a better man — that is, raises the real standard of life — makes a better workman, and raises the standard of wages.

At present the immigrant is, for the most part, an unskilled laborer, and at the lower grade of wages and living that this sort of labor provides. There is, however, still need of such labor, and of the class that can furnish it. The assistant commissioner of immigration at the port of New York has testified that since the recent revival of business, the bureau of immigration has received, within a period of three or four months, applications for ten thousand unskilled workmen whom it could not furnish. Such places as these neither the native American nor the immigrant of earlier arrival is willing to occupy. Both of these classes are able to secure work of a higher grade, and naturally prefer it. The immigrant is needed to take a vacant place in our industrial scheme, and his ability to make a living on the wages this grade of labor

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receives is in his favor. There is no reason to fear, moreover, that his ability to live at a low cost will keep the immigrant from following the general human tendency to better one's condition the first moment one sees an opportunity for doing so. Experience already shows that none of our immigrants so far are preparing to content themselves with anything less than the best the country has to offer. Just as soon as they have gained a foothold, they begin the pressure for something more and better. Opinion may be divided as to the industrial value of the strike, but its use is an unmistakable evidence of a desire to advance, and this instrument is resorted to by every people that we have so far had among us at a very early stage of their sojourn here. As straws show which way the wind blows, the trifles of daily life afford striking testimony to the same thing. A little journey through the East Side or the Italian quarter on a holiday cannot fail to impress the observer with hundreds of such trifles, all pointing one way. The gay garments, imitating with wonderful success of superficial effect the attire of the well-to-do, the general display of ornament, the prevailing air of leisure and enjoyment, all indicate that the natural desires of humanity — the "wants," which economists tell us are among the first essentials to progress — are springing and bourgeoning at a most satisfactory rate.

A further quality characterizing the newer immigrant, and also (like thrift) made a ground of reproach against him, is also likely to be found especially useful in the new order of things, — that is, docility. As the country fills up, there is increasing pressure of population not only upon resources, but upon itself. For lack of elbowroom, men are less and less able to act independently, and must more and more take into account one another's motions. Work must go on in harmony with other work, and under some common general plan, if it is not to be stopped altogether, in a tangle of cross purposes. In the growing competition of a more crowded society, the man working alone will have less and less chance against the group of men working together, and the group with an inefficient leader will have less and less chance against the group with an efficient leader. Whether we like it or not, the characteristic of the future community will be its arrangement into groups composed of leaders and followers. The original and inventive mind, the strong will, the natural leader, finds in a loyal and well-disciplined following his only opportunity to carry out his plans. On the other hand, the best chance for prosperity of the average man will be in placing himself under the guidance of a strong and honest leader.

The native American is certainly, for the moment, the natural leader here on his own soil. He has had the advantage of two centuries of prosperity. He has always had the instinct of management, as is shown in his clever direction of his own individual activities and in the exploitation of natural resources.

And the immigrant is, for the moment, the natural follower. To those of us who are in the habit of regarding the foreign anarchist as the type of the foreign immigrant in general, this would seem the most unlikely function we could assign him. But nothing could be more unfair than this view.

When half a dozen immigrant Italians had succeeded in slaying their former king, the hundreds of thousands of their compatriots packed in the foreign quarters of our great cities gave themselves up to the same execration and lamentation of such deeds that any quiet, law-abiding citizens would give utterance to. In New York, in the Italian quarter, emblems of mourning on all sides showed how the mass of the Italian population there, at least, regarded the anarchist and his works.

But the one anarchist impresses the

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popular mind, because he makes a noise; while the many orderly, peaceful representatives of his race are unnoticed, as they follow their daily round of quiet faithful toil, just because they have fitted themselves so thoroughly into the established order of things.

Every-day acquaintance with the mass of our immigrants shows them to be, indeed, a notably conservative class. The old and highly organized communities from which they are for the most part drawn have, through generations, drilled their citizens into habits of obedience, respect for law, for authority, for knowledge, for the leader. And although, as we have remarked, these habits are relaxed somewhat by the circumstances of change to a new country, and the special circumstances of our own slack social control, they have been too deeply ingrained to be entirely lost so soon, and still remain as the foundation of character in the immigrant.

In these habits, then, we have at hand a most valuable form of social capital, to be brought out and made much of by careful treatment, or to be wasted and altogether destroyed by our neglect.

As the native American's best chance for prosperity to-day lies in his power to gather about him efficient and docile followers, so the immigrant's best beginning is to find good leadership, coming here as he does with nothing of his own but the power of service and the desire for improvement. No permanent race line need be drawn in consequence between leaders and followers. It is a matter of fitness only, and when the immigrant reaches the point where he, too, will be effective as a leader, there is nothing to prevent his taking his place as such. If his present disposition to follow a leader has in too many cases driven him into bad hands, it is our duty to remedy this evil by supplying leadership of a better kind.

This changing of bad leadership into good is, indeed, the only way out from other evils that are besetting us, aside from the perils of immigration. It is growing more and more plain that no machinery of laws, of votes, of theories, or of constitutions can make men equal or safeguard the weak. The general welfare, when all is said, is in the hands of the strong. But the strong are, in their turn, subject to a certain restraint, impalpable but powerful, — the force of public opinion, which, if it be once educated up to an appreciation of the true functions and obligations of leadership, can bring to bear a pressure toward a better state of things that the leader will find it hard to withstand.

The problem of immigration does not, then, seem a hopeless, or even a very discouraging one, if it is dealt with properly. In the first place, it must be realized that any laws restrictive of immigration which it would be possible to pass would shut off the merest rivulets of the stream. Notwithstanding popular prejudice against the immigrant, the actual pressure from within to keep an open way for him is nearly as strong as that from without. Our people, even while, as a whole, they are cherishing a conscious dislike to foreigners, and a theoretical objection to their incoming, are constantly, as individual employers, calling them here, either by name and expressly, or through the great general clamor for labor of all kinds that is always going up. Here is a half-worked country in need of a larger labor force; across the sea is a labor force in need of employment. It will be as impossible to keep these apart, under modern conditions of intercommunication, as to shut out a rising tide with a board fence; the water will force its way in, either over, or under, or through the cracks. The fact of immigration in considerable bulk must, then, be accepted, and far better results will follow if it is accepted good-naturedly than if an ineffectual nagging is kept up against those who are sure to come in anyway. When they are in,

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the best means of dealing with them are simply those that a higher development of the social organism will make both more natural and more necessary for ourselves, — impartial justice in the courts, honesty in government, especially in municipal government, the suppression of all forms of privilege that mock the law, a more thorough, practical, and flexible system of education, and a stricter social control.

The broad means, including all of these, is a frank and honest acceptance on our part of the obligations as well as the privileges of leadership. This is in accordance with the growing thought of the time. Whether for better or for worse, the Anglo-Saxon race has taken up the mission of schoolmaster and protector to the whole world. Whatever meaner motives lurk beneath our expeditions and conquests, this is the pretext that must be offered to meet the general expectation, — a common benefit to leaders and led, to be wrought out by them together, and unattainable by either separately. To correspond with this thought, a conception of citizenship is gaining ground, based, not like those of widest acceptance at present, on birth from a given stock or on a given patch of soil, but upon allegiance to a common leader, for the furtherance of common ends. Why may we not call to this citizenship our aliens at home as well as those abroad in our new colonies?

This is, indeed, but another application of the principle of thrift already seen to be so necessary in the industrial world, soon to be recognized as equally useful in wider social relations. The conversion of human material wherever it may be found, and whatever it may be, from lower to higher social values, is coming to be recognized as a work not simply of philanthropy, but of the plainest sort of social economy. In the care of our immigrants we have the opportunity of engaging in this work under the most favorable circumstances, and with the fairest prospect of success ever offered to a people. It would seem a token of ignorance or weakness on our part if we were to throw it away.

Kate Holladay Claghorn.

PIAZZA PHILOSOPHY.

THERE is an old story, with which everybody is familiar, of a man who said that the proper way to construct a house was to build a piazza first and then tack the house on to it. That was not the way our piazza came into being. The house itself had been built many years before it became our house. When we entered into possession it was already memory-haunted, full of delightful traditional shadows which we have never wished to displace, although I do bethink me now of one bad quarter of an hour which was inflicted on me by an estimable old lady, one of my earliest callers in the days of my young housekeeping.

"My dear," she inquired placidly, "would it trouble you to know that somebody has died in every room in your house?"

I repeated this question to my husband, who at once took the sting out of it.

"Well, what more do you want?" he asked. "Don't you see that they have n't left us any room to die in?"

It was owing to this cheerful view of the matter that when we built the piazza, and so annexed a new joy, we made the ghosts as free of it as ourselves, and it is perhaps through their presence and influence that it became at once a place for dreaming dreams and seeing visions.

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It is, as to architecture, a Colonial-Grecian piazza. I know it is colonial because the man who designed it was especially bidden to make it so, and I am equally sure that it is Grecian because a college professor referred to it in an art lecture as a "Grecian portico."

It is a long and wide piazza, with airy spaces and groups of slender columns, and if it seems to my fancy both ampler and more romantic than it really is, it is because since it grew up into the world of piazzas it has taken in (in the mind of one woman at least) the whole material universe, — the green earth and blue vault of heaven, sun, moon, and stars, — and has added thereto the Garden of Eden, the Age of Pericles, all the stateliest features of our own colonial era, and some very satisfactory bits of the present century, with here and there a background borrowed from Chaos and Old Night. I hardly know what more one need ask of a mere sublunary nineteenth-century piazza! I could give the actual dimensions, but I am not one of those commonplace beings who measure everything by feet and inches; it is wider than a church door, and not so deep as a well, — that is, a very deep well, — and that suffices.

On this piazza I have entertained many a wonderful guest. Indeed at the very first, just after the art lecture in which the piazza began to masquerade as a Grecian portico, there came — on one of the fairest of summer mornings, I remember — a certain squat, snub-nosed, barefooted philosopher, whom I recognized at a glance. He was a man whose silver tongue had in the old days made many an Athenian youth forget the lapse of time, but I did not encourage him to speak, because I did not know whether it would be one of his good or bad days. He might, indeed, discourse of immortality in language of serene and noble beauty, or he might spend hours on end splitting hairs.

"Come, Parmenides," I seemed to hear him say, "let us go to the Ilissus, and sit down in some quiet spot, and discuss freely as to whether things begin at both ends, or in the middle, or upside down, or inside out. And if a part is equal to the whole, as we have sometimes argued that it might be, why is not a quarter of a dollar just as good as a whole one and a little better?"

And Parmenides might reply, even as of old, —

"But if one is to remain one; it will not be a whole, and will not have parts."

It is patent to the feeblest imagination that this sort of conversation, though it may be Greek, is not in the least colonial and, therefore, not suited to a Colonial-Grecian piazza; but on that moonlight night when the young Alcibiades, wine-flushed, rose-wreathed, beautiful as a god, sat just where the great elm tree casts its moving shadow between the twin groups of slender pillars, the words which fell from his lips were neither Grecian nor colonial, but spoke the innermost language of the hearts of men in all times. What the message of Socrates could be when he chose, I learned from this imperishably beautiful young drunkard.

"If I were not afraid that you would think me drunk I would have sworn as well as spoken to the influence which they [the words of Socrates] have always had and still have over me. For my heart leaps within me more than that of any Corybantian reveler, and my eyes rain tears when I hear them. . . . This man has often brought me to such a pass that I have felt that I could hardly endure the life which I am leading. . . . For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians, therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. He is the only person who ever made me feel ashamed, which you might think not to

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be in my nature, and there is no one else who does the same. . . .

"For, although I forgot to mention this before, his words are ridiculous when you first hear them, — he clothes himself in language that is as the skin of the wanton satyr, — but he who pierces the mask, and sees what is within, will find that they are the only words that have a meaning in them, and also the most divine, abounding in fair examples of virtue and of the largest discourse, or rather extending to the whole duty of a good and honorable man."

I told the story of this vision to a real young man who sat on the piazza the next morning, — a nineteenth-century young man with all the modern improvements, — and I went on to remark to him — very reprehensibly, no doubt — that it would be a good thing for every young man to get drunk once if he could receive such an accession of divine common sense in the process as Alcibiades seems to have done.

He answered me soberly enough, looking vaguely at my daimon, which had just then lighted on the arm of his chair, "Oh, well! I suppose there are times in every fellow's life when he hears the Voices — don't you?"

So I knew that the miracle performed for Alcibiades was not a solitary one.

Socrates had a daimon and so have I. I do not know whether the Grecian portico had anything to do with the appearance of my familiar, or if the fact of Socrates's possession bears any relation to my own. I know that his daimon was a divinity within his own breast, and that mine — differentiated perhaps by his semi-colonial environment — is an outward and visible devil's darning-needle. He is not a painted dragon-fly, but a long, angular, loose-jointed, interfering, meddlesome devil's darning-needle, and, so far as I have any reason to know, he was built simultaneously with the piazza. At any rate, he appeared soon after we took possession of our new territory, and has reappeared there with each succeeding summer.

I know nothing about the average length of days which is granted to creatures of his kind; it matters not in his case, because he is a supernatural insect, one of the few, the immortal devil's darning-needles, who were not born to die. In the early days of his sojourn with us, I had an instinctive habit of jumping whenever he came near in that swooping, waggle-tailed manner which characterizes his methods of approach, but the wisdom of the poet has been verified in this case as in many another, — I first endured, then pitied, then embraced. Gradually he became my guide, philosopher, and friend. He has taught me a good deal and I have taught him a good deal, and that means, as it generally does when such is the case, that first and last there has been an appreciable amount of disagreeableness between us. He is an insect of violent prejudices, and I can usually tell at once whether or not he approves of the callers who frequent the piazza. He has, I am sadly aware, two settled antipathies, — tramps and nervous women.

How well I remember the first tramp who made my daimon's acquaintance! He was a care-free, happy-go-lucky fellow, who had seen better days which he was contented to forget. With a deferential "Allow me," he sank into a piazza chair, removed his shabby hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and from that moment, despite the wildest efforts to dislodge him, the darning-needle sat like black care on the bald spot on that hobo's crown. I had not supposed that a professional wanderer, used to living near to Nature's heart and resting his head upon the lap of earth, would have minded a trivial creature like a devil's darning-needle so much, but I confess that I have never personally been in a position to judge just how ticklish a thing a long and active insect nestling on one's bald spot can make itself.

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He paused — my hobo guest — in the midst of an eloquent and lucid exposition of the duty of every human being to help every other human being, passing good deeds on from one to another, apropos of the fact that the world, in my person, owed him a dinner, to remark suddenly and with violence, "Oh, the Dev—il's darning-needle, I mean!" And just at that moment his tormentor soared into the air and thus — apparently — preserved himself from battle, murder, and sudden death. When my visitor was about to go, after a square meal, eaten under cover and far from the haunts of harassing insects, I asked him, —

"To whom are you going to pass this good deed on? — if it is a good deed, of which I am not sure."

He replied airily: "Oh, I may find a chance to help some other poor devil. But, madam, if I don't, it's all one. When I took to the road, I freed myself from all my previous responsibilities."

The darning-needle flew down and perched on the arm of my chair, and I said to him, as I watched the departing figure of the wanderer, "I begin to wish I was a tramp myself. My responsibilities are always hanging like a millstone around my neck. How absolutely delightful it would be to shed them all and be free!"

"Somebody," remarked my ungrateful daimon, "said on this very piazza the other day, 'The people who talk most about their responsibilities are the ones who feel them least.'"

Since I have allowed myself to keep a daimon I know how politicians feel when the newspapers begin to look up their records. I live constantly under the shadow of a hereafter. Why, prithee, should a mere, ignorant devil's darning-needle be continually hoisting me with my own petard? Must I, forsooth, live up to all my smart sayings?

I never knew by just what underhand — or perhaps I should say underfoot — method my daimon insinuated himself into the pocket of the female book agent, the black and yawning pocket under her dress skirt wherein she carried the book which she intended to spring upon the unwary.

This work, whose merits she was advocating to a needy world, was one of those compiled with the purpose of enabling the unlearned to appear wise without the trouble of being so, and as she restored the volume to its mysterious receptacle she remarked pleasantly to me, —

"Of course you are aware, madam, that no matter what your other advantages may be, unless you are able to appear cultured you can never expect to enter the best society."

It is a disheartening thing to know that one's lack of culture is such as to be apparent at a moment's glance to the meanest observer, and it was while I was watching with saddened vision the yawning pocket, into whose depths all my hopes of good society were disappearing, that my friend, the devil's darning-needle, flew suddenly forth and dashed himself against the prophetic forehead of Cassandra. At that moment, too, he and Cassandra rose simultaneously into the air and flapped their wings.

When peace had been restored within our borders and I saw my daimon gleefully gyrating to and fro in the sun, I said to him with some asperity, —

"May I ask what that devil's dance is intended to indicate?"

"I am rejoicing," he answered, "because I am only a plain devil's darning-needle" —

"Plain enough, if that is what you want," I interrupted maliciously.

"I heard you telling somebody the other day that I was not so black as I had been painted. However, that's neither here nor there; I was rejoicing that, as a mere insect without brains, I am not called upon to pretend to know what I don't know. I would rather be

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a sincere devil's darning-needle than a foolish virgin shining in the best society on the strength of borrowed oil."

"You 're always giving thanks for doubtful mercies," I suggested spitefully. There is something so exasperating in the appearance of a devil's darning-needle putting on airs. "The other day you were jubilating because you had no soul, and yet, to the ordinary judgment, there is nothing so very enviable in the lot of a creature with neither mind nor soul."

"I said," he remarked loftily, "and I stand to it, that if I were unfortunate enough to possess a soul I should have to spend my whole time 'saving' it. As it is, I am at liberty to do something more useful." With the words he swung himself airily away, passing with apparent heedlessness as he did so through the meshes of a cobweb in which a struggling fly had just been entangled, and restoring the poor insect to life and liberty.

Generally speaking, my daimon does not put himself very strongly in evidence when I have callers of my own sex. He knows their tricks and their manners, their constitutional tendency to scream at the approach of a harmless insect, as if he were a midnight invader with a dark lantern instead of an innocent devil's darning-needle clad in his customary suit of solemn black.

Frequently, however, I am grieved to know that he is perched on some point of vantage near by, looking at the weary countenance of my visitor, and listening while she explains that she has been waiting for weeks to snatch an opportunity to pay this call, but one duty follows another so rapidly in modern life that one never gets time to do what one most desires.

"What are these duties that they all wear themselves out with?" my officious daimon inquires when the caller has departed. "Why is every one of them afflicted with 'that tired feeling'? Did n't you tell me that the woman who just went away had a small family and a comfortable income, and did n't 'do her own work,' as the phrase is?"

"Well," I explained, "when she does n't do her own work she does some other person's. They all do. There are the demands of housekeeping, the demands of the family, the social demands, entertainments to get up for the support of all kinds of benevolences, for the current expenses of the church" —

"Then," this troublesome insect interrupted rudely, "the home is really an incubus and not a joy, and all the stuff I have heard you read aloud on this piazza about the larger life and conscientious giving is impractical nonsense. One really eats and drinks one's way into the kingdom of heaven at twenty-five or fifty cents a ticket, as the case may be. Do you suppose," he went on with increasing flippancy, "that when you get there, you will find the angels giving a pink tea for the support of the heavenly choir, or will it be only a musicale 'with local talent'?"

"If you were a human being instead of an irresponsible devil's darning-needle," I assured him severely, "you would know that it is often a serious problem to decide whether it is best to adapt one's work to the world as it is, or the world as it should be. Ideal work belongs to an ideal world."

This sentiment sounded well, and had a practical ring to it, so why should this irritating daimon go on to remark musingly, —

"Of course one can hardly be expected to know the result of experiments which one has never tried!"

How can he be so sure that I have never essayed the ideal life? And even if I have not, — which, of course, is a libel, — how does it concern him? If I were going to maintain an embodied conscience, do you suppose I would paint it black?

I asked him this latter question. "Perhaps you would n't need to," quoth he.

For an insect who professes such joy

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in the knowledge that he is soulless, my daimon displays a remarkable degree of interest in everything pertaining to theology. It was only his overweening curiosity on this subject which induced him to linger around the piazza on the day when the Foolish Woman was talking with the Contrary Young Man. Ordinarily he would have disappeared at the first hint of the Foolish Woman's approach, but when I saw him perch on the window cornice and settle down without even a flip of the tail, I knew the topic of conversation must be one of those which command his serious attention. The Man of the World was there, too, I remember, sitting a little apart, alternately reading the newspaper and looking critically at the creases in his trousers. When the Man of the World indulges himself in any ethical theories, I feel sure that they have reference to the moral necessity of having one's trousers creased properly, and always wearing the right clothes at the right time of day. If the sun ever *was* darkened at noonday, — which the Man of the World does not in the least credit, — it was because some vandal had been paying a morning call with the wrong coat on, or dining at an hour when he should have just begun to think about lunch. On this occasion he was, apparently, paying no attention to the conversation between the Foolish Woman and the Contrary Young Man, which happened to be on the subject of amusements. His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart in a world where the thought of correct neckwear assumes its proper importance.

"I am so glad," the Foolish Woman was saying with that pretty smile which is, according to Emerson, her excuse for being, "that nowadays nothing is wrong."

The Contrary Young Man raised his eyebrows inquiringly; it is one of the disagreeable ways he has.

The Foolish Woman fell into a charming confusion, — and confusion punctuated with a dimple can be very charming. "Oh," she explained, "of course I didn't exactly mean that — that — nothing is wrong. I meant, don't you see, that I'm so glad that everything is right. It's so different, you know, from what it used to be when one had to give up all sorts of things if one was religious."

"'Renouncing the world, the flesh, and the devil,' they used to call it, I believe," the Contrary Young Man suggested politely.

The Foolish Woman pouted, — a pout is becoming to her. "Oh, well, you know well enough what I mean, only you want to be horrid, as usual. When I was a child people used to have all sorts of gloomy notions, about hell, you know, and endless damnation, — really, it seems like swearing just to talk about such things! — and I used to be frightened to death when I was left alone a minute in the dark. I'm sure I don't see how anybody can help feeling glad that they've discovered a nice, cheerful religion instead of those frightful old creeds, and that we don't have to go moping round all the time thinking about our souls. I should think," the speaker added virtuously, throwing grammar to the winds, "that every unselfish person would be glad that everybody's going to heaven when they die."

"There used to be something said in the Good Book about excluding 'dogs and sorcerers and'" —

The Foolish Woman raised her finger beseechingly. "*Please* don't!" she pleaded. "I think some of those quotations are just as improper as they can be."

"I've wiped it off the slate," the Young Man assented cheerfully. "I just wanted to say, mum, if there's nothing unspeakable about doing so, that I suppose under the present dispensation all those old categories have been called in."

"Well, are n't you glad of it?" the Foolish Woman inquired intelligently. "Do you want to go to the bad place?"

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There was at this point a murmur, scarcely intelligible, from that part of the piazza where the Man of the World sat, still, to all intents and purposes, absorbed in the contemplation of his nether garments. "To the eye of vulgar Logic, what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches," — that is what one would have expected him to say. What he really did say — with a wink at the Contrary Young Man — was this, —

"Is thy servant a dog, that you should ask him such questions?"

The Foolish Woman looked innocently puzzled. "I don't see what that 's got to do with it."

"Nothing at all," the Contrary Young Man assured her. "He was simply putting me in my own category. As for wanting to go to the bad place, I don't know that I am especially anxious for that privilege. What I do want, if anything, is the same freedom of choice in the matter that my forefathers had. I think there ought from the foundation of the world to have been some stability of arrangement about this business; and after all the preceding generations have been allowed a degree of choice about their final destination, I call it a little rough on us, that all property qualifications, educational clauses, and civil service examinations should be abolished in our day, and we poor chaps just swooped into heaven without even having had the benefit of trial by jury."

"I don't feel sure that I understand what you mean," the Foolish Woman remarked, with a reproving air, "but I 'm sure it sounds wicked. You can't possibly want all those awfully frightful old doctrines back, — foreordination, and free will, and those old things that nobody ever dreamed of understanding?"

"They 're simple enough," the Young Man assured her, "if they are only presented in the right light. It 's just like this; did you ever see a man fishing for pickerel? Well, you know he baits his hook with a live minnow and throws him into the water. The little minnow seems to be swimming gayly about at his own free will, but just the moment he attempts to move out of his appointed course, he begins to realize that there is a hook in his back. That 's just what we find out, you see, when we try to swim against the stream of destiny. We all have hooks in our backs. You can call it by whatever name you like, but that 's the whole business in a nutshell."

"I won't listen to you another minute," the Foolish Woman protested, rising as she spoke. "You grow positively irreligious. Now there 's Mr. Blank, sitting there so quietly all the while. I 've no doubt he 's thinking of something really worth speaking of."

"I am, indeed," the Man of the World said seriously. "I 'm thinking that I won't keep these trousers. This is the first time I 've had them on, don't you see, and the longer I look at them the more I think there 's something crude about the color. I don't see how a woman ever selects her clothes without going crazy. A man has certain definite rules which guide him to an extent, but a woman has to choose from such a wilderness of styles. My heart aches for you."

"And well it may," the Foolish Woman was saying as the two walked away from the piazza together. "If it was n't an absolute duty to look as well as one can, I should simply give up the struggle. Sometimes, I 'm positively *wild* with it!"

The daimon flew down from his perch when the pair had disappeared, and lighted on the window sill beside which I sat.

"It is entirely beyond my comprehension, — this attitude of you human creatures toward life!" he exclaimed.

"Yes?" I said tentatively.

"Either you are immortal beings," he went on, "or you are not."

"Granted."

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"If you are not, nothing matters, and if you are, everything matters."

"Exactly."

"And instead of settling the question, or even thinking about it, it would seem, you go on discussing the color of your clothes and wondering what you would better have for dinner!" Overcome by his emotions, with a tremendous swoop of the tail, the darning-needle wildly circled into the air.

The Contrary Young Man drew his chair nearer to the open window where I was sitting.

"Was it Mr. Weller who said that women were 'rum creeters'?" he inquired. "I don't remember the authority, but I can vouch for the truth of the statement. If a woman must be a fool, though, it is just as well that she should be a pretty fool. I thought I heard you talking to somebody just now."

"I thank you in the name of my sex for the complimentary tone of your remarks," I said, ignoring his last statement. "If it is the lady who has just gone away to whom you are so gracefully referring, I am not at all sure that she did n't appear quite as well as you did in the conversation which I overheard. I wonder sometimes in which religious denomination you class yourself."

"In no religious denomination at all; I belong to the biggest denomination on earth, — the denomination of civilized heathen. We 're not all just alike, but we are all in the same fold. Some of us really want to know what we 're here for, and some of us don't care. Some of us are interested in our souls, and some in our trousers" —

"Speaking well of the absent does n't seem to be any part of your creed," I suggested at this point.

The Young Man received this criticism cheerfully. "Good work!" he commented. "I 'll tell you what church I would really like to join if I could do so with the same cheerful confidence in its efficacy which I have seen some of its members display. I took a spin into the country on my wheel the other day and stopped at a farmhouse at noon, as I often do, for a bowl of bread and milk. While I ate, the farmer gave me the benefit of his conversation, and he could talk the bark off a log. He was n't exactly my ideal of a perfect man, and the things in his life he seemed to be proudest of struck me as rather shady transactions, but I found that he considered he had a sure thing as far as religion was concerned. He spoke of heaven as if he had paid for a corner lot.

"'You seem pretty sure about your standing in the next world,' I said to him.

"'Well, I don't know why not,' he said. 'I was converted way back in '69.'

"Now that is just what would suit me, — to get converted once and for all, and then stay so, no matter what little vagaries I might be betrayed into afterwards."

"And yet, if I remember aright, I heard you a few minutes ago regretting that you were liable to be swooped into heaven, whether you wanted to or not."

"You did," the Young Man acknowledged; "but there are moments in a man's history when he realizes that it might make a difference — in his own self-respect, at least — whether he entered the next world with a clean conscience or a dirty one."

The daimon — who had, as usual, been listening — was all ready to put in his comment before the Young Man was fairly out of hearing. "There, but for the grace of God, goes this darning-needle!" he exclaimed, jerking his tail toward the visitor's departing form. "When I die, that is the end of me, but if I had been afflicted with a soul" —

"'To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,'" I quoted. "That does n't sound so tempting."

"I shan't care how cold it is, so long as I don't know it. Might be more comfortable than a seat too near the fire!"

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I left the piazza in disgust — a mere flippant devil's darning-needle, whom I could crush with one movement of my foot! Why should I bear so much impertinence from him?

I was even more sadly impressed with the assurance of this mindless insect when he began to criticise man and his place in the universe.

"I gather from what I have heard on this piazza," he remarked, with his usual thirst for information, "that man vaunts himself as belonging to the highest order of beings, the very top-notch, the flower of evolution and civilization and all the rest."

"Certainly," I answered coldly, with the air of one who inquires, "What affair is this of yours?"

"And it is because he alone, thus far, has developed moral faculties that he spends so much of his time in fighting with the various tribes of his order, each superior moral creature endeavoring to exterminate as many other superior moral creatures as possible? When one member of the brute creation preys upon another, it is, as I understand it, simply the following out of a barbarous natural instinct; when man preys upon his fellow man it is, on the contrary, a revelation of supreme morality."

"Many of the wars to which you allude have been wars of principle," I replied severely. "Our Philippine campaign is a notable example of this. But one can hardly expect you to comprehend principles, since it is impossible for you to possess them."

"Much better not to have principles," the darning-needle commented pensively. "So far as my observation goes, it is almost invariably the people with principles who get into mischief. Look at Russia, now. She could n't live another second without a Peace Congress, and all the time she was getting one of the biggest armies on the globe ready for mobilization."

"Certainly; she wanted to be in a position to enforce her peace principles."

"Oh," the darning-needle went on in a few minutes, "Man 's a great creature! He comes both to destroy and to fulfill, and he usually accomplishes his fulfillment by destroying. That story of the little boy which somebody told here the other day is a good illustration of the whole subject, it seems to me."

Now the story of the little boy, which the darning-needle seized so maliciously with which to point his moral, was this: A gentle lady was trying to lead to higher things a dear, little, round-faced boy of hopelessly destructive instincts, so she pointed out to him the great golden moon swimming through the summer heavens, and descanted to him on its beauty and the goodness of God in creating it to light the earth. The little vandal listened unmoved to her most eloquent periods, and when she had finished announced, —

"I 'm goin' to bweak that down! I 'm goin' to take my big tick and bweak that all down out o' the sky!" A moment later, attacked by doubts of his own prowess, he added, "If I can't bweak that down, I 'm goin' to get my faver to bweak it down for me!"

When I went into the house and slammed the door after me, it was not because I really desired to leave my daimon in the undisturbed contemplation of man in his alleged favorite occupation of breaking down all the golden moons in the universe, but because I recognized the impossibility of explaining to an insect without reasoning powers that every great question contains within itself such possibilities of expansion that in following it to its bitter end sense frequently becomes nonsense, immorality becomes morality, and everything becomes everything else.

It was the very morning after this annoying conversation that the housemaid came to me. She had been cleansing the piazza floor, actively, as her manner is.

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"Honest to goodness, mum," she announced, "I come jist within one o' troddin' on that ould dar'-needle you make sich a toime about. He don't very often be puttin' himself round under feet, but he 'd got a-thinkin' this mornin' so har-rd that he did n't wanst notice that I was in it — an' there he was, jist timptin' me to shtep on him. 'T would served him right, too — the ould divil!"

I asked myself whether I was most glad or sorry that my daimon had thus been preserved to me, and I did not know. Was I not happier before I began to see myself so constantly as others see me? Whether, I queried within myself, 't is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous darning-needles, or to take arms — or feet — against impertinent insects, and by opposing, end them?

Meanwhile, he is sitting on the arm of a piazza chair at this moment, winking his tail and inviting me to mortal combat. My spirit rises to the challenge. Come,

> "Hang out our banners on the outward walls!"

Martha Baker Dunn.

A PLEA FOR AMERICAN NEEDLECRAFT.

THE action of Congress in refusing to support even negatively a philanthropist who desires to establish in the West a school for lace-making is only to be accounted for on the ground that the lawmakers of that body are unaware of the expediency of the proposed effort; that they are uninformed as to the real need for a defined home industry for women in America. According to the last census, the entire number of lace-makers in the United States amounted to about twenty-one hundred, a number that includes embroiderers and machine lace-makers (of both sexes), but which represents no single handworker who would be reckoned as accomplished if placed among the lace-makers of Europe.

It has been maintained that the conditions of American life are against an industry which originated and throve primarily in the cottage; that the European cottage in which lace-making is carried on has no counterpart in America. But this is only partially true, for though we scan with warrantable satisfaction our well-conducted factories where hours of labor and payment for the same are humanely governed, there still remains to be considered by students of sociological problems the army of home workers in city flats, in the tenements of small towns, in country places, who, unprovided with trades, unskilled in art, deprived by pride of courage to go out and labor with others, or hindered by delicate health, are yet desperately in need of some permanent employment that is at once practicable and profitable. The limitations of the lives of small farmers' wives especially are scarcely less than those that characterize the lives of the Old World cottagers.

With certain external differences, humble home life in country places is identical in all lands. There is the same absence of diversion; long distances separate neighbors; schooling is meagre, literature scarce. Many eloquent pens have halted in an attempt truthfully to describe the deprivations, not to say miseries, of back country life in America, in the Tennessee mountain regions, the Virginia and Pennsylvania mining towns, and in the small homes hidden in the Western prairies. The story repeats itself among the New England hills and in such Southern states as Georgia, Mis-

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sissippi, and Texas. Everywhere may be found the woman anxious "to get work home," and thereby add some comfort or supply some need for which body or soul cries out. "Fake" advertisers, offering work (for the execution of which they sell impossible "outfits" or recipes), fatten on the contributions received from hopeful women, who scan the papers in search of employment for idle hours. These women are legion, and include all sorts and conditions of their sex. There is the reduced gentlewoman consumed with that shame of becoming a wage-earner openly, which is foreign to American principles but common enough in American practice; the young girl who, while pursuing her study or, perhaps, while caring for an invalid parent, must also earn, if possible, a portion of the family income; and there is the aged, or invalid woman herself, unable to go out and labor, yet glad, indeed, to glean at home any trifle, however small, that may come her way. There are thousands of laboring men's wives who must convert into money in some way the few hours that are left over from the day after the simple household duties have been performed. The amount of crude, coarse work done at home by untrained workers is enormous, notwithstanding legislative efforts to restrict it. Yet the sum of money gained is as pitifully small as any that may be quoted as the wages of needlewomen in foreign countries, though the labor involved has been greater and the product of an incomparably lower grade.

Available home work in cities includes the making of ties, straw-sewing, hat-making, the manufacture of garments, knitting, fringe-making, embroidery, and even painting, — of a kind. I have in mind a girl of twenty compelled to work at home because of an invalid mother whose condition necessitates the presence of a constant companion. She has picked up a knowledge of colors, and paints floral designs upon satin cushions and box covers, small banners and screens. For decorating the last-named she receives twenty cents a dozen, out of which must be purchased paints and brushes. By working until late at night this breadwinner sometimes succeeds in painting two gross of screens a week. The money resulting therefrom is above the average earning of the unassisted home worker. With even this case as a generous basis of calculation, our irregular home industries (if so one may term the manufacture of such fleeting commodities) may scarcely be rated as having superior advantages over that of lace-making. Yet the chief objection that for decades has presented itself when the subject of establishing schools for lace manufacture in America has been discussed has lain in the small remuneration likely to result to the workers.

At present we are making annual recorded purchases of dress trimmings — chiefly lace — in foreign markets to the value of twenty-five million dollars, spent principally in Switzerland, Austria, the United Kingdom, France, and Germany. A large portion of this lace is machine made, but the hand product is receiving more attention than in the past century. In large part this is due to the energy of moneyed women in Italy, Austria, and England, who have set out to foster an art that may be pursued in the precincts of a home, which institution, in turn, it protects.

The instinct toward needlework may be said to be innate in the feminine nature. Little girls exhibit it with the possession of the first doll. Even women of savage tribes delight to manipulate crude threads and experiment with stitches. In the recent missionary exhibit held in New York city were specimens of lace made by the Ojibway women. They were of exquisite texture and worthy patterns, a happy exemplification of the aptitude of the sex for needlecraft.

It is an unfortunate fact that Ameri-

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can women of means seldom apply their thought to the deliberate attempt to develop industries in which the poorer of their sex may engage. There is no lack of generosity in the endowing of colleges, the building of hospitals, of libraries and art schools, but there is a failure to take cognizance of the dangers of enforced idleness among women of scant means, and of the menace such idleness, especially among the very poor and often charity-fed, may become to family and community. An eloquent writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes, pleading for a revival of certain hand-needlecrafts in France, describes the lack of interesting occupation among women as being inevitably "the first station along the road to alcoholism," and, therefore, above all things to be provided against.

It is a question whether the universal impulse toward club organization does not depreciate in the minds of women the value to the individual and to the nation of encouraging domestic industries. Civil rights, politics, suffrage, large philanthropies, and mental culture engage their thought, but handcrafts and industries are passed by; yet almost every problem that affects workingwomen depends for its solving on the intervention of their moneyed sisters. Socially, these emulate the fashions and manners of the women of Europe, duplicating or excelling in lavishness the extravagances that there obtain; but they fail to imitate the protecting chatelaine whose part it is to support with her patronage the workers in the cottages about her home. We are making an effort to evolve a nation of book-readers, of the intellectually cultivated, of machine manipulators, and are forgetting the part the fingers must play in the highest industrial development. As with boys and men, there are numbers of girls and women to whom "reading, writing, and ciphering" do not appeal, and for whom a needle and thimble have far more of interest than have the schoolbooks they are obliged to con. Ever since the banishment of the spinning wheel a false estimate of handwork as such has become more and more general even by those who must live by means of it. The children of the poor, detecting the general absence of esteem for handicrafts, learn early to resent the idea of training for the trades. Especially is this the case with girls. John D. Philbrick, who in 1871 would have introduced ornamental needlework as a branch of industrial training in certain schools, found his idea denounced by two women reformers whom he consulted. These declared the needle "to be a symbol and badge of slavery and degradation, and as such unworthy of a place in school education." With this idea to-day as prevalent as it was three decades ago, it is not to be wondered at that native needlework is crude and coarse, and that our girls disdain to acquire a better knowledge of it.

Up to the present our art schools chiefly direct their attention to the teaching of drawing, painting, designing for woven or printed stuffs, wall coverings, book covers, etc. Such schools spawn half-castes in the laboring field, who are neither artists nor artisans, whose feeble output belittles art, yet who have learned to underrate good artisanship. Few of the products fostered in our art schools represent anything having permanent commercial or industrial value except to the fittest who occasionally survives. On the other hand, lace-making, though as yet neglected in this country, is the one industrial art product for which there is an unremitting demand. Lace among dress garnitures is as the diamond among precious stones. Our enormous and constantly increasing annual purchase is incontrovertible evidence of its favor. Nor has the demand varied appreciably in five hundred years, although the scene of lace manufacture has changed from the Orient to Spain, from Spain to Italy, thence to what is now

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Flemish France, and to England and Ireland.

The fabrication of lace may be entered upon by children, as recreation, as an accomplishment for young women, or fondly be retained by the weak fingers of old age with equal success. It is distinctly feminine in character, devoid of drudgery; in short, a clean and gentle home occupation. Its intricacies appeal alike to the cultivated and to the uneducated mind, constantly stimulating the fancy and awakening the delicate perceptions of those engaged in making it. It was a simple Venetian girl who evolved the matchless patterns that made her city forever famous, and caused kings and cardinals to exchange fortunes for the possession of the marvelous laces produced there.

In whatsoever country lace manufacture has flourished it has been by means of the studied support of the wealthy. France's latter-day prosperity is founded on a fabric of lace. Yet because of the extravagance of the dandies in the time of Louis XIV., the country was in desperate financial straits. For a hundred years or more its treasuries had poured gold into Italy for the laces that were a passion with every follower of the Medicis and their descendants. The stream was only dammed when Colbert established schools of lace-making at home, and king and court set the fashion of wearing only the home product.

To pass quickly along to recent lace history, — Comtessa Marcello, friend and attendant of Queen Adelaide, of Italy, with her support organized a society of Venetian noblewomen, who pledged themselves to patronize the work of the schools which they proposed to found at Burano. The object was not merely to revive a lost and romantic art which at one period had made Italy famous, but also to provide an occupation for idle countrywomen who suffered for lack of employment. In Austria, at the same period (1870), serious strikes among the workingmen threatened disaster all over the empire. Poverty, discontent, and other evils pressed one another until family peace and national safety were jeopardized. At this juncture, Austrian women, led by the Empress in person, founded lace-making schools in several cities, and provided free instruction to representatives from many towns. These, in time, returned to their homes and instructed others. The court undertook to set its own fashions, and agreed to wear only Austrian-made lace. The Chamber of Commerce at Prague took action to support the enterprise. The effect was instantaneous. Industry tranquillized the country. To-day Austria is a large producer of hand-made lace, and the leaders of fashion make it a point of honor to wear only lace of home manufacture.

Practically the same scenes were enacted in Sweden early in the seventies. The attention of Swedish women of the wealthier classes was directed to the needs of their countrywomen, and, headed by the crown princess, a society opened the way for lace-making schools and the sales of their products. England makes much of the lace manufactured by her women. Queen Victoria has been interested in the reëstablishment of the industry at Honiton, and has helped, by truly regal purchases, the lace-makers of Youghal, Limerick, Donegal, Carrick, and other Irish towns. During the recent passage of the Queen through Ireland she received in person a number of these needlewomen and complimented them upon their handiwork. At present, Ireland is so actively engaged in producing lace that it is proposed to hold a great fair in New York in the near future with the definite purpose in view of diverting the attention of generous American purchasers to the fine productions of its principal towns. This enterprise, headed by Lady Aberdeen, Lady Cadogan, and others, is, by all means, laudable; but where are their

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counterparts among women of corresponding position in America? For the greater part they are busy in establishing colleges, founding hospitals, debating in clubrooms; or, when irresistibly dominated by the feminine in them, competing abroad for the purchase of fine wearing apparel.

Thus, in all of the foremost countries, except the United States, the manufacture of this luxury is encouraged as a source of social good, and the ambition of the needlewomen engaged in it is stimulated by the approbation and avowed patronage of the rich. American women display sharp acumen in selecting the best examples of handiwork abroad, paying high prices to middlemen, and, added to this, the regular duties, or tariff; but the advisability, not to say necessity, of transplanting this home industry to this side of the water and here protecting it seems not to have occurred to them. Nevertheless, no nation needs more to provide an interesting and quieting occupation for its workingwomen than does this one. Not all native-born women may become school-teachers, artists, bookkeepers, stenographers, dressmakers, milliners, etc.; neither may the less well-equipped physically and mentally labor in mills, factories, or behind the counter. A trade that shall represent a more than passing value sooner or later must be transplanted or invented to meet the wants of workers not included in the classes above named; but besides these our cities and small communities are still crowding with foreign laborers, all expectant of a means of livelihood. These often take our very hospitality with suspicion and awkwardness because of their unacquaintance with our industrial avenues and habits. So long as such strangers continue to be received, the responsibility of providing them with work must be met.

The situation especially is to be deplored for the women of the poorer classes who emigrate to America; who, from lack of some real and recognized occupation, take to peddling, organ-grinding, begging, or worse. When, happily, the husband's earnings are continuous, and sufficient to supply his family with bread, the wife still finds much unemployed time upon her hands in which to squat at her tenement-house door, and little by little to acquire habits of idleness that are distinctly hurtful to herself and to the young that are sure to be about her. It is not enough to provide such newcomers with hospitals, asylums, homes, — nor to invite all to a common education through books. Particularization is necessary. A movement among wide-minded women is imperative that shall comprehend, protect, stimulate, and support with their patronage the skilled needlewomen in the home. These exist, and everywhere.

The condition of Hebrew communities would be improved by substituting the clean craft of lace-making for the handling of cheap woolen and cotton goods in large quantities, a necessity in the manufacture of clothing, which calling is followed mostly by these workers. The success of the Jewish race as lacemakers is proverbial. Their exile from Spain in 1495 was the deathblow to the industry in that country. Scattered through the United States in every direction are colonies of Italians, known only to the public at large when heard of in the turmoil of strikes and resistance to the law. Their earnings are absurdly small. They are seen at their worst because of their strange surroundings and the makeshift occupations to which they, by circumstances, are compelled. Instructed in the art of lace-making, numbers of the unemployed women of such families might find an avocation at once natural and friendly to them.

In New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities are to be found comparatively large neighborhoods (and these constantly augmenting) occupied by Syrians, the women of which display

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an Eastern fondness for needlework; but these, for lack of instruction in the lace-making methods of Europe, and with no encouragement here to invent new stitches, content themselves with the making of a kind of knotted thread lace, delicate and filmy, but not sufficiently artistic in workmanship to give it real rank among true laces. The introduction of lace-making as an industry in Cuba, and the establishment of lace classes among the trade schools that sooner or later there must be introduced, the instruction of the finer-fingered colored women of the South, would be steps directly conducive to domesticity.

Here is a distinct and untrodden field for the women who are now devoting themselves indeterminately to the so-termed amelioration of the condition of their sex, especially the poor among them. Once the enterprise is thoughtfully entered upon it is not to be conjectured that Congress will refuse admission to the qualified teachers whom it would be necessary to attract to America for a proper establishment of the industry. Let a coterie of earnest, moneyed women be formed in each large city, under pledge to support the industry by purchasing and wearing the lace locally produced, and another five years would see this gentlest of all strictly feminine occupations in a thriving condition.

Ada Sterling.

ALL THAT I KNOW OF A CERTAIN STAR.

"IDEALS are good to have, but they must be kept at a distance." It was my aunt Angelica who said this, and my aunt Angelica had gone through life keeping everything and everybody at a distance. There were stories of a lover whom my aunt had kept so successfully at a distance that he, poor gentleman, had finally left her in despair to seek contentment in a country life. How true this was I cannot tell. I once said to her, "But distance is so desolating, aunt Angelica." "Yes, dear," she replied, "but nearness is so disappointing. When you get to be as old as I am" — she was ten years older than I to a day — "you will find that it is the inaccessible and the remote which give us our most lasting peace of mind."

The inaccessible and remote! All my life I had suffered from those two words. It was when I was a very young girl that I first began to worship people, and these were always beings of a different world from the world in which I lived, gods and goddesses moving in a golden glamour of poesy and art, so high and far on their mountain tops that the adoring hand I reached out to them across the valley's mists could never so much as touch the hem of their garment. Perhaps the one of all who most stirred the fresh fancies in my young breast was a radiant creature whom I once saw play Lady Macbeth. She was by no means a great actress, although to me, who had never before seen a play, she seemed a very great actress indeed. She was, however, a very great beauty, in fact, the forerunner of the English professional beauties who have since her day found that their faces were their fortune. I can see her now as she posed on the stage that night, the slender figure strong and straight, with lines perhaps a trifle too rigid for perfect grace, the Latin face standing out sad and clear against the coils of dark hair. She had a low brow, where the lids hung heavy over grave deep eyes whose expression would have been too austere had it not been for her smile; but when the light

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of that enchanting smile touched the red curve of her lips her countenance was flooded with an essential loveliness such as I have never seen on face of mortal woman.

After that memorable night when I first saw Thalia, I gave myself up to maudlin and mawkish attempts to be like her. These pathetic simulations took place by candlelight in my bedroom at an hour when healthy-minded girls were getting their beauty sleep. Attired in an old white crape shawl, with my hair, which, alas, was too full of kinks to be tragic, bushing about my face, I would go through that gruesome scene. "Your nose is a pug, Miss, and hers is a Grecian, and you can't look like her, so you had better go to bed and stop making a goose of yourself." It was my aunt Angelica who had come upon me unawares long after midnight. "William," she said to my father the next day, "that girl of yours is altogether too flighty; she 's trailing about every night in her grandmother's crape shawl, and howling like a banshee. The first thing you know she will be running away and making a play actress of herself. You ought to put your foot down." Which my father did to such good purpose that I was straightway packed off to boarding school.

The years which intervened between the time when I saw Thalia and the time when I met Thalia went by, and in their course brought changes to me. To her, alas, came not changes only, but reverses as well. In fact, poor Thalia had stepped down from her lofty pedestal and was giving evenings of dramatic recitations, not in cities, nor even towns, but in small New England villages. It was in one of these villages that I had spent two of the happiest months of my life. The same good fortune which had led me to the peace of that secluded spot had in addition given me the kindest of landladies, Mrs. Crowley, by name, and the best of neighbors, whose house was divided from ours by an apple orchard. Everybody in the village loved good "Doctor Ben," as they called him, and many a time Mrs. Crowley and I had deplored the fact that so true and tender a man should be an old bachelor.

Mrs. Crowley's house was small and brown. It stood on the village street up to its window sashes in flowers and grasses. On either side there were little balconies, and these opened out from the room, long and low and one flight up, which at that time was the joy of my existence. Brimming over, as they were, with morning-glories, nasturtiums, and trumpet vines, these balconies gave the little house, with its earlike chimneys, the appearance of a donkey trapped out for a gala day with panniers of gaudy bloom. And so it came about that my summer residence was known in the village as the "donkey house." I was very happy in my donkey house, and that room, long and low, into which the light of the summer sun streamed soft and sweet through the blossoming vines, was to me a very heaven on earth. Its æsthetic charm came from articles at which an upholsterer would have turned up his nose. Not a thing there that was costly, or that had not been knocked about long enough to lose the sense of its own importance and to take on the power of assimilation. Odds and ends of dimity and chintz fished out of my landlady's ragbag, chairs picked from woodpiles where they had been thrown for kindling wood, gilt cornices bought for a sixpence at a country auction, a lounge made of a trundle-bed with a yellow nankeen covering for it and its fat cushions, and standing back of it a wonderful screen made of an old-fashioned clotheshorse with green-yellow speckled calico tacked over it with brass nails, and on shelves against the yellow walls were here and there brown stone jars and crocks which I liked to keep filled with branches from my neighbor's apple orchard. There was a Franklin stove whose logs were never lighted because

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of two little brown vagabonds, crickets, who had appropriated my fireplace and turned it into a theatre where every night they gave a continuous performance. For the same reason one of the glass doors opening on to the balcony was never closed, for a huge black spider had spun his web from jamb to cornice, and not for a good deal would I have disturbed the industrious little weaver.

And here would thoughts of Thalia come, for all these years I had remained true to my youthful enthusiasm. How well she would fit in, I often thought, with my life here and its surroundings! When I heard that Thalia was coming, actually coming to the village, it compelled me to believe that after all if we remain true to them, our ideals sooner or later come to us. Fame is ephemeral, and few in the village had heard of Thalia, so that when the doors of the town hall were thrown open only a very few people presented themselves.

The first to arrive were Mrs. Crowley and myself, escorted by the doctor; after us came the rector, the notary public, and the village schoolmaster. "What a pity it is that they are all unmarried," I whispered to Mrs. Crowley; "families are so desirable from a box-office point of view." There was a desultory straggling in of villagers, but these I judged from their apathy to be deadheads. It was certainly disheartening for poor Thalia. We all sat about like islands in a dark ocean, I, perhaps, being the only one who remembered Thalia in her glory. And then once more she stood before me, the same, yet not the same. She wore the gown of white crape and the red rose was in her hair, but the years had brought sharpness to the face and figure, and not softness. I crushed back the tears, and could I believe it, Thalia was in a bad temper. We were all being berated because the printer had omitted the final "me" from the word programme. This, Thalia told us with asperity, was an affront to the pure and undefiled English which she had striven for years to teach the American people. No one knew why she held us responsible for that wretched printer's misdeed, but she certainly made us all feel very guilty and miserable.

Then she commanded us to look more like an audience, to colonize, as it were, and to sit as near one another and her as we could. The rector made the move, and under his convoy a procession marched up the aisle and rallied its forces around Mrs. Crowley and myself. Having arranged us to suit herself, Thalia threw her head back, and with a splendid disregard of us all, delivered Lady Clara Vere de Vere, after which she gave us the May Queen and Lady Clare, and a scene from the School for Scandal, and closed by giving the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth. I forgot everything but the beautiful ideal of the days of long ago and far away. I was once more the same impulsive child reaching out adoring hands to my goddess. Only *now* my hand had found its way to her hand, and I was looking into her face and faltering out my wish that she would come to me and let me rest her and serve her and try to make her forget the world's forgetfulness, and oh, rapture beyond rapture, she had promised to come the next morning!

It was on our walk home that Mrs. Crowley confided to me that she was frightened to death at the thought of having such a great personage as her guest. "Do you think, Miss Mary, she will like to live in your simple way, with no water faucets nor gas, and nothing to cook on but a kerosene stove, and to sleep late in the morning, as you do?"

"That's just what she will like," I replied promptly. "Now, don't worry, dear Mrs. Crowley. Artists are like children, and really the greater they are the easier they are to entertain. I know she will like to live in just our way; besides, I have read somewhere she is a very domestic little woman."

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"Humph," said the doctor, who had marched along at my side. "Domesticity, with a Medici's nose like that woman's, is apt to be a pretty serious affair. However, you mean for the best, Miss Mary, and I hope it will come out for the best."

Now I had always supposed that a Bohemian would be an easy kind of a person to settle, but I must confess that it took a good deal of running about, in and out, up and down, on the part of Mrs. Crowley and myself, to get Thalia and her boxes and bags and bathtub anywhere near settled, — to her own satisfaction at least, — and even then I had a sneaking suspicion that she was not altogether well pleased. The only comment she had made upon my sitting room was when she said my dimity curtains looked as if they might be full of microbes. We went to bed that night tired out with the day's work.

I woke up with a bounce the next morning. It was cockcrow, and Thalia was calling for hot water. "Hot water, Mrs. Crowley, hot water for my bath, if you please!" I sank back among my pillows and groaned. The donkey house had no facilities for hot baths at five o'clock in the morning. I could hear poor Mrs. Crowley scratching matches and doing the best she could with the teakettle and the kerosene stove. After a little she crept softly upstairs, and deposited something at Thalia's door.

I had sunk into the morning sleep, which is the sweetest sleep of all, when again I was aroused by the voice of Thalia. "Mrs. Crowley, Mrs. Crowley," she cried, "I really can't take my bath in a pint pot! Pray don't dally, my good woman, and fetch me several gallons of hot water." There was nothing to do but to jump up and go to the assistance of Mrs. Crowley. We made a fire in the kitchen range, and filled the clothes' boiler with water, and when it was hot we carried it up to Thalia's room, — a proceeding which required a great deal of dexterity if we were to keep from being scalded to death.

I fell asleep again, only to be awakened once more by Thalia's voice. She was now in the dining room directly under me, and the ceiling was thin. "Mrs. Crowley, it seems to me that this breakfast table is somewhat sparsely laid." Indeed it was, for a breakfast at seven o'clock. I breakfasted at nine, and my meal on hygienic principles was light. Poor, dear Mrs. Crowley had to go to the butcher's for sausages, bacon, and chops, and was told for her trouble that on following mornings in addition to the substantials she must provide crumpets, muffins, toasts, and gooseberry jam.

Later in the morning an errand to the other end of the village called me away. I begged Thalia to make herself at home in my absence, and to do just as she would do if she were in her own house. When I returned what a sight met my eyes! The poor little donkey house stood bleak and bare, its grasses cut to the quick, and every vine and blossom torn from its balconies, and lying in wilted heaps on the ground. Thalia's voice — I began to hate Thalia's voice — greeted me as I mounted the stairs. "You see, I have taken you at your word; I am very literal, and I always take people at their word; besides, you know, I am utilitarian. I have found a great many useless things littering up your room, and some very useful things which you have rendered quite nonsensical by trying to make ornamental. This, for instance," pointing to the clotheshorse, stripped of its covering, and beneath it the trundle-bed, also denuded. "I shall hang my gowns on the one, and I shall sleep in the other."

I gazed about with a choking sensation. Every characteristic of the little room was gone. As I had no words Thalia continued: "I have decided to take this room for my bedchamber, because it is impossible to turn around where you put me, and so I ordered Mrs. Crowley to

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fetch in my tub and also her sewing machine, and I also ordered her to remove all those unsightly stone pots to the place where they belonged in her pantry, and I have also had her hang your curtains on the clothesline to be thoroughly aired, and I assure you, my dear young lady, I was shocked to find your room in such a state of neglect that spiders had made their webs over the window, and I actually found two most objectionable little bugs — the word is vulgar, but really I can't dignify them by the name of insects — in your fireplace, and I speedily dispatched them with the heel of my slipper. I assure you I came just in time to save you from being brought up before the board of health."

Thalia was so occupied with a carpet sweeper which she had sent out and bought, together with a lawn mower, — at my expense, — that she did not observe the tears which rushed to my eyes as I left the little room where I had no heart to remain. She called after me, "By night I shall be glad to see you, for I shall be comfy then." "Comfy," that inane corruption greatly in vogue with the English, to this day falls on my spirit with the dejection it carried when I first heard it uttered by Thalia.

She went on making herself "comfy," and poor Mrs. Crowley and me more and more miserable. She never rested, and she took it as an affront if anybody in the house did. Those awful baths at screech of dawn, and those dreadful breakfasts which made the neighborhood reek of lard, and worse, those noonday dinners with bacon and greens and cannon balls of dumplings, with cheese and tarts, and all day long those vicious dishes of tea, green tea, strong enough to give nervous prostration to an ox, and when night came, with its lovely moon, Thalia sitting stiff and straight darning stockings or running Mrs. Crowley's sewing machine by an ugly oil lamp, the night shut out because she said it was malarious! This went on for a week.

Now good Mrs. Crowley had but one fault, that of absent-mindedness, and the week with Thalia had accentuated this fault to a degree. There was a certain horrid and torrid day in September when the poor creature, under the impression that they were cinnamon and sugar, filled the muffineer with which Thalia sprinkled her waffles with cayenne pepper and saleratus, and substituted "elixir pro." for Worcestershire in the sauce cruet. She confided to me on that day that her brains felt like soft custard. I made her go to bed that afternoon as I did myself, but sleep was impossible; Thalia was at the melodeon singing her favorite ballad, They Tell Me Thou 'rt the Favored Guest. There was to be no repose that day, not even when night came and we had gone to our rooms. It was then that I heard horrible sounds coming from Thalia's room. Upon going to her I found her storming up and down with a naturalness which would have made her immortal had she ever displayed it on the stage. She was flinging her hands wildly about her head, upon which by the moonlight I saw something white and fluttering. Thoughts of owls and night birds flashed through my mind, but when I struck a light this proved to be a large piece of fly paper such as Thalia had compelled us to sprinkle the house with from top to bottom. Poor Mrs. Crowley had intended to lay it on the table, but in the shattered state of her nerves she had placed it on Thalia's pillow. This, Thalia thought, was my idea of a practical joke, — poor literal Thalia with no sense of humor whatever: in her towering rage there was no use in trying to exonerate myself or to extricate her.

So I stole down the stairs and sought the apple orchard of my good neighbor, Doctor Ben, where I flung myself down on an old green settle and burst into a torrent of tears, — the tears which wring the heart and scald the eyes when one's ideal is shattered. Presently my hand, hot and restless, lay in the clasp of a

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hand cool and calm. Doctor Ben was seated by my side. "Mary," he said, calling me for the first time by my name, "this must stop. If it does n't, my dear child, — and now I am speaking as a physician, — then you will be a bigger lunatic than that domineering domestic tyrant of a play actress."

"It can't stop. I did n't tell her how long I wanted her to stay, and she means to stay forever." Then I gave the doctor a tearful history of that awful week. "But indeed, indeed, doctor, I could have stood everything if she had n't killed those poor little crickets." Here my sobs broke out afresh.

"What a tender-hearted child it is," he murmured, stroking my hair. "But now, my dear, I want you to brace up and show fight. You must get rid of that termagant, and before to-morrow night, do you hear me?"

"I can't," I repeated, "I simply can't; I am too weak to fight with her."

"Well, then, if you can't, do you know anybody who can, anybody near enough to you to come here and exercise some wholesome authority?"

"Only one person," I said faintly, "and I am ashamed to ask her."

"And who is she?"

"My aunt," I said, with a sudden rally, "my aunt Angelica Southgate."

It may have been the moonlight falling on the doctor's face that made it change and grow pale, or it may have been some association connected with the name. He sat silent as if in a reverie. I said impulsively, "I wish you knew my aunt Angelica, Doctor Ben, she is so good and clever and handsome, and she has always told me that when we really worship and love a person the only thing to do is to keep him at a distance; I wish I could send for her, but I don't like to, for she has pulled me out of too many scrapes just like this one."

The doctor sat there like one in a dream. After a little he said, "Well, dear, go to bed now; things will brighten to-morrow, and if you don't mind, I wish you would give me your aunt's address."

Well, things did brighten the next day, for, greatly to my surprise and delight, my aunt Angelica came, and Thalia — went. There was no scene, no words. Aunt Angelica drove her over to the station, boxes and bags and bathtub, bought her a ticket, put her on the train, and sent her back to town. It was done with so much grace and dignity that I doubt if Thalia realized then or since that it was being done.

That afternoon aunt Angelica and I had a happy time making the little room look as it used to look. "How glad I am, dear," she said to me from the top of a stepladder where she was tacking up the dimity curtains, "that you sent for me."

"But I did n't," I cried, "I did n't send for you! I wanted to, but I did n't dare to."

"But if you did n't, who did? Your name was signed to the telegram."

"I know, I know!" I cried suddenly, "I know who it was! It was dear old Doctor Ben."

"And who on earth is dear old Doctor Ben?" she asked, not sufficiently interested to stop hammering.

"Doctor Ben," I replied, "is my next-door neighbor, and the very best and kindest and dearest soul in the world. Everybody calls him Doctor Ben, but his real name is Doctor Benoni Butler."

The hammer fell from the hand of my aunt Angelica, and she came down from the ladder. "When and where and how on earth did you ever find Benoni Butler?" she asked, with the soft color flying over her face. Before I could tell her, Mrs. Crowley made her appearance with an armful of apple branches from the orchard and a little box, "From the doctor for you, Miss Mary," and *there* were two dear little brown crickets. After this my aunt Angelica grew grave and I thought a little sad.

When the moon was high and warm

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in the September night I said, "Come, aunt Angelica, and take a little stroll with me." For I knew that in the orchard's depths Doctor Ben was sitting on the old green settle. Aunt Angelica and I walked along in silence till we were close upon the place where I knew we should find the doctor, and sure enough there he was.

I think that my aunt Angelica did not see him, but I did, and his attitude was one of dejection, his face being buried in his arms. I touched him lightly on his shoulder, meaning to call him Doctor Ben, but with one of those slips of the tongue which take place under stress of emotion I called softly, "Uncle Ben." At hearing himself thus addressed he raised his head and rose to his feet. I saw that there were tears in his eyes, and I think that aunt Angelica must have seen them too, for she made a little cry and stood trembling before him with outstretched hands, and then I turned away and ran as fast as I could back to my little room in the donkey house where the crickets were singing a song of home and cheer and rest.

After a time I went back to find my aunt Angelica and Doctor Ben, and when I found them on the old green settle under the apple tree with the moonlight all about them the look on their faces told me that they loved and worshiped each one the other. Their hands were locked, and the head of my aunt Angelica lay on the breast of Doctor Ben, and mine was the victory, for I knew by these tokens that there would be no more distance between them.

Justine Ingersoll.

VOTING BY MAIL.

Almost all the evils of our political system, almost all the abuses of municipal, state, and national government, are traceable to the neglect of civic duties by those whom — paradoxically, if this assertion be true — we term good citizens. The bad citizens are ever on the alert to storm the citadel, or to fortify, intrench, and defend themselves when in possession. They have no scruples which forbid their use of stratagem and fraud to gain or to retain power. Those who hold to the maxim that the only object of government is good government must properly deny themselves the use of such means to dislodge the bosses, and such as enter politics merely to obtain a livelihood at the public expense. It is permissible to them to win victories by the sheer force of numbers only. Inasmuch as their numerical superiority is not overwhelming in any of our large cities, and is extremely small in some of them, it follows that constant vigilance is required of them; and since they are aroused to the full performance of their duty only occasionally and spasmodically, it also follows that many of our city and some of our state governments are usually in the possession of politicians whose aims are chiefly selfish.

So far all men are agreed save those who have brought themselves to believe that the prime object of political endeavor is to carry the next election. It is not difficult to go a step further without meeting with a disagreement of opinion on the part of any who accept the statement that our governments might almost always be good governments, if those whom we call good citizens were as active as their opponents are. The reason why they are not equally vigilant is that our political system requires too much of the individual citizen. In other countries, almost without exception, the duty

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of the elector is completed when he has deposited his ballot in favor of one or more representatives in the national parliament or the municipal assembly, who are in each case chosen for a term of years. The infrequency of the recurrence of the duty not only makes easier performance by the citizen, but adds to the dignity and solemnity of his exercise of the right of suffrage. The opposite effect is produced by our system. Caucuses, conventions, and elections follow one another at intervals so brief that the citizen is wearied by them. So often is he called upon to guard the approaches to the government that he needs to be reminded of his duty on each occasion; and familiarity breeds contempt.

Now, it is impossible to change the system. Doubtless we shall continue to elect by popular vote governors, mayors, judges, coroners, and other officers, as well as state, county, and municipal representatives. An attempt is made to diminish the excessive calls upon the citizen's time and attention, by fixing upon the same day for the election of the officers of two or more of our various governments. This remedy introduces two evils of its own. It so multiplies the number of candidates whose qualifications are to be considered as to puzzle and baffle the citizen who desires to do his full duty; and it augments vastly the opportunities for trading and "log-rolling" which give the enemies of good government greater chances of success. These evils are to grow rather than to disappear as the population increases and as the political system becomes, as it surely will become, more complex.

Nevertheless it is obvious that the way to improvement of the existing system lies in the direction of rendering easier the performance of duty by the individual elector, rather than in that of lessening the duty itself. It is the purpose of this article to suggest a change in the machinery of elections which would accomplish the desired result; and to give reasons why the probability of introducing new evils is by no means so great as it appears at first thought. The suggestion is that the requirement of the personal presence of the voter at the polls be abandoned, and that for the existing system there be substituted one of voting by mail or by personal deposit of the ballot, at the option of the elector.

It will be admitted without argument that the compulsory presence of the voter at the polls works many hardships and is productive of injustice. There is no logical reason why a man who has the misfortune to break his leg, or to contract an illness that confines him to his house, should therefore lose his right to vote. Nor is there good cause for denying the suffrage to one whose business imperatively calls him away from home on the day of election. It is not necessary to cite other similar cases, of which there are many on the occasion of every election, where voters are deprived of their privilege by a rule that every one will admit should be abolished unless it is necessary to preserve the purity of elections. Attention may be called to the fact that, so far as the deprivation is a result of business preoccupation and not of physical disability, the rule takes away the rights of those who are presumably the persons best fitted to enjoy it.

The requirement of actual presence at the polls, by reason of the inconvenience it occasions, is the chief explanation of the neglect of their political duties by many citizens; and this, which is the strongest argument for its abolition, demands hardly more than the bare statement. It is, indeed, a fact within the knowledge of every observer of the working of our political system. It is easy for a man to excuse himself from attending a caucus if the alternative is to lose an evening he wishes for himself, or from taking an hour or more of a business day to cast his ballot at a minor election. If he were permitted to pre-

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pare his ballot at home or at his office and send it to the voting place a day or two days — at his pleasure — before the time of election; if he were further permitted, in case he had forgotten or for any other reason had failed to mail his vote, to go to the polls and cast it in person, no excuse would be left him for a neglect of his duties.

The following scheme of a system to introduce the reformed method of voting has twice been presented by the writer to the Massachusetts General Court. It has not had the benefit of advocacy by trained speakers; no one has ever been asked to argue in favor of it. That it has not commended itself to the legislative intelligence of the Commonwealth is frankly admitted; but its failure so to do did not arise from unanswerable objections, nor did it in either case ensue upon a thorough consideration of the scheme.

It is proposed that, as now, all elections be by "Australian" ballot; that prior to any election the ballot shall be printed a sufficient time, say one week, before the time when the votes are to be counted, to allow the operation of the system; that one ballot, and one only, be distributed by mail or by an officer to each registered voter; that any voter may mark and sign his ballot, inclose it in an envelope addressed to the election officers and indorsed with the signature of the voter, and that it may be sent by mail or by private messenger to the officers of the election at any time prior to the formal closing of the polls; that on the day set for the election the polls shall be opened in the usual way, and that all voters who desire to do so may appear and deposit their ballots in person; that the last-named privilege may be exercised by those who have as well as by those who have not already voted by mail; that each perso voting in person shall be checked upon the registry list as having voted; that when the polls shall have been closed the election officers shall take the envelopes containing votes received by mail and shall carefully compare the indorsements with the names checked upon the registry lists, separate those votes of persons who have from those who have not afterward voted in person, open those of persons who have not appeared at the polls, count their votes with those which were cast in person, and declare the result upon the combined vote.

In order to guard against fraud it would be provided that all ballots transmitted by mail, including those superseded by personal votes, and therefore not opened, should be preserved until all contests arising out of the election have been decided; and that immediately after the votes were counted, or on the day following, a postal card or other mail notice should be sent to each person registered as having voted by mail that he was recorded as having so voted. The object of such notice will be seen readily. It would be possible for an unscrupulous person, A, who knew or surmised that B would not vote, to take the ballot supplied to himself, mark it, forge B's signature and send in the ballot by mail, and then go himself and vote in person. The notice to B would enable B to defeat the fraud by declaring that he had not voted. Should any one obtain possession of B's blank ballot, fill it out and send it in, B would miss his ballot, would suspect wrongdoing, and would go to the polls and vote in person.

That the system here outlined would accomplish the main purpose for which it is suggested does not admit of a doubt. It gives to the citizen an additional method of casting a vote, and does not take away that which he has now; it enables him to perform his political duties with a minimum expenditure of time and effort; and it gives him choice of time when he shall exercise his right instead of prescribing certain hours between which he must vote if he is to vote at all.

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The important question then arises whether the system would be a dangerous one, — if it would open the door to frauds that cannot now be practiced, if it would be unworkable, if there exist any insurmountable objections to adopting it. The critic would naturally make, as the first objection, the point that the proposed system involves a radical change from the present method, and one not easy to be understood by the voters. He might also object to the expense of a system which would require a great increase in the cost of printing and of postage. But his more fundamental criticisms would be these: (1) that it would destroy the secrecy of the ballot; (2) that it would increase the danger of personating voters and the number of fraudulent votes; and (3) that it would add to the power of the boss. Let us examine these objections briefly in the order mentioned.

The system does propose a radical change. But it need puzzle no voter to understand what is required of him, inasmuch as he could in the future continue to do what he has done in the past until he has mastered the difficulty of marking a ballot at home and sending it by mail to the voting place. It may be questioned if the rule that every would-be voter must appear in person at the polls would ever have been adopted if the post office had had an existence at the time when popular voting was introduced. The fact that a change proposed is contrary to all our experience is not in itself conclusive against a reform. In this case the proposition is to make use of a modern convenience not available when our voting habits and laws were framed. There are numerous societies in the country which hold their annual elections of officers wholly by mail vote. The elections are under none of the safeguards here proposed. It is frankly admitted that the evil consequences of fraudulent voting at such society elections would be as nothing to those that would follow fraud in the choice of public officers. But at this point we are considering only the difficulty of understanding the system.

It would add to the cost of one branch of election expense, — printing and postage. It would, on the other hand, render possible the constitution of larger election districts and a saving in the pay of election officers, inasmuch as a large proportion of the votes would be cast by persons who would take none of the time of election officers during the hours when the polls were open. Although no advantage were taken of this possibility, it might fairly be contended that if the scheme were effectual the additional expense would be well incurred.

We come now to more serious objections. The secrecy of the ballot is a privilege which perhaps is not desired at all times by any man; but there are few of us who do not occasionally deem it essential. It is a necessary feature of any system of mail voting that the elector shall identify himself by his signature, and a signed ballot cannot be secret. The election officers, if no others, have an opportunity to see for whom the citizen has voted. Therefore, whoever wishes that his vote shall be secret should not vote by mail. For his benefit it is provided in the scheme here outlined that he may exercise the right of voting in exactly the same way he now exercises it. But at every election a great majority of the voters do not make a secret of their action, and for their accommodation the open vote is admitted.

With reference to the danger of fraud by the personation of voters, it may be said that that danger now exists. The scheme under consideration really diminishes rather than increases it. Under the proposed system there is, of course, no greater and no less chance than there is now of "repeating" or of ballot-box stuffing. The qualifications of voters would be ascertained in the present mode, the registry would be used.

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and not more than one vote could be cast for any name registered. Moreover, since it would be necessary that every person presenting himself at the polls, who was not known to the election officers, should prove his identity, there would be no change in the amount of danger by physical personation. The danger is therefore limited to a possible unauthorized use of a voter's privilege to cast a vote by mail. Signing a vote with another person's name would be not merely the offense in law which it now is, but it would also be forgery. To defeat it we have the provision that notice shall be sent to each voter by mail that he is recorded as having so voted; and the preservation of all ballots given in that way would secure a nullification of the fraudulent vote upon proof that the ballot was a forgery.

There is no doubt that any scheme of voting by mail would augment somewhat the power of bosses and the danger of bribery. Certainly the man who attempted to buy votes could make sure that the ballots were marked, signed, and mailed as he might direct. He could thus be sure of the "delivery" of the goods he had bought. The only way to defeat him would be by a subsequent personal vote by the man who had sold his vote. It is frankly admitted that here is the weak feature of the proposed system which the writer has found no way to strengthen. If it were possible to guard the approaches to the polling place so that the corrupter would not be able to see and intercept one attempting to nullify his mail vote, that would go far to obviate the difficulty. Probably it would be difficult if not impossible to do so. There will be those who will say that this is a fatal objection to the whole scheme. It might be at least a defensible position that a large increase of what we may term the respectable vote, induced by a considerable lightening of the duty of the citizen, would offset a corresponding increase of the purchasable vote.

But we need not take refuge in any such subterfuge as that. It is not pretended that the plan here proposed is perfect and final. It is a suggestion which may serve as the basis of a modern system of voting, adapted to the habits and to the conveniences of the close of the century. If the adoption of the mail ballot is desirable; if it would bring many people to the performance of their civic duties who now neglect them; and if the only serious objection to it is that the form in which it is first presented increases the danger of corrupting the ballot; — surely the wise statesman will not turn away from the reform as hopeless, but will seek a method of avoiding that danger. After all, the question regarding the reform under consideration resolves itself into this: Is the personal presence of electors at the polls a condition essential to the maintenance of the present degree of the purity of the ballot? If it is, there is an end to the discussion. If not, or if there be a doubt upon the subject, the invention of the necessary safeguards is worthy of most careful thought and study.

Edward Stanwood.

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"IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE!"

THE glow has faded from the west,
The splendor from the mountain's crest;
Stern Day's relentless task is done
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,
"*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

O silent hours, how dear ye are!
There is no light of moon or star;
The twilight shadows slowly creep
From rock to rock, from steep to steep;
The trees stand breathless on the hill;
The restless winds are hushed and still;
Only one prayer from land and sea, —
"*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

And, O my soul, be sure when night,
In God's good time puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
You will be glad! But ere you go
To sleep that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me, —
"*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Modern Self-Consciousness.

THERE is a story of an anxious mother who, hearing that her daughter had lately begun the study of physiology, wrote to the child's instructor, "Please do not teach Mabel about her insides, — it is n't nice." A related instinct of delicacy sometimes stirs at the prying so rife today into the workings of our minds and spirits, as if in premonition of some disadvantage if not of some disaster.

The initial responsibility for the modern interest in man as man — in the individual as distinguished from man in the mass — must be borne by the Humanists of the Renaissance, who overrode the mediæval conception that made the human creature a mere "worm," and who began to dignify him by a study of his real nature and of his place in the cosmos. Then Rousseau, as precursor of the Revolution, took the next step, that which led from a consideration of man's nature to a consideration of man's rights. But the aristocratic tradition lingered; we are still under the necessity of re-

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minding ourselves that, even at the beginning of the present century, the arts found it difficult to apprehend and express the great in terms of the little, the familiar, the individualistic; only the terms of the conventionally great seemed to suffice. David remained as far afield as Metastasio ever was.

The interest in the individual, everyday man has grown with the growth of the democratic spirit, which involves a passion for biography, and with the growth of the scientific spirit, which involves a passion for *reportage*. As discovery and invention have crowded thick upon us, requiring incessant adjustments to incessantly varying conditions, our nerves have come forward and introduced us to ourselves. And as the world has shrunk with every improved means of communication, making mankind in all his varieties more accessible and more fully illustrated than ever before, our traveling agents have stepped forth and introduced us to our brothers, and curiosity, if not sympathy, prompts us to busy ourselves with the "psychology" of the Eskimo and the Tierra del Fuegan. Everything is grist to the modern mill.

Civilization brings differentiation. Among barbarians social opinion is omnipotent; the individual must conform or "go." If a Hindoo villager succumbs to the missionary and is converted, he may remain in the village on but one condition: all the other villagers must have been converted too. If no longer an "interchangeable" part of the machine, the lonely proselyte finds himself, in Roman phrase, forbidden fire and water. It is only within pretty well-defined limits of time and space — in the present century and among the dominant Teutonic races — that the liberty to be one's self and to live one's own life (assuming this desire to lead one from the beaten track) has been practicable without the risk of social embarrassment and even of social reproach. Elsewhere the Chinaman, the sparrow — all a good deal alike.

As civilization advances, this differentiation will continue; specialization and particularization have only begun. How far will they go? In what will they end? To what utmost bound of "spontaneous variation" and of disintegrative psychology will the acute consciousness of individuality carry us? Will our sympathies be widened or narrowed? With every man straining to understand himself and to make himself understood, all as a working basis for the assertion of individual claims, how soon will moral anarchy supervene? This is the real nub of the problem play and the problem novel, — a crux not disassociated from the Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment. The day opens when every man shall judge himself and justify himself, and the hand on the door knob is the hand of Ibsen. But custom opposes, and law — those two laggards; and so does a conventional, inelastic morality; and so does Nature herself, with her immense indifference to the individual. Here lies the essence of twentieth-century tragedy. The individual man is becoming more acutely conscious of his personality, with its attendant rights and claims, while all the great conservative forces of the world, natural and institutional, continue to treat him as but an undistinguished atom in a general mass that is ruled in careless "by and large" fashion by some dim power impatient of pygmy self-assertion. A greater than Ibsen will be demanded by the coming century.

The Position of Women in New Countries.

If there is one thing on which new countries, like the United States and Australia, justly pride themselves, it is on having removed the disabilities still attaching to women in the most civilized states of Europe. But their success in this direction has never been adequately explained by historians. Some say it is due to Chris-

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tianity, and others that it is the necessary outcome of democracy. Mr. Lecky thinks that the Mariolatry of the Catholic Church and mediæval chivalry revolutionized the male attitude toward women. Yet, though for a short period women officiated as priests in some of the early Christian churches, Catholics never seem to have perceived the tragic irony of a piety that could vent itself at once in wholesale outrage and in simultaneously setting up Madonnas at every street corner as happened in the sack of Antwerp. And mediæval chivalry in its glorification of women from a purely sexual point of view merely gilded the gingerbread.

Mr. Bryce tells us that modern democracy logically compels the modern state to intrust more power to women. But what would Rousseau, the formulator of modern democracy, have said to this? Switzerland represents probably the purest form of democracy in Europe, but what power have women there? It is clear that men will never give way until women are in a position to make their own terms. Some writers have even held that polygamy has in some cases improved the position of women, as in Borneo, by diminishing the supply and increasing the demand. Similarly women are so indispensable in pioneering societies that they can enforce their demands there better than anywhere else. They are fewer in number and harder to replace. Hence they can exact a deference and a homage which is not paid to them elsewhere. It is true that they did not get political power in the United States before this century because American society till the Revolution was closely moulded on Old World conventions; but they were ready to step into their new dignities whenever rapid communication, westward pioneering, and the adventurous spirit of a new nationality should break up the bonds of the old colonial communities. Similar causes were at work in Australia, and thus the old countries have been in a manner outstripped by their children. Yet an observer coming from an old country might feel inclined to criticise certain characteristics of the movement which are obviously due to the nature of its origin. "Your women," he might say, "have induced the state to do much for improving the 'moralities' which the Old World state does not. Women naturally dislike offenses against domesticity and against themselves, so your state greatly busies itself in the strict regulation of drink traffic and in the severe punishment of sexual offenses. But are your women inclined to inquire as closely into morality outside all this, or to consider glaring political or industrial abuses in a sufficiently serious light? Money-making interests them more in its results than in its methods. The men, having made great concessions to the consciences of their wives, do not perhaps give too much ear to their own, and public opinion becomes as lax in some matters as it is strict in others. Thus in early Californian days men thought little of manslaughter as compared with horse-stealing; they were too busy to study the refinements of moral philosophy. In new countries we hear that a municipal dignitary can face the charge of flagrant misdemeanor in public business with much more complacency than the exhumation of some youthful indiscretion. There is as much one-sidedness in leaving the moral code to be entirely settled by the women as there is in Europe where it has been left too much in the hands of the men. Moreover this one-sidedness in the moral sphere may very well be the symptom of one-sidedness in other spheres." Such a criticism might be hypercritical, but so long as sex exists, men and women will differ in their ideas of conduct, and a just balance ought to be struck between them. It is as perilous to make women the sole arbiters of the public conscience as it is to put one's soul unreservedly under the authority of a priesthood.

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The Charm of the Commonplace.

JUST at present there is need of a combined and resolute effort on the part of the public to discourage brilliancy and cleverness. Of late years the fondness for that sort of thing has grown to such alarming proportions, that it has become a positive nuisance to people of wholesome intellectual tastes.

A quick-witted person who frequently says an original or a bright thing is a social prize, and is to a dinner party what the mustard is to a salad; but too much of the intellectual seasoning is as ruinous to the enjoyment of conversation as the too liberal and indiscriminate use of cayenne and curry would be to that of a dinner. Cleverness has become so much the fashion that half the people one knows unconsciously attempt to comply with the demand by adopting unusual forms of expression. Perversions of words from their proper meanings, phrases whose wit lies in their inappropriateness, and all manner of extravagance of speech are so rife that simple talk, free from any effort for effect, is a rarity and a blessed relief.

Nothing is so tiresome as the habitual use of the striking or uncommon. People who essay to be sparkling in conversation seldom escape falling into certain stereotyped modes of expression, which are as familiar to their friends as their faces. These eccentricities of speech, which may have charmed us when they were spontaneous, become insufferably tedious after they have degenerated into a mannerism. A monotony of the uncommon is more tiresome than a monotony of the commonplace.

The companionship of a person who is intelligent, sympathetic, broad in his interests, and with some appreciation of humor will always be enjoyable, though he may seldom say a quotable thing. Your brilliant conversationalist, on the contrary, may be stimulating and delightful for an occasional hour, but he must have a rare balance of qualities if he is not to pall on us as a steady diet. With Mr. Le Gallienne, for daily intercourse we sigh for "simple, quiet, garden-loving" men and women.

The superabundance of cleverness in dialogue is the vice of half the modern novels. Conversation is keyed to concert pitch, and is artificial and strained in thought and manner. Isabel Carnaby, one of the most tiresome heroines of this modern school, voices the unwholesome taste of her class when she says, "Personally I prefer talking about hearts and souls and ideals, to discussing silos and reaping machines and land bills; but Wrexham dotes upon the latter." The reader's sympathies are entirely upon Wrexham's side in this differentiation. Hearts and souls and ideals are too much cheapened by being made common topics of conversation by Miss Carnaby and her like. Silos, reaping machines, and the other every-day interests of life are more to the liking of sensible people upon ordinary occasions. After all, a sound, unperverted nature must shrink from the discussion of its deepest interests except at rare and fit seasons, and a taste that is not decadent will prefer simple, straightforward expression to any conversational pyrotechnics.

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